THE WORKS OF FATHER PROUT

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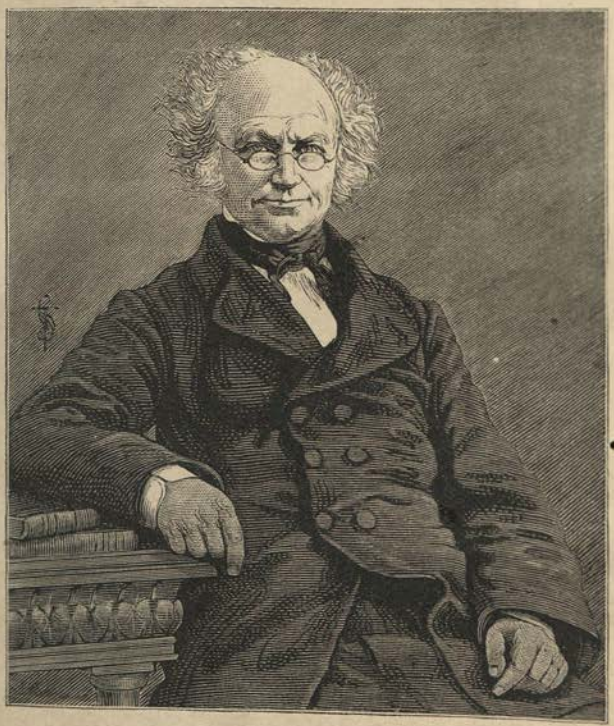

I am yours obeyed
Francis Mahony

THE WORKS

OF

FATHER PROUT

S. 3830

(THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY)

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EDITED WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

CHARLES KENT

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA," "CORONA CATHOLICA," ETC.

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"A rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipe; of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt.

OLIVER YORKE.

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Biographical Introduction:

BEING

THE LIFE OF THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY,

"FATHER PROUT."

AN assumed name has often acquired a celebrity in literature, as contrasted with which that of the author himself, down to the very last, dwindles to comparative insignificance. Thomas Ingoldsby, for example, is far more widely known to the generality of readers than Richard Harris Barham; while many upon whose ears the name of Bryan Waller Procter might sound but strangely would, nevertheless, be perfectly familiar with his pseudonym as a lyrist, Barry Cornwall. Similarly, it may be taken for granted, that while, as a rule, the Parisians of the days of the Citizen King enjoyed, with the greatest gusto, the fame of Timon, the majority of them either knew nothing whatever, or next to nothing, of the individuality of Louis de Cormenin. With anonymous writers it happens, perhaps, the most frequently, that the mask having been first allowed to slip awry, is eventually thrown away altogether. Boz, after this fashion, was soon tossed aside like a superfluous domino, when Dickens, still a very young man, quietly stepped to the front, according to Thackeray's expression, and calmly took his place in perpetuity among the first of English humorists. Thackeray himself, as it fell out, required a little longer time before he was enabled, in his own person, to supersede his suppositious *alter ego*, Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Only very seldom, a *nom de plume* gets to be so far identified with an author, that it becomes, so to speak, a convertible term with his patronymic. In this way, the merest casual mention, at any time, of Elia, is about equivalent to the express naming of Charles Lamb. Again, it but exceptionally occurs that a writer of note indulges in the luxury of building up for himself two or three distinct pseudonymous reputations. Swift's reduplicated triumph in that way is about the one solitary instance that can be adduced—an instance notably commemorated by Pope's famous apostrophe in the "Dunciad"—

> O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
> Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!

Otherwise, it has been the general rule, in this particular, among authors—and for that matter, indeed, it may be said, among artists as well—to

select some imaginary title, and hold to it consistently. In the history of Italian art it is in this manner noteworthy that more than one of the great painters acquired fame under the merest nickname or *sobriquet*—Maso di San Giovanni being better known to the world at large as Slovenly Tom, otherwise Masaccio, and Jacopo Robusti, by reason of his father's craft, as the Little Dyer, otherwise Tintoretto. In our own time, again, there have been two skilled draughtsmen who have enjoyed a wide popularity, the one in France as a caricaturist, the other in England as a book-illustrator, each of whom in turn has had his real name virtually obliterated—or, at any rate, in a great measure eclipsed—by an eccentric pseudonym. One of these has long been universally known on the other side of the Channel under his fantastic signature of Cham in the *Charivari*, hardly any but his personal intimates being acquainted with his actual designation, Amédée de Noé. While, with regard to his contemporary and compeer amongst ourselves, though for upwards of forty years he has been familiarly before the public under his grotesque *nom de crayon* as Phiz, comparatively few have, even as yet, accustomed themselves to identify him under his homely surname, Browne. Reverting, however, from the artistic to the purely literary experts who have, at different times, indulged in this innocent kind of masquerading, it may be argued, with some show of reason, that the fashion, afterwards so much in vogue in this country, was first set in earnest when Sir Richard Steele began to discourse in the *Spectator* as Mr. Shortface, and his associate Addison, through the same medium, from behind the classic mask of C.L.I.O. Improving, from the very outset, upon the design thus happily hit upon between them, those congenial intimates, besides, there and then, by simply harmonizing their fancies, called an entirely new personality into existence: one ever since familiarly known in the world of letters, and instantly recognizable by all to this day as Sir Roger de Coverley.

What Steele's and Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley was to the *Spectator*, that, a little more than a hundred years afterwards, was Professor Wilson's Christopher North to *Blackwood*, and that, a very little later yet, was the Rev. Francis Mahony's Father Prout to *Fraser*. Each in turn was a creation, each was a central and dominant figure in a group of originals. Each was not only witty and humorous in himself, but the cause of abounding wit or humour, as the case might be, in those with whom he was associated. If around Sir Roger de Coverley there were clustered, not infrequently, in happy commune, such sympathetic characters as Captain Sentry, and Sir Andrew Freeport, and Will Honeycomb, with Christopher North there were hilariously allied, in the carousals of the Blue Parlour, Tickler, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and the English Opium Eater; while, at Father Prout's bidding, there were brought together—at least upon one memorable occasion—Jack Bellew, Dan Corbet, and Dick Dowden, to chop logic and cap verses, to crack jokes and bottles far on into the small hours, at the hospitable board of the good old parish priest of Watergrasshill. That Christopher North needed no crutch—being, in fact, that stalwart athlete, both physically and intellectually, John Wilson—everybody knew who had the smallest acquaintance with that wonderful repertory of sarcasm, frolic, wit and wisdom, the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." With the identity merged in the purely imaginary character of Father Prout, however, it has been from first to last quite otherwise. The author, in this

instance, has not merely, in a great measure, disappeared from view behind the veil, as it were, of his own productions, but what few glimpses have been caught of him have been obtained through a medium so misted over by prejudice, that nothing has hitherto been secured in his regard but a few distorted outlines of his character. It seems only just and fair, therefore, everything considered, that some effort should at length be made to dissipate, so far as may be in any way possible, the haze until now enveloping the reputation of the scholarly Bohemian who was the author of these Reliques.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY, better known among his intimates as Frank Mahony, but best known of all to the outer world as "FATHER PROUT," was born in 1804, at Cork, in Ireland. Although his parentage on both sides showed him to be distinctly a member of the middle classes, his father was reputed to have descended from a younger branch of one of the most ancient families in the county Kerry, the Mahonys, or, more strictly, the O'Mahonys, of Dromore Castle. For a brief interval, indeed, towards the close of his life in Paris, the subject of this memoir not only had the aristocratic O prefixed to his surname upon his visiting card, but the family crest besides, engraved above it. These little coquetries with the airs of high life, however, he at the very last, as in truth better became him, abandoned. Nevertheless, during the time when he was still indulging in such harmless luxuries as the O and the heraldic device just mentioned, he showed himself ready enough upon occasion stoutly to vindicate his right to the possession of both. Playfully asked by a lady friend, whose good opinion he greatly regarded, why he had not long before claimed his own by assuming the prefixed vowel, he not merely answered at once by word of mouth, but deliberately wrote to her on the morrow, that he valued her esteem altogether too highly to render himself ridiculous by assuming what he had no right to possess. At the same time, he referred her to an authority in these matters, from which she might recognize, at a glance, what claim he really had to employ an escutcheon that had been borne by his race for at least two centuries and a half. This authority, he explained, was readily accessible among the records relating to the siege of Limerick preserved in the Bermingham Tower of Dublin Castle, from which it might be seen that among those who marched out of the beleaguered city, and who, on arriving at Cork, refused to cross over to France, was one who had stood to his guns like a trump, having served throughout the defence in the artillery,—to wit, his ("Frank O'Mahony's") great-great-grandfather.

However chivalrous may have been the surroundings of his ancestors, there can at least be no doubt of this, that his immediate progenitors were persons of the homeliest status. For a dozen years after his entrance into the world, Francis Sylvester Mahony (without the O) flourished at Cork, growing up there into a shrewd, bright-eyed, saucy-faced gossoon, while picking up with about equal readiness the brogue that never afterwards altogether forsook him, and the rudiments of an education which, a little later on, was to ripen, on the continent, into the soundest scholarship. In point of fact, he was just twelve years of age when he first quitted his native place for those foreign shores which for half a century afterwards had, for him, a supreme fascination. His student days began thus betimes in the Jesuit College of St. Acheul, at Amiens. Thence, a little while further on, he was transferred by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus to their

Parisian seminary in the Rue de Sèvres. Destined from an early period for the priesthood, Frank Mahony—or, as he was then called by preference, Sylvester—passed the customary two years of his novitiate under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, alternately at their establishment in the Rue de Sèvres, and in their suburban retreat, or *maison de campagne*, at Montrouge.

An apter scholar than Mahony those great masters of erudition never had entrusted to their charge; while, on the other hand, the advantages accruing to himself, intellectually, from their system, it would be difficult in any way to exaggerate. During the time when he was enrolled under their instruction, as he used himself afterwards exultantly to declare, he breathed a very atmosphere of latinity,—drank it in, so to speak, through all his senses,—got saturated with it to the very tips of his nails. Skilled and accomplished though he eventually became in Greek scholarship, his knowledge of Greek was never at any time comparable to his rare and intimate knowledge of Latin. Under his foreign Jesuit masters he learned, while yet a stripling, to write, not only with facility but with elegance, in Latin, according to the whim of the moment, elegiacs, alcaics, sapphics, and hexameters. He not only spoke the language glibly even in his college days, but then and thenceforward his latinity, both oral and written, was exceptionally remarkable as at once pure and idiomatic. During his student life abroad, moreover, he contrived so completely to conquer the difficulties of French and Italian, that from that date forward he could converse in either with the rapidity of a native, as though each in turn had been his mother tongue. His successes throughout, it should be said at once, were exclusively those achieved *in literis humanioribus*. At Acheul, at Paris, and at Montrouge it was exactly the opposite with him, in his intellectual predilections and antipathies, to what it had been at Brienne with Napoleon, when the latter was familiarly referred to among his comrades as the Young Mutineer—"avec le cerveau de feu pour l'Algèbre, et de glace pour le Latin." Mahony, on the contrary, never once from the outset dreamt of winning honours *in disciplinis mathematicis*. His preference was given from the first, and with his whole heart, to the classic languages and to literature.

Having completed his novitiate in the Rue de Sèvres, Sylvester was in due course despatched to Rome for the pursuance of his higher studies there in philosophy and theology, at the Jesuit College. His instructors had long before then come to recognize in him far more of the student than of the devotee. In temperament he was known to be habitually disputatious, occasionally choleric, and, under anything like direct opposition, whether in trivial or important matters, persistently self-opinionated. If friends were won to him with ease from among his companions, they were not infrequently repelled by the caustic irony of his remarks, which too often illustrated only too poignantly Sydney Smith's famous metaphor about the sword-stick, out of which seemingly innocent and harmless object there suddenly leaps forth something keen, glittering, and incisive.

Having received in due sequence the tonsure and the four minor orders, Mahony had by this time, at reasonable intervals, been advanced to the sub-diaconate, and eventually to the diaconate. Precisely at the period of life, however, when he was eligible for ordination to the priesthood, his health failed him so completely that it was considered in every way advisable that he should return for a while to Ireland. On this journey homeward he had got as far as Genoa when, calling in there upon the Pro-

vincial, it was communicated to him as gently, but as distinctly, as possible, that he was considered by his superiors to have no vocation whatever for the priesthood, and that in any case it had been decided by them that he was in no way qualified to enter the Society. Although, during the course of his studies in the Eternal City under the Jesuit Fathers, intimations of a like kind had been made to him whenever he had taken occasion to express his desire to become a novice, the weighty remonstrance addressed to him at Genoa by the Provincial took him, in a great measure, by surprise, filling his mind for a while with doubt and bewilderment, but leaving him in the end wholly unconvinced. Pursuing his journey westwards, nevertheless, it may here be said at once, by anticipation, that on reaching his native land he obtained permission to renew his efforts, to the end, that is, of testing his vocation, with a result exactly the same as that already arrived at.

Before relating, however, what occurred—on the occasion of that second and, as it might be considered, crucial test as to the validity of his vocation—at the great Jesuit College of Clongowes (which is to Ireland what Stonyhurst is to England), it is, to say the least of it, remarkable to note, from a book actually published in Paris when Mahony was in his twenty-second year, that is, in 1826, how strongly his (in the cruel English sense of the word) Jesuitical character had impressed itself upon one of his contemporaries. This contemporary, it should be explained at once, was the Abbé Martial Marest de la Roche-Arnand, who, in his work "Les Jésuites Modernes," sketched in lurid colours a most extravagant caricature of the genius and temperament of—as he dubbed him—O'Mahoni! "Born in Ireland," quoth this atrabilious and ultra-caustic penciller by the way, "I know not if O'Mahoni is descended from the Count of that name, but to the spirit, to the prejudices, to the system of the Count, he adds the fanaticism, the dissimulation, the intrigue, and the chicane of a thorough Jesuit! God help us in the contingency of his Company ever triumphing in France! Were he only to become confessor to our good King, he would, for a dead certainty, give us magnificent auto-da-fés! Irish and Scotch Catholics have about them a smack of the Spanish Catholics; they love to sniff the reek wafted from the funeral pyres of the doomed wretches who have declined to hear mass. The Society designs to place O'Mahoni, later on, at the head either of colleges or of congregations. Having taught him to stifle all natural sentiment under the morality of a devout life, they hope that, docile to the teachings of his instructors, the young O'Mahoni will become still more insensible and still more cruel than the most pitiless inquisitors of Valence and of Saragossa!" For forty years together Mahony preserved a copy of the book containing this amazingly grotesque distortion of his own lineaments in his youth, and would often point out with a chuckle of delight the passage just translated. But at length, in 1865, when, as it may be presumed, he had got it pretty well by heart, he handed the precious volume over as a *gage d'amitié* to James Hannay, enhancing its interest to his friend by scrawling on the fly-leaf that it was a gift to him from Frank Mahony (it should have been O'Mahoni) de Saragosse!

Leaving behind him on the Continent, in one mind at least, such particularly strong-flavoured impressions as to his being inspired by a religious zeal amounting to nothing less than ferocity—impressions, it can alone be presumed, derived from no other source than the sketcher's own inner con-

sciousness, Francis Mahony, still a young cleric aspiring to the priesthood arrived at Clongowes Wood College, to put yet again to the test what he, at any rate, for one, still believed in as his religious vocation.

The position occupied by him at Clongowes immediately upon his arrival was that of one of the masters of the establishment. As Prefect of Studies and of the Higher Playground he had devolved upon him the duty, in the first place, of preserving silence and general decorum among the more advanced students, both in the school-hall and in the college chapel; and in the next place, during the hours of recreation, of seeing to the good conduct of those who took part in whatever game happened at the moment to be uppermost, such as cricket, football, rounders, or hare-and-hounds.

Reaching Clongowes at the end of August, 1830, Mahony found there, among the pupils entrusted to his charge, one who, like himself, was but a very few years afterwards to become a contributor to *Bentley's Miscellany*, this being the future author of the Tipperary Papers in that periodical, otherwise John Sheehan, better known to the generality of readers by his comical title of the Irish Whisky Drinker. Another pupil, who was already noted among the collegians as the most skilled Greek scholar of them all, writing already as he did brilliant Anacreontics, took part with Mahony also, but a brief while later on, in the literary jousts of *Regina*. This was Frank Stook Murphy, afterwards known far and wide in the courts of law as Serjeant Murphy, and who, like the young Prefect of Studies and of the Higher Playground, was, at so early a date, to be counted among the picked band of the Fraserians.

A couple of months had hardly elapsed after Mahony's induction into the post of Prefect at Clongowes when he was promoted by Father Kenny, the then Rector of the College, to the yet more responsible office of Master of Rhetoric. Rapid though his advance was, however, his career there, in any capacity, was destined to be of very brief duration. It closed not only abruptly but by a sort of catastrophe.

A couple of months had barely run out after Mahony's arrival at Clongowes when, early in November, a holiday for the whole College was unexpectedly announced. Among the plans which were thereupon suddenly improvised for the day's enjoyment, it was arranged that, under the special charge of their young master, a score of Rhetoricians were to start in coursing line across country in pursuit of a hare about an hour or so after breakfast. This select band, it was further agreed, was to head well off through the Duke of Leinster's country in the direction of Carton, while the other divisions of the Higher School were to scurry away by entirely different routes with their greyhounds. Mahony's party, each member of which was that genuine broth of a boy, a lightfooted Patlander, were, according to the day's programme, to sit down to a two o'clock dinner in the Hotel at Maynooth, and then, after a brief interval of rest, were to course home again before nightfall. Nearly midway, on their return, there was to be one slight additional interruption at Celbridge, where tea was to be partaken of at the house of young John Sheehan's father, three miles from Maynooth, and five from Clongowes.

The Irish Whisky Drinker himself is not inappropriately the one who has put upon record the result of the day's proceedings. According to his veracious narrative of what occurred, all went prosperously enough

until that fatal turning point, when the day was, with a vengeance, done to a tea—a thoroughly disastrous tea and turn out—at Celbridge. There, for one of the revellers at least, the paternal hospitalities, those, that is to say, of the elder Sheehan, were all but within an ace of illustrating, quite literally, what is meant by the phrase of killing with kindness. Moderation, until then, had been the order of the festivities. A solitary tumbler of whisky punch, for example, had sufficed for each excursionist as the accompaniment to the homely banquet partaken of with a relish by "the boys" at the Hotel in Maynooth. A hundred thousand welcomes (*cead mile failthe*) awaited them, all too generously, as the sequel proved, at Celbridge. "If the fatted calf was not killed"—Mr. Sheehan's ingenuous *ipsissima verba* are here given—"there was, as they said in Ireland of old, 'a fire lit under the pump,' or, speaking less poetically, the kitchen boiler was ready to overflowing for what promised to be an exceptionally wet evening." As for the beverage actually giving a name to the meal, it turned out to be nothing better than the merest preliminary. As a sequel to the tea, with its Brobdingnagian accompaniment of hot tea-cake, hight Barnbrack, a luscious compound of flour and eggs, thickly sown with raisins, there came in, in relays, to be again and again replenished, huge decanters of mountain dew freshly distilled, capacious bowls of sugar and ample jugs of screeching water, renewed with proportionate frequency. "I don't know how many songs we sang," confesses the younger Sheehan, in this reminiscence of his bibulous boyhood, "how many patriotic toasts and personal healths we proposed, how many speeches we made, how many decanters we emptied." At the head of the too hospitable board sat the evidently not unworthy sire of one who was so soon afterwards to win repute to himself as, by pre-eminence, *The* Irish Whisky Drinker! At the foot of the table was the universally popular Parish Priest of Celbridge, Father Dan Callinan, soul-searching as a pulpit orator, heart-stirring as the singer of a patriotic song, and true master of the revels on an occasion like this, if he happened to be called upon by circumstances, for the delivery of an impromptu harangue.

The speech of the evening, the song of the evening, in this particular instance, were alike Father Dan's; the song in rapturous tribute to Erin, the speech in impassioned praise of O'Connell. The Liberator was already even then, as he continued to be increasingly thenceforward to the very last, in an especial manner, Mahony's *bête noir* or pet aversion. Father Callinan's panegyric on the victorious champion of Catholic Emancipation, while it suddenly roused the ire, stirred up all the bile and virulence of his systematic depreciator, the self-willed and hot-headed young Master of Rhetoric. When the ringing cheers which marked the close of Father Dan's encomium upon O'Connell had at length died away, the sarcastic voice of Mahony was heard raised, to every one's amazement, in caustic dissent. Some of the most scornful lines in Byron's Irish Avatar were quoted by him against the Liberator, with the added sting of the fine Cork brogue with which they were articulated. Hot words elicited words still hotter, fierce taunts provoked taunts yet fiercer, the disputants at the table being all the rest against the one solitary dissentient, who was denounced in speech after speech as the degenerate son of Ireland. Happily in the end, as Saul's wrath, when at its worst, was appeased by the harp of David, the war of discord was drowned by the harmonious voice

of Father Callinan, opportunely trolling out a ditty, the closing rhymes of which celebrated, thus, the intertwining of the national emblems—

> Then let thy native shamrock shine in rays of triple gleaming,
> And Scotland's thistle round entwine, the rose betwixt them beaming.

A couple of hours later than was intended the little impromptu orgie broke up to many a hearty hand-grip and cordial clinking of the stirrup cup among the revellers. Excited by argument and heated with potations, the youngsters, immediately upon their emerging into the open air to return to Clongowes, found themselves completely vanquished by the very coolness and freshness of the evening atmosphere.

Confusedly, in a straggling way, they had barely accomplished the first mile of their return journey when their discomfiture was completed by the sudden outburst of an autumnal tempest of thunder and lightning, with rain in such overwhelming torrents that they were drenched to the skin within a few minutes from its commencement. This climax of calamity appears to have had its sobering influence upon two or three of the least youthful members of the little party, foremost among them, of course, the young Master of Rhetoric, now thoroughly awakened, at the eleventh hour and three-quarters, to a recognition of his responsibility. Mercifully, when affairs were at this supreme juncture, some Bog of Allen carmen opportunely came to the rescue, like so many *dei ex machinâ*, tramping by leading their cars, laden with black turf, on their way to Dublin. But for their providential interposition thus, in the very nick of time, the imminent probability is that the boys, "much bemused with" potheen and half-drowned by thunder showers, must inevitably have scattered away in the darkness and before morning have succumbed. A costly bargain having been made, however, with the peat-gatherers, the drenched and stupefied urchins were bound with the car ropes on to the top of the turf-loads by the bogmen, the cavalcade, in this miserable plight, wending their way slowly towards their destination.

Not until midnight was the outer gate of the College at length reached. Watchers were there on the look-out with lanterns. The whole establishment was in trepidation. One after another, the unconscious wayfarers were unbound from their *al fresco* peat beds and carried into the entrance hall of Clongowes. To the momentary horror of the Rector, upon counting their number up, one, it turned out, was missing, who was, however, eventually discovered in a state of collapse half-buried away in one of the peat-cars. Extricated from the superincumbent turf, to all appearance dead, he was, by order of the house apothecary, plunged as quickly as possible into a hot bath, a bath so hot that upon his immersion, though he was restored to life, he was, as his brother collegian Sheehan has related, peeled, before the close of the next fortnight, from the nape of the neck to the tendon Achilles. The Rector of the College, Father Kenny, as could alone have been reasonably expected under the circumstances, was profoundly indignant with every one concerned in what appeared to him so disgraceful a saturnalia, but most of all, of course, with the young master, who was especially in charge of the ill-fated coursing party. As the result of the incident, Mahony resigned his chair as Master of Rhetoric almost immediately after these occurrences, and before Christmas bade adieu to Clongowes on his return to the Continent.

Passing through Paris, Mahony went on for a while to the College of the Jesuits at Freiburg, whence, after a few months' hesitation as to the course he ought in prudence to pursue, he proceeded once more to Rome, there to settle down again among his old haunts, though not in his old quarters. During this, for him more or less anxious sojourn in the Eternal City, he continued, with exemplary regularity, to attend theological lectures for two years together, lodging the while out of college at his own expense.

The opinion of the Jesuit Fathers was still resolutely opposed, not merely to the desire he persistently cherished of being enrolled in the Society, but to the ambition which, in spite of all obstacles, continued to possess him of being, at any rate as a secular, ordained to the priesthood. The declared ambition of his life was to become—Sacerdos. Whatever obstructions were placed in his path, and there were many, appeared only to strengthen his resolve that this one dominant desire of his nature, in spite of everything that could be said to the contrary, should be realized. Years afterwards he repented, when it was altogether too late, that, in this vital matter for him, he had set all reasoning at defiance. As he frankly acknowledged to Monsignor Rogerson, who had the happiness at the last of reconciling him to the Church of God and of administering to him the last sacraments, he himself was "determined to enter the Church, in spite of Jesuit opinion." Not merely of his own perfect free will, therefore, but literally by reason of his rooted self-willed persistence he was, for once and for all, signed on the forehead and the hands with the sacred chrism, and enrolled a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedek. Dimissory letters to that end having been obtained from the Bishop of Cork, the Rev. Francis Mahony was ordained at Lucca, thenceforth standing before the world—Presbyter. It has been stated, in error, that not very long after his ordination to the Priesthood Father Mahony, in obedience to instructions from his bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, not only joined the Cork Mission, but acted for a time as chaplain to one of the hospitals in his native city, in 1832, during the terrible cholera visitation. As a simple matter of fact he never in life returned to Cork after the date of his ordination. He frequently said mass both in France and in Italy, occasionally even officiating in London shortly after his first return in his priestly character to England. More than once he preached from the pulpit of the Spanish Ambassador's chapel near Manchester Square, and at intervals assisted in his parochial labours the well known Dr. Magee, who was facetiously dubbed about that period by O'Connell the Abbot of Westminster.

All too soon, however, for his own happiness, because unhappily, of course, all too late for any possible rectification of his own grievous error of judgment in the matter, Mahony awakened to a recognition of the painful truth that his Jesuit preceptors had been right from the first, and that in running counter to their earnest wishes and advice he had become a priest without any true vocation. Thenceforth, through nobody's fault but his own, he stood before the world, and before the Church until all but the very end, in a distinctly false position. There was something essentially unclerical in the mocking spirit with which he regarded the men and things, not actually consecrated to religion, that fell under his immediate observation. A scoffer at Christianity or a depreciator of Catholicism he constantly looked upon from first to last with abhorrence,

Conscious at all times, in the midst of the incongruities of his after life, of the permanent effect of the anointing from which there was no possibility of escape—the sacred chrism leaving, as he knew, a mark that was absolutely indelible—he was keenly alive to, and always instantly resented, any semblance even, under any conceivable circumstances, of a slight put upon him, whether directly or indirectly, in his priestly character.

Having once realized to the full that by nature, instinct, temperament, nay, by his whole idiosyncrasy, he was far more of the man of letters than of the ecclesiastic, his very sense of reverence constrained him first of all into relaxing and eventually into foregoing altogether the questionable luxury of continuing to exercise his sacerdotal functions. His office he still loved to con. His breviary remained to the last his constant companion. *It*, and neither Horace nor Béranger, both of whom he knew pretty well by heart, he delighted to carry about with him in his pocket. Refraining, as has been said, out of his very sense of reverence, from venturing any longer within the sanctuary, there to offer up with his own hands at the altar the sacrifice of the mass, he drifted away little by little from the ordinary practices of religion. The Roman collar was doffed. The soutane was abandoned. A biretta never any longer pressed his broad temples: yet while these evidences of the priest were one after another stripped away, the presbyter-turned-man-of-letters still asserted himself in the semi-clerical costume he thenceforth adopted. A threadbare black it may be said was from that time forward his only wear, as indeed in some sort best became so scholarly a Bohemian. Dropping gradually out of further association with his brother ecclesiastics, he found entirely new and in some respects more congenial companions among the contributors to the magazines and newspapers with which he soon afterwards came to be connected.

In the calm retrospect which can be taken, now, of his long completed career, it seems to have been a circumstance curiously illustrative of its, so to speak, slipshod, and haphazard character that while in the earlier half of his literary life he was hand-and-glove with the ultra-Conservatives when writing for *Fraser's Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, he was in its later moiety just as intimate with the ultra-Liberals when he was corresponding from Rome with the *Daily News* and from Paris with the *Globe* —addressing the latter under the guise of a sort of *flâneur*-bookworm, and the former under the *nom de plume* of the Benedictine Monk Don Jeremy Savonarola.

Constitutionally arrogant and self-opinionated though he showed himself to be throughout his whole life as a disputant, he nevertheless contrived at all times to foregather, no less pleasurably for others than for himself, with men of both the great political parties—his ready wit, combined with his ripe scholarship, not infrequently securing to him the maintenance of these amicable relations with antagonists whom his ferocity of attack must otherwise have utterly estranged. A perfect master of fence in argument, he disdained to wear the wire mask himself, or the button on his foil. Cut and thrust, carte and tierce were of no interest whatever to him unless, in those fierce bouts of disputation in which he delighted, he, and of course his opponent in like manner, had each full privilege allowed, so to speak, of drawing blood *ad libitum* whenever the opportunity for so doing might present itself to either. Sharper things were then said

and written than are now dreamt of in our social philosophy. *Regina* and *Maga* flung vitriol and wielded bludgeons while dispensing their criticisms. Lord Alvanley, looking into the cadaverous face of Samuel Rogers, could cynically raise the laugh in those days against his corpse-like friend, the poet-banker—not, we may be certain, as adding thereby another to his Pleasures of Memory—by observing interrogatively, "I say, Rogers, why don't you start your hearse? you're rich enough!" The amenities of life were not only fewer then than they are now-a-days, but were of a wholly different character. Indiarubber tyres, C springs, and wooden pavements being comparatively unknown, the ways of the world were less smooth and the torturing jolts more frequent.

It happened by good fortune for Mahony, at the very juncture when he was preparing to open up a new path for himself in literature, that a monthly periodical was just at that time springing into celebrity in London, with fair promise of rivalling in vigour and originality its already famous senior by thirteen years, *Blackwood* of Edinburgh. This was *Fraser's Magazine*, for Town and Country, the initial number of which was published on the 1st of February, 1830. It had been but a little more than four years in existence when there was quietly enrolled one day upon its staff a new contributor, who immediately, upon his voice becoming audible, was recognized by all as indeed an acquisition. The originator of the Magazine it may here, however, be first remarked was Hugh Fraser, its publisher being his brother James Fraser, and its standpoint in London 215, Regent Street. There, at regularly recurrent intervals, the contributors were in the habit of assembling convivially in symposium. Less than a twelvemonth after the new recruit had accepted the colours of *Regina* and the coin of enlistment, there was shadowed forth upon a varnished copper-plate, by the rapid movements of an etching-needle held in the hand of one Alfred Croquis—a young Irishman afterwards renowned in the world of art as Daniel Maclise, the Royal Academician—the reflection, as like as life, of one of these famous gatherings. "The Fraserians," to the number of seven-and-twenty, are there depicted, each of them with a marvellous verisimilitude. Two alone at this present writing are still survivors. The rest—a quarter of a hundred in all—have long since, one after another, gone over to the majority. The pair yet extant are the now veteran Carlyle and the then eminently handsome young novelist Harrison Ainsworth. Glasses and decanters scattered about the fruit-laden board, Dr. Maginn, then Editor of *Fraser*, has just risen to give the toast of the evening. Upon either side of him, in the background, are the two nameless attendants—one, a Sydney Smith-like butler in the act of decanting an especial magnum of port, the other an assistant flunkey extracting with an all but audible *cloop* the cork from a fresh bottle. Coleridge, Thackeray, Lockhart, Southey, D'Orsay are among those present who are the most readily distinguishable. Immediately to the left of Maginn, as he stands there delicately resting the tips of his fingers on the table, are seated three clergymen—Edward Irving of the Unknown Tongues, Gleig the Army Chaplain, and between the two, shrewdly peering at you from under his eyebrows and over his spectacles, Frank Mahony.

One who knew several of the Fraserian set, and among them Mahony,—I am alluding here to the late Charles Lewis Gruneisen, the accomplished musical critic,—speaks of them in a communication addressed by him to the

Pall Mall Gazette on the 25th May, 1866, as having lived thirty-two years previously in a dangerous time, when club life was in its infancy. "The artistic and literary world," he there writes, "congregated chiefly in the small hours, in strange places. The painter, the sculptor, the actor, the reviewer, the critic, the journalist, the barrister, the author, nay, even the divine, fraternized in coteries, either at Eastey's Hotel, the Widow's in Saint Martin's Lane, afterwards in Dean Street, Soho, the Coalhole, Offley's, the Eccentrics in May Buildings, the Piazza, the Bedford, and other localities familiar to the few survivors. The Irish and Scotch convivialists in their visits to London," he adds, "considered it to be a marked distinction to be admitted to these coteries, at a period when drinking habits were in the ascendant." Mahony's tutelary muse at this juncture might, hardly with extravagance, have been described as akin to the Fairy Philomel in Planché's charming extravaganza of "The Sleeping Beauty," of whom the late James Bland, that true King of Burlesque, used to exclaim—with an august clearing of the throat beforehand—

> "(Ahem!)—we've known her long.
> She likes a jug and sings a tidy song."

According to Mr. Gruneisen's recollection, Father Prout's vivacity found vent in the nocturnal revels just now referred to, "and," the narrator goes on to remark in so many words, "he never had sufficient resolution to shake off the convivial habits then acquired." It was about that time that among other extravagant freaks of scholarship indulged in by Father Prout and his companions, he, in association among others with Dr. Maginn, Percival Bankes, and John (familiarly Jack) Churchill, translated, or, as Mahony always loved, by preference, to express it, upset into various dead and living languages the then ridiculously popular street song of "All Round my Hat I wear a Green Willow."

As a philologist, as a wit, as a lyrist, as a master of persiflage, Frank Mahony stepped at once conspicuously to the front with his earliest contribution to *Fraser's Magazine* in the April of 1834. His communication there came to the readers of *Regina* as a distinct revelation. It introduced to their notice one who forthwith took his place permanently among the typical creations of our national literature. In setting forth what was entitled by him, with an air of delightful gravity, his "Apology for Lent," it, in the very act of recording his Death, Obsequies, and Elegy, made the public at large acquainted for the first time with Father Prout, whose Reliques thenceforth, month by month for a couple of years together, while they formed the chief attraction of *Fraser*, substantially built up for the writer himself an enduring reputation.

According to a statement put forth on the 18th January, 1875, with all apparent seriousness, by Mr. Nicholas Mahony, Justice of the Peace of Blarney, in a letter addressed by him to the editor of the "Final Reliques," Father Prout was in some sense at least a real personage. He is there spoken of, at any rate, by the brother of the scholarly idealizer of his character who has thus given his name immortality, as an old clergyman who was intimate with the family of the Mahonys when they were children. This intimation it is especially worthy of note, however, is at once coupled with the acknowledgment that "the real Father Prout," as he is gravely called, "was *only* remarkable for his quiet simple manners!" Precisely. And upon an exactly

similar showing it might just as reasonably be argued that Bob Fagin, the boy who helped to paste the labels on the pots of blacking down at Hungerford Market when Charles Dickens was for a while there, in his childhood, as "a little labouring hind" at Warren's manufactory, was the veritable germ of the infamous Jew in "Oliver Twist" who goaded Sikes on to the murder of Nancy, and who is himself given over in the end to the hangman's hands at Newgate as an accomplice of the malefactor. A scene and a designation may not improbably in this matter have been adopted for the nonce as suggestive of a theme by Frank Mahony; but he it was who, by his very mode of adopting it, made that theme his own, and in the true Shaksperian sense as a creator imparted to it perennially in return a "local habitation and a name." The original Father Prout—original so far, that is, as the appellation and the venue are concerned—may, without doubt, have been, as indeed is stated on that very same page of the "Final Reliques," by another witness, Mr. James Murphy, from 1800 to 1830, in which latter year he died, parish priest, at Watergrasshill. But, for all this, the true Father Prout—the still living and breathing Father Prout of whom we read in the Reliques, and who there talks to us all in a voice that has long since become perfectly familiar—is no other than Mahony's own innermost other self, not so much flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, as, from his whole nature and genius, through brain and heart, his most intimate self-revelation. Guided to his right destiny when following in obedience to his first impulse the earliest conception formed by him of that delightful *alter ego*, one is tempted to say that Mahony by a happy instinct strolled from the Groves of Blarney to the Groves of Academe.

Let who will turn the leaves, however cursorily, of those racy and indigenous Reliques, he will for certain acquire a relish for them and a familiarity with them far more readily than he imagines. The potheen has not about it a *tang* more appetizing. The brogue is not more instantly suggestive of exhilaration. For, with a very literal truth, has he not himself hit off to a T his own highest faculty as a writer in those words of his already inscribed upon the fly-leaf of these collected "Works of Father Prout" as their most fitting motto?—words in which the Reliques are described in the aptest possible way as "a new combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipe, of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue," or, yet more tersely even, as "an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt." Discoursing thus, ostensibly in the posthumous voice of the parish priest of Watergrasshill, but really in his own, he for twenty-four months together through *Fraser's Magazine* flung abroad in lavish handfuls the largess of his accumulated wit and learning, scattering them about pell-mell, according to the whim of the moment, with reference to whatever subject-matter chanced to come uppermost. As a critic, there was but too often something scurrile in his acerbity. As a lyrist, his songs had for the most part a lilting swing that bore all before them. The personalities and nicknames with which he pelted the motley throng of those who in any way excited his antipathy, must have bred ill blood enough at the time of their first publication, and read even now most offensively when the passion of the hour has long subsided.

For "real larky fun," as James Hannay admirably expressed it in the *North British Review*, Father Prout's lucubrations are scarcely to be surpassed. Six years before he thus laughingly eulogized the

Reliques, the same animated writer enlarged with gusto in the *Universal Review* upon their general excellence as "a piquant mixture of toryism, classicism, sarcasm, and punch." Evidencing therein, as Mahony did, in a hundred whimsical ways, that he knew Latin quite as well as either Erasmus or Buchanan; he showed his love for the classics, as Hannay deliciously put it, "as a father shows his love for his children—by playing with them." While doing this, moreover, he may be said, through the medium of his gravefaced imputations of plagiarism, to have invented a system of intellectual torture until then undreamt of, the poignant operation of which he, besides, in a manner perfected through his cruelly ingenious method of applying it by preference to the *genus irritabile*. And if, according to Lord Brougham's scathing phrase, Lord Campbell could be said to have added a new pang to the agonies of death by threatening to become his biographer—a threat eventually realized in the shape of a supplementary volume to the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors"—Father Prout might with equal truth have been said by Moore to have added a new pang to the agonies of living by the triumphant skill with which he affected to demonstrate that the "Irish Melodies," so far from being in any way original effusions, were many of them no better than sly borrowings by translation from the Greek, the Latin, or the French! The Greek of an unnamed disciple of Anacreon, the Latin of Prout himself, *ipsissima verba*, the French of the ill-starred Marquis Cinq-Mars! Who that has ever dipped into the "Rogueries" can be blind to the verisimilitude of the Padre's shadowing forth there in classic verse, at one and the same time of the Nora Creina of Moore, and of the Julia of Prout's fellow-cleric of the Hesperides, Robert Herrick? Who cannot see that Mahony bore equally in mind Moore's rapturous ejaculation,

> "O my Nora's gown for me,
> That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
> Leaving every beauty free
> To sink or swell as Heaven pleases;"

and with it Herrick's ecstatic allusion to what he terms "the liquefaction of her [Julia's] clothes," where he exclaims, in regard to their

> "—— brave vibrations each way free,
> O how their glittering taketh me!"

when, in the good Father's blending of his recollection of the two in his harmonious numbers, he added a perfecting charm to each in his—

> "Noræ tunicam præferres,
> Flante zephyro volantem;
> Oculis et raptis erres
> Contemplando ambulantem?"

Mahony was just thirty years of age when he assumed his place—a foremost one from the very first by right of his wit and learning—among the select band of the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*. His earliest paper there, the first of the four-and-twenty making up the aggregate after the lapse of a little more than two years of the now famous Reliques, made its appearance, as already observed, in the number of *Regina* for April, 1834. It introduced the reader at once to a new and delightful personality, thenceforth perennially existent in the familiar dreamland of English literature—that of the Reverend Father Andrew Prout, Parish Priest

of Watergrasshill. Its sequel, a month later on, gave, parenthetically, as it might be said, vouchers to the more incredulous for his having actually existed in the flesh, by referring to his executors, Father Magrath the elegiac poet, and Father Mat Horrogan, P.P. of the neighbouring village of Blarney. The initial paper, under the guise of "An Apology for Lent," not only revealed to all comers in an off-hand way the *ménage* of the good Father of Watergrasshill, but enabled them to realize with a relish his taste both for creature comforts and for classical scholarship. The May number, which in its turn was entitled "A Plea for Pilgrimages," rendered them besides for once and for all intimate with his immediate pastoral surroundings, while it familiarized them with much that was odd and with more that was attractive in his companions, his visitors, and his conversation. Then, moreover, was made clear to the comprehension of all, the abounding vivacity with which Mahony revelled in his mastery over both the ancient and modern languages. The earliest testimony afforded by him of his holding thus completely under his command not only the resources of the two great classic tongues, but of Norman-French as well, was his turning, as by a very *tour de force*, Millikin's roystering celebration of "The Groves of Blarney" into a triple polyglot—"Blarneum Nemus," Ἡ Ἄλη Βλαρνικη, and "Le Bois de Blarnaye." Appended to these at the time was the fragment of a version of the same ditty in Celtic, which purported to have been copied from an antique manuscript preserved in the King's Library at Copenhagen; an Italian version, "I Boschi di Blarnea," being set forth by Mahony upwards of a quarter of a century afterwards as having been sung by Garibaldi on the 25th May, 1859, among the woods near Lake Como—Italic, Celtic, Gallic, Doric, Vulgate, each serio-comically purporting to be the veritable prototype of the merely reputed original, the Corcagian!

"Father Prout's Carousal," as reported in the third instalment of the Reliques, which was published in the June number of *Fraser*, was taken rather gravely to heart, as it happened, among the population of Cork by reason of the liberal use made therein of the names of some of its leading inhabitants. George Knapp, Dick Dowden, Jack Bellew, Dan Corbet, Bob Olden, and Friar O'Meara, were but the chorus, however, attendant upon Sir Walter Scott, the illustrious guest of the incumbent of Watergrasshill. As to the bandying of grotesque fun and erudite sarcasms between Scott and Prout in this paper, it may be regarded as reaching its climax where Sir Walter, in answer to the Padre's bantering inquiry as to whether he is any relation of that ornament of the Franciscan order, the great irrefragable doctor, Duns Scotus, replies, "No, I have not that honour;" adding at once, however, slyly, "but I have read what Erasmus says of certain of your fraternity, in a dialogue between himself and the Echo:

(ERASMUS *loquitur*). 'Quid est sacerdotium?
(ECHO *respondit*). Otium!'—

Prout at once turning the gibe aside with the laughing rejoinder, "That reminds me of Lardner's idea of 'otium cum dignitate,' which he purposes to read thus—*otium cum diggin' 'taties*!" In the course of the "Carousal" occurs the Padre's noble version in Latin of Campbell's "Hohenlinden," the ringing sapphics of his "Prælium apud Hohenlinden" not unworthily echo-

ing the heroic original. There also he gave the first cruel foretaste of his more highly elaborated onslaught, two months later, upon Moore, when he adduced, with the matchless effrontery of his persiflage, what he coolly announced as the Latin original of "Let Erin remember the days of old," beginning

"O! utinam sanos mea Ierna recogitet annos!"

It was in the fourth of the Prout papers, which appeared in the July number of *Regina*, that Mahony, indulging in the same eccentric pastime, imputed to Byron the like delinquency of plagiarism, pretending to have discovered the source of the famous apostrophe to Kirke White, familiar to the readers of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in the dainty verses of a purely imaginary young French poet, hight Chenedollé.

A score of equally brilliant, bizarre, fantastic, and hilarious contributions from the hand of Frank Mahony followed these in rapid and almost unbroken succession through the double-columned pages of *Regina*, until, in 1836, the whole were collected together in two volumes for separate publication as "Father Prout's Reliques." Maclise—who had been all the while embellishing *Fraser* month after month with a series of wonderfully etched portraits of the literary celebrities of that generation—to three of which, by the way, those of Henry O'Brien, L. E. L., and Béranger, Mahony himself furnished the letterpress accompaniment—enhanced the interest and attraction of the reissued Reliques by interspersing them with a number of eminently characteristic illustrations. Eighteen in number, these embellishments were announced on the new title-page, under the artist's then pseudonym, as from the pencil of Alfred Croquis, while the Reliques themselves were said to be collected and arranged by Oliver Yorke, a *nom de plume* generally usable among the Fraserians, as though, like Legion, it had been a noun of multitude signifying many. It can hardly be regarded indeed as having been applicable in any distinctive manner to the Editor of *Fraser* himself, Dr. William Maginn's assumed name being unmistakably Sir Morgan O'Dogherty, as Father Prout was that of Francis Mahony.

Before continuing this record of the few and slight incidents which mark the career of the author of the Reliques, let it be said here at once that incomparably the finest of them all is, without doubt, the sixth, in which Mahony pays his tribute of respect and gratitude to his Jesuit instructors. "Literature and the Jesuits" is the title of it; and it is from the celebration of the apiary in the "Georgics" that Mahony has aptly selected his motto—

"Alii spem gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus: alii purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas."

His theme was suggested to him by the then recent massacre of fourteen Jesuits in the College of St. Isidore at Madrid. Referring at the outset of his paper to that atrocity, he is inclined to think, as he protests with cutting irony, that, with all due respect to Dr. Southey, the Poet Laureate, Roderick was not by any means the Last of the Goths in the Iberian peninsula. It is characteristic of him that, even against himself, in the midst of his emotional enthusiasm in the cause of his old masters in literature, he cannot help cynically hinting a suspicion

that he has a sort of "drop serene" in his eye, seeing that he only, as he expresses it, winks at the rogueries of the Jesuits—never reddening for them the gridiron on which he gently roasts Moore and Lardner. Incidentally in a casual sentence he lays down a proposition which, looked back to now, seems like the foreshadowing of the noble masterpiece produced years afterwards by the Count de Montalembert, "Les Moines de l'Occident:" "There is not, perhaps a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called monastic institutions."

He enumerates with exultation, among a throng of other illustrious pupils of the great Society, Descartes, Torricelli, Tasso, Bossuet, Corneille, Molière, Fontenelle, Bellarmine, Cornelius à Lapide, Bourdaloue. In the vindication of them as undoubted benefactors to their fellow-creatures, physically no less than intellectually, he recalls to mind the celebrity achieved by their beneficent medicaments, asking, for himself, who has not heard of Jesuits' bark, Jesuits' drops, Jesuits' powders? and, with Virgil—

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

Grandly he sings, there, too, in his own voice, though nominally in that of an old schoolfellow of Prout's, who died in 1754, as a Jesuit Missionary in Cochin China, the noble Latin ode in which he commemorates the Vigil and Triumphs of the great founder of the Order, Ignatius Loyola—

"Tellus gigantis sentit itur; simul
Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
Christi triumphantis trophœum,
Cruxque novos numerat clientes."

Persecuted from generation to generation; ruthlessly expelled from Venice; twice (it may be said now, thrice) driven ignominiously from France, where, thrust out of the door, they returned through the window; executed by the dozen, here, in England; encountering stripes, perils, and incarcerations as numerous as those of St. Paul, in Poland, Germany, Portugal and Hungary—the Society's march through Europe for two centuries together, Mahony finely declares to be alone comparable in heroic endurance with the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon. As for himself, he protests that he owes everything to their guidance, finding only in the words of Tully any adequate expression for his gratitude—"Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quàm sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere." It is after this sustained and strenuous avowal of his sense of obligation to the Society of Jesus that, as if yielding himself up at once to the irrepressible resilience of his nature as a satiric humorist, he evidently enough for the sheer relief of unbending after so much unwonted seriousness, upsets into English verse the extravagant drollery of the Jesuit Gresset's comic poem "Vert-Vert," the Parrot who, although he can sing of him one while in the days of his original innocence,

"Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
And greener still were his opinions,"

alternates, to the delight and terror of the Ursuline community of whom he was the boast, between the saintly and the satanic.

Having unburdened his mind thus in *Fraser* between 1834 and 1836 of a good deal of the miscellaneous load of familiar humour and out-of-the-way learning that nevertheless, even when most thickly accumulated there, always sat so lightly upon it, Mahony, at the very dawn of 1837, began poking his fun anew at the public through an entirely fresh channel—that, namely, which was opened up to him by Dickens, then at the very outset of his career, when, having just completed "Pickwick," and dropped the mask of "Boz," he inaugurated under his editorship a new monthly venture for the million, under the title of *Bentley's Miscellany*. The very first page of the new periodical was Prout's, dated Watergrasshill, Kal. Januarii, entitled No. 1 of "Our Songs of the Month." It was an effervescent lyrical draught from, or anent, the Bottle of St. Januarius. Exactly a year afterwards, in the January number of *Bentley* for 1838, another and somewhat longer lyrical effusion from the same pen appeared in the form of "A Poetical Epistle from Father Prout to Boz," under date Genoa, the 14th of December, 1837. Intermediately between these two contributions, Mahony had been pouring out his rhymed drolleries abundantly enough, though for the most part in a very fragmentary way, in the *Miscellany*, to the number of seventeen or eighteen. Four of these were scattered, like the sugar-plums from an exploded bonbon-cracker, in different parts of the initial number of *Bentley*, Teddy O'Dryscull, the Schoolmaster of Watergrasshill being ostensibly, in the instance of three of them, the intermediary for their transmission. Again, in the *Miscellany*, the charge of plagiarism was demurely cast in the teeth of dead and living celebrities by this most incorrigible of larking scholiasts—Lover's Molly Carew, "Och hone! Oh! what will I do?" reappearing as "Heu! Heu! me tedet, me piget o!" while Tom Hudson's Barney Brallaghan came forth anew, robed in the classic toga, under the title of "The Sabine Farmer's Serenade," with its irresistible refrain thus whimsically imitated—

> "Seinel tantum dic eris nostra Lalagé;
> Ne recuses sic, dulcis Julia Callagé."

Before the close of his connection as a regular contributor with *Bentley's Miscellany*, Mahony had at length forsaken the haunts to which he had latterly become accustomed in London, particularly towards the small hours of the morning, and had wandered back through Paris into Italy. Thence, being in no way tethered, either by home ties or clerical responsibilities, he went for two or three years together further afield than he had hitherto ever dreamt of venturing. His movements, which were discursive, carried him gradually and in a wholly unpremeditated way through Hungary, through Asia Minor, through Greece and Egypt, until in 1841 the observant nomad returning to the South of France, paused a while there, to all appearance solely for rest and reflection. Before setting out on these peregrinations he had, in 1837, passed through the press in London, with notes and illustrations, a little duodecimo, entitled "La Boullaye le Gouz in Ireland." By the time his wanderings eastward were completed he settled down into what came to be thenceforth his confirmed character—that of a bookish, scholarly *flâneur*, loitering through life by preference in continental cities; with quips and cranks galore for every one he encountered; gladdened by the chance, whenever he was lucky enough to stumble across one, of foregathering with an old friend from whom he had long drifted apart, and

from this time forward until the very end giving up his pen exclusively to the rough and ready labours of the journalist. Twice in this capacity he discharged for a lengthened period, first for two years at Rome, and afterwards for eight years together at Paris—these being in fact the last years of his life—the responsible duties of a Special Correspondent.

As the Roman Correspondent of the *Daily News* in 1846 and 1847, he had the privilege of describing the end of the Pontificate of Gregory the Sixteenth and the commencement of the wonderful reign of Pope Pius the Ninth. He it was who, shortly after the accession of Giovanni Mastai Ferretti to the chair of the Fisherman, said so finely in his regard, in the words of the Gospel—*Fuit homo missus a Deo cui nomen erat Joannes.* In carrying on this Roman correspondence from day to day Mahony wrote no longer like the Prout of *Fraser* in a conservative sense but, on the contrary, as an advanced Liberal. Immediately his communications were brought to a conclusion they were collected together as a separate and substantive publication—his title-page running thus:—"Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. Addressed during the last two Winters to Charles Dickens, Esq., being an Appendix to his 'Pictures.'" His introduction to the work, which affected to give an autobiographical account of himself as this supposititious monk of St. Benedict, and of his supposed birthplace, Sardinia, amounted in reality to a bitter and caustic satire, the veil thrown over which was only too transparent. John Taureau, Tomaso il Moro, Mac(chiav)Hello, Archbishop of Vestrum, Dandelione, Consternatum Hall, and the like, so flagrantly indicated their application, that they were almost tantamount to printing the real names they signified in italics. Mahony's antipathy to O'Connell, it must be said in honest truth, bore about it no more distinct characteristic than that of malignity. Nothing less than malignity, it will be evident, dictated every syllable of Don Jeremy's revolting lyric entitled "The Lay of Lazarus," or hinted with such gusto at the notion of the rats clearing off with the heart of the Liberator, after the depositing of that relic overnight in the ponderous catafalque. Consistent at least to the very last, in his ungrateful depreciation of the archchampion and victor of Catholic Emancipation, was the sometime usher of Clongowes, later on Father Prout, later on yet, Don Jeremy Savonarola.

A wanderer by choice for years upon the European continent, a cosmopolitan ingrained, Mahony, it has been well said by one of his younger friends, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, while he was at home in many places—on the banks of the Tiber, the Seine, the Arno, and the Thames—was most at home in London. Yet for all that he settled down at length *en permanence* in dear, delightful Paris—"Paris pleine d'or et de misère." Occasionally, even then, but only at very rare intervals indeed, he wrote for the magazines. In 1860, for example, he contributed to the *Cornhill* his "Inaugural Ode to the Author of 'Vanity Fair'"—that dear friend of the old *Fraser* days whom he could never praise too highly. Otherwise Mahony's writing during the last eight years of his life was given up exclusively to the *Globe* in his capacity as its regular Paris Correspondent. His letters there were often brief, and always both desultory and intermittent. His reader, however, sat down to them invariably as a gourmand might sit down to a dish of ripe walnuts, with a favourite bottle of madeira at his elbow, to crack, and peel, and munch them with a relish—*et cum grano*

salis. His residence down to the very last during these years was in the *entresol* of one of those huge Parisian hotels in which he so much delighted. It was situated in the Rue des Moulins, a thoroughfare running out of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, or, as Thackeray facetiously preferred to call it in plain English, the New Street of the Little Fields. There the old scholiast, striking at last, so to speak, his nomadic tent, settled down permanently in bohemian seclusion. There, at odd intervals, according to the spur of the moment, he jotted down those alternately whimsical and recondite commentaries on passing events which went to the making up of his daily newsletter. During the first half-dozen of the "'sixties," his was a familiar figure enough to some, at least, of the *habitués* of the streets of Paris. Wherever encountered—whether dropping in fitfully at Galignani's newsroom, or sipping his brandy-and-water in solitary state at some favourite café, or mooning, half dreamily, half observantly, along either a gaslit or a sunlit boulevard—he was scarcely to be passed unnoticed even by a stranger.

As characteristic a glimpse of Father Prout in his Parisian days as any I know of is that afforded through the loophole of the third chapter of the "Final Reliques," where he is described as one of those voluntary exiles to the banks of the Seine, who were as much integral parts of its fair Lutetia as Murger, Musset, Privat d'Anglemont, Méry, the great Theo, Lespes, Monselet, Dr. Véron, and a host of other strollers. At that time, quoth Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, "it was difficult to meet Father Prout. He was an odd, uncomfortable, uncertain man. His moods changed like April skies. Light little thoughts were busy in his brain, lively and frisking as 'troutlets in a pool.' He was impatient of interruption, and shambled forward talking in an undertone to himself, with now and then a bubble or two of laughter, or one short sharp laugh almost a bark, like that of the marksman when the arrow quivers in the bull's-eye. He would pass you with a nod that meant, 'Hold off—not to-day!' You had been with him in his *entresol* of the Rue des Moulins over night, and had been dismissed in the small hours when he had had gossiping enough. You had been charmed with the range of his scholarship, the ease and raciness of his wit, by the masterly skill with which he handled his literary tools, and the shades of the best of all good company whom he could summon before you in anecdotes which almost brought their breath again upon the cheek. To-day he is gathered up closely within himself, and is holding company in solitude. He was very impatient if any injudicious friend or a passing acquaintance (who took him to be usually as accessible as any *flâneur* on the macadam) thrust himself forward and would have his hand and agree with him that it was a fine day, but would possibly rain shortly. A sharp answer, and an unceremonious plunge forward without bow or good-day, would put an end to the interruption. Of course the Father was called a bear by ceremonious shallow-pates, who could not see there was something extra in the little man talking to himself and shuffling, with his hands behind him, through the *fines fleurs* and *grandes dames* of the Italian Boulevard. There were boobies of his cloth, moreover, who called him a bore. He was forgetful at times of the *bienséances*, it seems, which regulate the use of scissors and paste. He made ill-timed visits. He was unmindful of the approach of 'the hour of going to press.' He lingered over the paper when a neighbour was waiting for it, while he travelled far

off amid the vast stores of his memory, seeking to clothe some fact or truth of to-day in the splendour of a classic phrase or in some quaint old Jesuit dress. When his brain was full-flowing to his tongue, he would keep you under a tropical sun by the Luxor obelisk, and tell you when he first knew Paris, and how he saw the scaffoldings of the Rue Royale, and what historic pageants he had watched progressing inwards and outwards by the Tuileries. Apposite anecdote, queer figure, sounding phrase covering wretched littleness, lace coats over muddy petty hearts: Monsieur *de* Talleyrand, Béranger's *de*, everybody's *de*, Louis Philippe and his mess, the poet-president and then the nephew of somebody who lives to rule the roast—better roast, too, than Monsieur Chose got by contract for his guests—ha! ha! the Father laughed, unmindful of the heat—and he gossiped on. Louis Philippe as Ulysses! as Leech could draw him, with bottle-nose, a cotton umbrella under his arm, and a market-basket in his hand, going out for the Sunday dinner. The store of recollection would gape wide, and it would end with this, 'You've nothing to do for an hour, have a cigar.'" Lightly touched in though this silhouette is, it is surely a speaking likeness of the man whom, as Mgr. Rogerson reminds me, Viscount Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and others of the Whig party used to look up as something to be seen in Paris and encouraged in politics.

Stooping his short and spare but thick-set figure as he walked, wearing his ill-brushed hat upon the extreme back of his head, clothed in the slovenliest way in a semi-clerical dress of the shabbiest character, he sauntered by, with his right arm habitually clasped behind him in his left hand—altogether presenting to view so distinctly the appearance of a member of one of the mendicant orders, that upon one occasion, in the Rue de Rivoli, an intimate friend of his found it impossible to resist the impulse of slipping a sou into the open palm of his right hand, with the apologetic remark, "You *do* look so like a beggar!" Apart, however, from his threadbare garb and shambling gait, there were personal traits of character about him which caught the attention almost at a glance, and piqued the curiosity of even the least observant wayfarer. The "roguish Hibernian mouth," noted in his regard by Mr. Gruneisen, and the grey piercing eyes, that looked up at you so keenly over his spectacles, won your interest in him even upon a first introduction. From the mocking lip soon afterwards, if you fell into conversation with him, came the "loud snappish laugh," with which, as Mr. Blanchard Jerrold remarks, the Father so frequently evidenced his appreciation of a casual witticism—uproarious fits of merriment signalizing at other moments one of his own ironical successes, outbursts of fun, followed during his later years by the racking cough with which he was too often then tormented. His "pipes," as he called the bronchial tubes, he mistakenly regarded as the only weak point in his constitution, his physical strength having been mainly worn down at last by diabetes. That disease, in the midst of a complication of maladies and infirmities, first indicated its undermining influence by the excessive depression it superinduced in his naturally hilarious temperament. Leading in his domestic character the life of a recluse, he had only too obviously ample opportunity for solitary reflection. Ordained to the priesthood, consecrated to the service of God by the sacred chrism, not only, as has been seen, had he ceased for years to exercise his sacerdotal faculties, but he had even drifted away altogether, as already remarked, from the ordinary prac-

tices of religion. It must be understood at once, however, and ought, in justice to his memory, to be here stated as emphatically as words can in any way express it, that—contrary to a belief in his regard still unhappily very prevalent—he never was suspended! More than this, no shadow of a charge was ever directed against him of having, at any time, either directly or indirectly, denied his Faith. He was never, it should be added, besides, in any way seriously taken to task, either by the Holy See, or by his immediate ecclesiastical superiors. More than this, the fact is upon record, that the *Tablet*, having once incidentally referred to him as "a suspended priest," was summarily challenged by him to prove its assertion in a court of justice, Mahony laying his damages at £2,000, and the result being that an apology was instantly offered and the charge unconditionally withdrawn.

About six weeks before Mahony's demise, the illness from which he had for a considerable interval been more or less constantly suffering assumed an unmistakably menacing character. He did then what he had done three years previously when attacked by severe indisposition—he sent round to St. Roch, his parish church, for the Abbé Rogerson. Thenceforth, day after day, the latter was sedulously in attendance upon him in his apartment. The spiritual adviser of the lonely wit became his friend, his guide, his consoler. It is from the testimony of this venerated priest, better known now as Monsignor Rogerson, that the facts are derived which are here, for the first time in print, about to be enumerated. Desirous as I naturally was, immediately upon my having undertaken to become Mahony's biographer, to state only in his regard what was absolutely authentic, but more particularly with reference to the incidents attendant upon his deathbed, I turned instinctively, as a matter of course, for the desired information to Mgr. Rogerson, my application to whom, it is but the simplest justice to say, was responded to with the most instant and gracious cordiality. Whatever materials Mgr. Rogerson had at his command that were in any way likely to be serviceable to me, he placed entirely at my discretion. The characteristic portrait, for example, which forms the frontispiece to the present volume he has enabled me to have engraved from the latest photograph of Mahony—that executed by Weyler, of 45 in the Rue Lafitte: the very copy having been generously confided to me for that purpose which was the sitter's last souvenir to his deathbed confessor. Thanks to a similar kindness again, the very autograph which will be found inscribed underneath that likeness has been facsimiled from one of the very last and one of the most confidential letters addressed to Mgr. Rogerson by the author of the Reliques.

During the closing six weeks of Mahony's existence, within which interval, as has been said, he was brought day after day into intimate acquaintance with Mgr. Rogerson, their usual hour of meeting was late in the afternoon. Ordinarily the former's diurnal letter to the *Globe* had by that time been completed, Father Prout's special correspondence with that journal, by the way, being continued up to within a fortnight of the actual date of his decease. Upon one of these occasions, however, he had not quite finished his communication. Hence, upon the Abbé showing himself at the door, which generally stood open, Mahony called out with some asperity, "I'm busy." "All right," was the reply "and not very civil to-day." That same evening a line written with a black-lead pencil on his card was sent round to his

confessor—zoologically apologetic—thus: "If you *will* poke up a bear in his hours of digestion, you must expect him to growl." Hereupon, Mgr. Rogerson remarks, that, although Mahony was undoubtedly by nature testy and abrupt, he evidently, in his regard, restrained his impetuosity, as a rule receiving him as a priest who had a duty to perform. The exception just instanced he conceives to have betokened unmistakably the self-conquest which had already commenced.

Another slight ebullition of temper is also mentioned as having occurred at one of their earlier conferences. Upon the occasion referred to, the Abbé had thrown out, it appears, the suggestion that Mahony should resort for purposes of especial devotion to Notre Dame des Victoires, urging as its peculiar privilege, that that sanctuary was the seat of the great archconfraternity for the conversion of sinners, as well as a place of holy pilgrimage sought by people of all classes when weighed down by any particular anguish or solicitude, adding that at such times it was visited, among others, by the Empress Eugénie. Upon this Mahony, who had listened sullenly to these remarks, kindling into a poetic flame, exclaimed abruptly, "Don't talk to me of *localizing* devotion. God is to be met with in all places. The canopy of heaven is the roof of his temple: its walls are not our horizon," and so on. Seeing clearly that he was in for a strenuous remonstrance, and realizing at once the importance of asserting his own position in his regard, Mgr. Rogerson, interrupting him, mildly observed, "Excuse me, I am speaking to you under the impression that you are a Catholic wishful to resume his duty. Byron has given us his rhapsodies in some such fashion as this. Pray let me speak as a priest and as a believer. If you find me limited and illiberal seek some one else." Having from the very outset been under the apprehension that he would in his intercourse with Mahony have to encounter impatience of control and pride of intellect, Mgr. Rogerson deemed it advisable, he says, at once to claim his position unhesitatingly, as here described. In so doing it may be remarked at once that he succeeded effectually. Mahony never repeated his assault, but on the contrary remained to the last docile and tractable. Here, for example, is one of the little epistolary indications he gave at this period of his having become thoroughly amenable. Dating his note simply "6 o'clock—evening," he writes as follows with reference to his intended general confession:—

"Dear and Reverend Friend,

"I am utterly unfit to accomplish the desired object this evening, having felt a giddiness of head all the afternoon, and am now compelled to seek sleep. It is my dearest wish to make a beginning of this merciful work, but complete prostration of mind renders it unattainable just now. I will call in the morning and arrange for seeing you.

"Do pray for your
"penitent, F. MAHONY."

Mgr. Rogerson remembers also perfectly well, as he tells me, having been influenced in his determination to take this resolute stand with Mahony, by reason of his having been some time previously struck by the remark of an Irish dignitary, who, when conversing with another bishop on the subject of Father Prout, said in the Abbé's hearing, "I should fear him even dying!" the reply of the prelate thus addressed being, "I should covet no greater grace than to see poor Frank prepared to die well." When listen-

ing to those words the Abbé Rogerson little expected, as he says, that *his* was to be the privilege and *his* the responsibility. The event actually came to pass, however, on the evening of Friday, the 18th of May, 1866, at Mahony's apartment in the *entresol* of No. 19 in the Rue des Moulins, and it did so, as will be seen at once, under circumstances of great consolation both to penitent and confessor.

Their conversations for half a dozen weeks together, though generally brief and business-like, had been often prolonged, extending at those times into details of Father Prout's past history and reminiscences. Repeatedly during the course of them, ejaculations like the following would start in anguish from his lips :—"But I ought never to have been a priest!" "I had no vocation!" or exclamations of a similar character. As already explained, the Jesuit Fathers, before it was yet too late, had striven in vain to impress upon him, betimes, the same conviction. Their proverbial powers of penetration had, as Mgr. Rogerson conjectures, enabled them even then to detect what was invisible to Mahony himself, namely, a preponderating excess of will and unusual intellectual endowments, together with a ready armoury of dangerous wit and satire. Notwithstanding his general recklessness when treating of Churchmen and Church matters, it is especially noticeable in his regard that he never once allowed either his tongue or his pen to give expression, with reference to his old masters, to any of those denunciations of the great Order, so much in accord with the popular prejudices.

Mahony's remorseful sense of having obtruded himself into the Church was, it may here be remarked, embodied by him in a document which the Abbé Rogerson presented on his behalf to Rome when first he sought his aid towards reconciling him to the Church of God. This was in 1863, when, through the archbishop's office in Paris, permission was obtained for him "to retire for ever," as he expressed it, "from the sanctuary," and to resort thenceforth to lay communion. Simultaneously he received a dispensation enabling him, in consideration of his failing eyesight and his advancing age, to substitute the rosary or the penitential psalms for his daily office in the Breviary. Mahony, it is worthy of note, drew up this petition himself at the Abbé Rogerson's suggestion, both its completeness and its latinity being so remarkable that the Roman ecclesiastical lawyer who charged himself with it volunteered to the Abbé an expression at once of his surprise and his admiration. Commenting upon this same document Mgr. Rogerson himself remarks, that whilst Mahony's published specimens of classical and canine Latin are no doubt the wonder and amusement of scholars, his taking up his pen, as he did in this instance, after years of disuse, and in a couple of hours throwing off an ecclesiastical paper full of technical details and phraseology, was, to say the least of it, very remarkable. Already, at the period here immediately referred to, that is three years prior to the end, the Abbé had the happiness of restoring his penitent to practical life in the Church, though, greatly to the intermediary's regret, only in the degree of lay communion.

To two alone of Father Prout's friends was this fact communicated—one of these two being bound to him by ties of affection from their early youth, when they were fellow-novices at Acheul, meaning the good Père Lefevre, while the other was the late saintly Bishop Grant of Southwark, who had never, at any time evidenced towards Mahony anything like estrangement. It was the last-mentioned, by the way, who, in 1848, during Don Jeremy Savona-

rola's residence in Rome as the *Daily News*' Correspondent, "drew him, in his own sweet winning way," as Mgr. Rogerson expresses it, once more within the sanctuary, Father Mahony then for the last time venturing to offer up the Holy sacrifice. Many years afterwards the two met by accident one day in Paris, at the corner where the Rue de Rivoli turns into the Rue Castiglione. The Bishop, stopping abruptly in front of Father Prout, claimed him upon the instant as an old friend, calling him delightedly by his real name, and at once walked off with him arm-in-arm with every evidence of affectionate cordiality. Referring with manifest pleasure at the time to this incident, Mahony in 1863 requested the Abbé Rogerson to communicate to Bishop Grant and to the Père Lefevre, and to those two intimates alone, the fact of his reconciliation.

When, towards the close of April, and yet more plainly at the beginning of May, 1866, Mahony's last malady gave unmistakable evidence of its alarming character, the Abbé Rogerson, finding that his penitent took to his bed at length without reluctance (he who had always hitherto striven hard to receive his friends in his accustomed corner), directed his utmost efforts to the completion of his work by the administration of the last sacraments. Immediately prior to Father Prout's actually taking to his deathbed, upon the last occasion, that is, of the Abbé's finding him yet "up," he was huddled in his arm-chair, scantily clad, and eagerly expectant! Mgr. Rogerson's own words shall be here given:—"Thanking me for my patient and persevering attention to him during his sickness, he asked pardon of me and of the whole world for offences committed against God and to the prejudice of his neighbour, and then sinking down in front of me, with his face buried in his two hands and resting them on my knees, he received from me with convulsive sobs the words of absolution. His genial Irish heart was full to overflowing with gratitude to God as a fountain released at this moment, and the sunshine of his early goodness had dispelled the darkness of his after life, and he was as a child wearied and worn out after a day's wanderings, when it had been lost and was found, when it had hungered and was fed again. I raised him up, took him in my arms and laid him on his bed as I would have treated such a little wanderer of a child, and left him without leavetaking on his part, for his heart was too full for words." After this he never attempted to quit his bed, or desired to see any one. At the Abbé Rogerson's suggestion, however, he consented to see his fellow-novice of the old days, the Père Lefevre, his parting with whom is described as wonderfully touching. The old college intimate, addressing him by his once familiar name as a novice, "Sylvestre," embraced him with an effusion of tenderness, and gave him rendezvous in eternity!

Two days afterwards he received extreme unction at the hands of the Abbé Rogerson. The latter had been desirous, it is true, of giving this sacrament to him earlier, Mahony himself, however, entreating at the time to be allowed to give the signal himself when he should feel prepared for its administration. Immediately upon his confessor's appearance at his bedside, on the very next morning, he uttered significantly the two words "Holy Oils," upon hearing which the Abbé Rogerson lost no time in summoning his assistants, and with the aid of the Abbé Chartrain gave the solemn anointing. The last sacred rites having been completed, the end was seen to be rapidly approaching. No articulate syllable from that moment passed his lips, and at about half-past nine o'clock on the evening

of Friday, the 18th May, 1866, he tranquilly expired in the presence of his sister, Mrs. Woodlock, and of his friend and confessor, the Abbé Rogerson. "We could detect," says the latter, "the approach of the final moment, and continued through the beautiful prayers for the agonizing, to appeal to God, earnestly for him up to the very instant when his breathing ceased. He could not, in fact," continues this sympathetic eyewitness, "have surrounded himself with more accessories of grace had he been permitted to sketch out his mode of quitting life; and I feel that our ever-merciful Saviour, His compassionate Mother, and the whole Court of Heaven must have welcomed this one other 'lost and found,' wounded it may be and having many sores, and requiring the process of renewal in Purgatorial detention, but—saved. No other thought or feeling comes back to me to interrupt as a cloud the clear remembrance that I hold of this event," observes Mgr. Rogerson in conclusion, "and it troubles me to hear uncatholic reflections pronounced by those whose faith and the experiences of life, and much more the 'charity that hopeth all things,' ought to check, admonish, and deter. 'And thinkest thou, O man, that judgest them that do such things, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and patience, and long-suffering?' Rom. ii. 3, 4." With reason did the then British consul at Barcelona, James Hannay, write of his old friend, on the morrow of Mahony's death, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Probably no man with whom he was brought into contact, friendly or otherwise, but will hear with satisfaction that a sister of his blood and a priest of his faith cheered the deathbed of the lonely old wit and scholar, and helped to make his last hours pass tranquilly away." More tranquilly, as will be evident now upon unquestionable authority, he could not well have passed the awful boundary line that divides time from eternity.

It is characteristic of the magnanimity of the venerable Archbishop McHale, who still survives, at the patriarchal age of a nonogenarian, that years ago he checked one whom he overheard reprehending Mahony by observing that, after all, the Irishman who wrote Father Prout's papers was an honour to his country. Dying abroad though he did, his remains had fitting sepulture at once in his native land, at his birthplace, Cork, on the banks of the river Lee, under the shadow of the spire and within sound of those Bells of Shandon he had sung of so lovingly and harmoniously in his lyrical masterpiece. Immediately upon its arrival at Cork, upon the evening of Sunday, the 27th May, 1866, the coffin containing his remains was disembarked from the London steamer and conveyed to St. Patrick's Church, King Street, where it was laid in front of the sanctuary until the following morning. Shortly after daybreak, masses were said there for the repose of the soul of the deceased, at each mass large numbers attending. At eight o'clock, Bishop Delaney, preceded by a long procession of priests, entered from the sacristy and sang the Miserere. Another procession being formed upon the completion of the solemn requiem and the aspergings, the remains were borne to the bier which stood in readiness at the gates, and conducted, with twenty priests in attendance, to the vaults at Shandon, in which, among the dust of many generations of Frank Mahony's kith and kin, they have ever since reposed.

By a curious irony of fate—remembering how Mahony during his last illness had remarked to the Abbé Rogerson, with especial reference to his

threatened action against the *Tablet* for defamation of character, "I have spoken of the *Cullen*ization of Ireland, and that amounts to heresy with some people,"—the very number of the *Cork Examiner* containing the account of the funeral ceremony at Shandon, gave on the opposite page the announcement from the *Freeman's Journal* that "His Holiness the Pope, appreciating the eminent services rendered to the Catholic Church by the most reverend Dr. Cullen, has elevated his grace to the dignity of Cardinal." According to a statement, put forth with the utmost gravity of manner, by the late Mr. Gruneisen, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the 25th of May, 1866, a Cardinal's hat might have been had by Mahony himself, "but for that which was imputed to him as his one great fault—conviviality. At Rome," continued the writer, "so strongly impressed were the leading men of the Church with his abilities, that it was intimated to him that he might hope to rise high in honours ecclesiastical if he would devote his exclusive services to the Pope. He assented: a period of probation was assigned during which it was ascertained that his notions of temperance were too liberal for the Church." Mr. Gruneisen further asserts in plain words, "Prout told me the temptation he had at Rome," that is to this advancement — the archwag not impossibly meaning all the while to the conviviality. The *Pall Mall's* Correspondent, though frankly acknowledging, "I treated his statement at the time as a joke," adds, "but, from one of the highest Church authorities in Paris I subsequently had full confirmation of the fact that the Cardinal's hat was actually offered to him in prospect, and that he lost the distinction as I have intimated." On submitting these wild rumours and wilder assertions to the dispassionate judgment of Mgr. Rogerson, I have the latter's assurance that Prout at any rate never once spoke to him of a Cardinal's hat, and that for his own part he cannot consider the idea in any way to have accorded with Mahony's then character.

Besides the original edition of "The Reliques," published in two volumes by James Fraser in 1836, another edition in one volume was issued from the press in 1860, otherwise, during Mahony's lifetime, as an important integral part of Bohn's Illustrated Library. Supplementary to these two editions, an exceedingly miscellaneous collection of his writings as a journalist and of memorabilia in his regard contributed by various hands, those of several of his friends, acquaintances, and contemporaries, appeared in 1875, under the editorship of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, with the title of "Final Reliques of Father Prout." The materials compacted together in that volume, however, interesting and valuable though some of them undoubtedly were, it must be admitted were so loosely put together and so confusedly arranged, that their general effect was a source rather of disappointment than of satisfaction. The present edition of the collected "Works of Father Prout" is the third that has yet made its appearance. Several estimates of the genius and learning, the wit and wisdom, of Francis Mahony have been put forth at different times in the periodicals both of France and of England, three of which may be regarded as of sufficient intrinsic excellence to entitle them to be here enumerated. Two of these were from the skilled and scholarly hand of no less sound a critic than the late James Hannay, who first of all in the *Universal Review* for February, 1860, weighed in the balance and did *not* find wanting the humoristic erudition of Father Prout; and who upon the morrow of

Mahony's decease, six years afterwards, with brilliant effect held up in contrast to each other in the *North British Review* for September, 1866, those three typical humorists of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Peacock, Aytoun, and Prout. It was this last-mentioned paper beyond all question which in the following year suggested to a French critic the article entitled "Trois Ecrivains (humorist) Anglais," meaning Hood, Prout, and Thackeray, which in 1867 appeared in the *Revue Britannique*. The Works themselves, however, which are here brought together, and arranged in chronological sequence, will, without any extraneous aid whatever in that direction, most surely guide the sagacious reader to their just appraisement. They are as exhilarating as the first runnings of a well-filled wine-press, the grapes heaped together in which have been ripened by laughing suns and grown in classic vineyards.

THE

Reliques of Father Prout,

LATE

P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

OLIVER YORKE.

PREAMBLE.

[The Preface to the First Edition of the "Reliques," published in 1836, in two volumes post octavo, by James Fraser, of 215, Regent Street, was thus entitled. The work was embellished with eighteen daintily-pencilled illustrations by Alfred Croquis, afterwards famous under his real name as Daniel Maclise the Royal Academician.]

It is much to be regretted that our Author should be no longer in the land of the living, to furnish a general Preamble, explanatory of the scope and tendency of his multifarious writings. By us, on whom, with the contents of his coffer, hath devolved the guardianship of his glory, such deficiency is keenly felt; having learnt from Epictetus that every sublunary thing has two handles (παν πραγμα δυας εχει λαβας), and from experience that mankind are prone to take hold of the wrong one. King Ptolemy, to whom we owe the first translation of the Bible into a then vulgar tongue (and consequently a long array of "centenary celebrations"), proclaimed, in the pithy inscription placed by his order over the entrance of the Alexandrian Library, that books were a sort of physic. The analogy is just, and pursuing it, we would remark that, like other patent medicines, they should invariably be accompanied with "directions for use." Such προλε-

γομενα would we in the present case be delighted ourselves to supply, but that we have profitably studied the fable of La Fontaine entitled "*L'Ane qui portait les Reliques*" (liv. v. fab. 14).

Nevertheless, it is not our intention, in giving utterance to such a very natural regret, to insinuate that the present production of the lamented writer is unfinished, abortive, or incomplete: on the contrary, our interest prompts us to pronounce it complete, as far as it goes. It requires, in point of fact, no extrinsic matter; and Prout, as an author, will be found what he was in the flesh—"*totus teres atque rotundus.*" Still, a suitable introduction, furnished by a kindred genius, would in our idea be ornamental. The Pantheon of republican Rome, perfect in its simplicity, yet derived a supplementary grace from the portico superadded by Agrippa.

All that remains for us to say under the circumstances is to deprecate the evil constructions which clumsy "journeymen" may hereafter put on the book. In our opinion it can bear none.

The readers of *Fraser's Magazine* will recognize these twelve papers as having been originally put forth, under our auspices, in one year's consecutive numbers of *Regina—i.e.*, from the 1st of April, 1834, to the recurrence of that significant date in 1835. For reprinting them in their present shape we might fairly allege the urgent "*request of friends*," had not the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot made that formula too ridiculous; we will, therefore content ourselves by stating that we merely seek to justify, by this undertaking, the confidential trust reposed in us by the parish of Watergrasshill.

Much meditating on the materials that fill "the chest," and daily more impressed with the merit of our author, we thought it a pity that its wisdom should be suffered to evaporate in magazine squibs. What impression could, in sooth, be made on the public mind by such desultory explosions? Never on the dense mass of readers can isolated random shots produce the effect of a regular *feu de peloton*. For this reason we have arranged in one volume his files of mental musketry, to secure a simultaneous discharge. The hint, perhaps, of right belongs to the ingenious Fieschi.

We have been careful to preserve the order of succession in which these essays first met the public eye, prefixing to each such introductory comments as from time to time we felt disposed to indulge in, with reference to synchronous occurrences—for, on looking back, we find we have been on some occasions historical, on others prophetical, and not unfrequently rhapsodical. This latter charge we fully anticipate, candidly confessing that we have been led into the practice by the advice and example of Pliny the Younger: "*Ipsa varietate*," are his words, "*tentamus efficere ut*

alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant." This would appear to constitute the whole theory of miscellaneous writing: nor ought it to be forgotten by the admirers of more strictly methodical disquisition, that—

"L'ennui naguit un jour de l'uniformité."

Caterers for public taste, we apprehend, should act on gastronomic principles; according to which "*toujours Prout*" would be far less acceptable than "*toujours perdrix:*" hence the necessity for a few *hors d'œuvres.*

We have hitherto had considerable difficulty in establishing, to the satisfaction of refractory critics, the authenticity of one simple fact; viz., that of our author's death, and the consequently posthumous nature of these publications. People absurdly persist in holding him in the light of a living writer: hence a sad waste of wholesome advice, which, if judiciously expended on some reclaimable sinner, would, no doubt, fructify in due season. In his case 'tis a dead loss—Prout is a literary mummy! Folks should look to this: Lazarus will not come forth to listen to their strictures; neither, should they happen to be in a complimentary mood, will Samuel arise at the witchery of commendation.

Objects of art and virtù lose considerably by not being viewed in their proper light; and the common noonday effulgence is not the fittest for the right contemplation of certain *capi d'opera.* Canova, we know, preferred the midnight taper. Let therefore, "*ut fruaris reliquiis*" (*Phæd.* lib. i. fab. 22), the dim penumbra of a sepulchral lamp shed its solemn influence over the page of Prout, and alone preside at its perusal.

Posthumous authorship, we must say, possesses infinite advantages; and nothing so truly serves a book as the writer's removal by death or transportation from the sphere or hemisphere of his readers. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock" were rendered doubly interesting by being dated from Sidney Cove. Byron wrote from Venice with increased effect. Nor can we at all sympathize with the exiled Ovid's plaintive utterance, "*Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.*" His absence from town, he must have known, was a right good thing for his "publisher under the pillars." But though distance be useful, death is unquestionably better. Far off, an author is respected; dead, he is beloved. *Extinctus, amabitur.*

[This theory is incidentally dwelt on by Prout himself in one of his many papers published by us, though not comprised within the present limited collection. In recounting the Roman adventures of his fellow-townsman Barry, he takes the occasion to contrast the neglect which his friend experienced during life with the rank now assigned him in pictorial celebrity.

Ainsi les maîtres de la lyre
Partout exhalent leur chagrins;
Vivans, la haine les déchire,
Et ces dieux, que la terre admire,
Ont peu compté de jours serens.

Longtemps la gloire fugitive
Semble tromper leur noble orgeuil;
La gloire enfin pour eux arrive,
Et toujours sa palme tardive
Croit plus belle près d'un cerceuil.

FONTANES, *Ode à Chateaubriand.*

I've known the youth with genius cursed—
I've mark'd his eye hope-lit at first;
Then seen his heart indignant burst,
To find his efforts scorn'd.
Soft on his pensive hour I stole,
And saw him draw, with anguish'd soul,
Glory's immortal muster-roll,
His name should have adorn'd.

His fate had been, with anxious mind,
To chase the phantom Fame—to find
His grasp eluded! Calm, resign'd,
He knows his doom—he dies.
Then comes RENOWN, *then* FAME appears,
GLORY proclaims *the Coffin* hers!
Aye greenest over sepulchres
Palm-tree and laurel rise.

PROUT, *Notti Romane nel Palazzo Vaticano.*]

We recollect to have been forcibly struck with a practical application of this doctrine to commercial enterprise when we last visited Paris. The 2nd of November, being "All Souls'-day,"* had drawn a concourse of melancholy people to *Père la Chaise*, ourselves with the rest; on which occasion our eye was arrested, in one of the most sequestered walks of that romantic necropolis, by the faint glimmering of a delicious little lamp—a glow-worm of bronze—keeping silent and sentimental vigil under a modest urn of black marble, inscribed thus:—

CI-GIT FOURNIER (Pierre Victor),
Inventeur bréveté des lampes dites sans fin,
Brulant une centime d'huile a l'heure.
IL FUT BON PÈRE, BON FILS, BON EPOUX.

SA VEUVE INCONSOLABLE
Continue son commerce, Rue aux Ours, No. 19.
Elle fait des envois dans les départemens.
N.B. ne pas confondre avec la boutique en face S.V.P.
R. I. P.

We had been thinking of purchasing an article of the kind; so, on our return, we made it a point to pass the *Rue aux Ours*, and give our custom to the mournful Artemisia. On entering the shop, a rubicund tradesman accosted us; but we intimated our wish to transact business with "the widow," "La veuve inconsolable?" "*Eh, pardieu! c'est moi!* je suis, moi, Pierre Fournier, inventeur, &c.: *la veuve n'est qu'un symbole, un mythe.*" We admired his ingenuity, and bought his lamp; by the mild ray of which patent contrivance we have profitably pursued our editorial labours.

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *Feb.* 29, 1836.

* In the first edition of the "Reliques" the date of All Souls' was given very literally indeed by a "clerical" error as the 1st of November.

"*At Covent Garden a sacred drama, on the story of Jephtha, conveying solemn impressions, is* PROHIBITED *as a* PROFANATION *of the period of fasting and mortification! There is no doubt where the odium should fix—on the Lord Chamberlain or on the* BISHOP OF LONDON. *Let some intelligent Member of Parliament bring the question before the* HOUSE OF COMMONS."

Times, Feb. 20 and 21, 1834.

THE WORKS OF FATHER PROUT.

THE RELIQUES.

I.

Father Prout's Apology for Lent.

HIS DEATH, OBSEQUIES, AND AN ELEGY.

(Fraser's Magazine, April, 1834.)

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[Mahony's first contribution to *Fraser* appeared in the same number in which Carlyle completed the second of the three books of his "Sartor Resartus." The now well-known Magazine, which had already won to itself a high degree of popularity, had but just then rounded the fourth year of its existence. Its salient feature from its commencement had been, as it long continued to be, the publication in each monthly instalment of one in a singularly varied Gallery of Literary Characters. These were doubly sketched, and with about an equally startling vividness, by the pseudonymous pencil of Alfred Croquis, a young artist afterwards world-famous in his own name as Daniel Maclise, R.A., and, upon a confronting leaf, by the pen of an anonymous writer, who was in reality no less caustic and scholarly a wit than Dr. William Maginn, then the responsible editor of *Regina*. No. 47 in that Gallery portrayed thus, in walking costume, for the amusement of the readers of *Fraser*, the well-buttoned-up form and vinous countenance of Theodore Hook, author of "Sayings and Doings." A couple of years afterwards, when "The Reliques" were collected together for independent publication, Maclise's facile pencil adorned this opening chapter with two embellishments, one of them forming the frontispiece to the first volume, being his wicked limning, under embowering nets, of Mahony seated *vis-à-vis* with his *alter ego* or *eidolon* Father Prout, each busily engaged, fork in hand, discussing his—ahem!—"Apology for Lent!" relays of dishes being brought in processionally to the already well-laden board; while the other, the companion vignette, appended to this opening instalment of the "Reliques," delineated, under the two significant words "Pace Implora," the reverend Father's solemn interment.]

"Cependant, suivant la chronique,
Le Carême, depuis un mois,
Sur tout l'univers Catholique
Etendait ses sévères lois."—GRESSET.

THERE has been this season in town a sad outcry against Lent. For the first week the metropolis was in a complete uproar at the suppression of the oratorio; and no act of authority since the fatal ordonnances of Charles X. bid fairer to revolutionize a capital than the message sent from Bishop Blomfield to Manager Bunn. That storm has happily blown over. The Cockneys, having fretted their idle hour, and vented their impotent ire through their

"safety-valve," the press, have quietly relapsed into their wonted attitude of indifference and resumed their customary calm. The clamour of the day is now passed and gone, and the dramatic "murder of Jephtha" is forgotten. In truth, after all, there was something due to local reminiscences; and when the present tenants of the "Garden" recollect that in by-gone days these "deep solitudes and awful cells" were the abode of fasting and austerity, they will not grudge the once-hallowed premises to commemorate in sober stillness the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent. But let that rest. An infringement on the freedom of theatricals, though in itself a grievance, will not, in all likelihood, be the immediate cause of a convulsion in these realms; and it will probably require some more palpable deprivation to arouse the sleeping energies of John Bull, and to awake his dormant anger.

It was characteristic of the degeneracy of the Romans, that while they crouched in prostrate servility to each imperial monster that swayed their destinies in succession, they never would allow their amusements to be invaded, nor tolerate a cessation of the sports of the amphitheatre; so that even the despot, while he riveted their chains, would pause and shudder at the well-known ferocious cry of "*Panem et Circenses!*" Now, food and the drama stand relatively to each other in very different degrees of importance in England; and while provisions are plentiful, other matters have but a minor influence on the popular sensibilities. The time may come, when, by the bungling measures of a Whig administration, brought to their full maturity of mischief by the studied neglect of the agricultural and shipping interests, the general disorganization of the state-machinery at home, and the natural results of their intermeddling abroad,—a dearth of the primary articles of domestic consumption may bring to the Englishman's fireside the broad conviction of a misrule and mismanagement too long and too sluggishly endured. It may then be too late to apply remedial measures with efficacy; and the only resource left, may be, like Caleb Balderstone at Wolf's Crag, to proclaim "a general fast." When that emergency shall arise, the quaint and original, nay, sometimes luminous and philosophic, views of Father Prout on the fast of Lent, may afford much matter for speculation to the British public; or, as Childe Harold says,

> "Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly."

Before we bring forward Father Prout's lucubrations on this grave subject, it may be allowable, by way of preliminary observation, to remark, that, as far as Lent is concerned, as well indeed as in all other matters, "they manage these things differently abroad." In foreign countries a carnival is the appropriate prelude to abstemiousness; and folks get such a surfeit of amusement during the saturnalian days which precede its observance, that they find a grateful repose in the sedate quietude that ensues. The custom is a point of national taste, which I leave to its own merits; but whoever has resided on the continent must have observed that all this bacchanalian riot suddenly terminates on Shrove Tuesday; the fun and frolic expire with the "bœuf-gras;" and the shouts of the revellers, so boisterous and incessant during the preceding week, on Ash Wednesday are heard no more. A singular ceremony in all the churches—that of sprinkling over the congregation on that Wednesday the pulverized embers of the boughs of an evergreen (meant, I suppose, as an emblem and record of man's mortality)—appears to have the instantaneous effect of turning their thoughts into a different channel: the busy hum subsides at once; and learned commentators have found, in the fourth book of Virgil's Georgics, a prophetic allusion to this magic operation:

> "Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

The non-consumption of butchers' meat, and the substitution of fish diet,

is also a prominent feature in the continental form of observing Lent; and on this topic Father Prout has been remarkably discursive, as will be seen on perusal of the following pages. To explain how I became the depositary of the reverend man's notions, and why he did not publish them in his lifetime (for, alas! he is no more—peace be to his ashes!) is a duty which I owe the reader, and from which I am far from shrinking. I admit that some apology is required for conveying the lucid and clarified ideas of a great and good divine through the opaque and profane medium that is now employed to bring them under the public eye; I account for it accordingly.

I am a younger son. I belong to an ancient, but poor and dilapidated house, of which the patrimonial estate was barely enough for my elder; hence, as my share resembled what is scientifically called an evanescent quantity, I was directed to apply to that noble refuge of unprovided genius—the bar! To the bar, with a heavy heart and aching head, I devoted year after year, and was about to become a tolerable proficient in the black letter, when an epistle from Ireland reached me in Furnival's Inn, and altered my prospects materially. This despatch was from an old Roman Catholic aunt whom I had in that country, and whose house I had been sent to, when a child, on the speculation that this visit to my venerable relative, who, to her other good qualities, added that of being a resolute spinster, might determine her, as she was both rich and capricious, to make me her inheritor. The letter urged my immediate presence in the dying chamber of the Lady Cresswell; and as no time was to be lost, I contrived to reach in two days the lonely and desolate mansion on Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of Cork. As I entered the apartment, by the scanty light of the lamp that glimmered dimly, I recognized, with some difficulty, the emaciated form of my gaunt and withered kinswoman, over whose features, originally thin and wan, the pallid hue of approaching death cast additional ghastliness. By the bedside stood the rueful and unearthly form of Father Prout; and, while the sort of chiaroscuro in which his figure appeared, half shrouded, half revealed, served to impress me with a proper awe for his solemn functions, the scene itself, and the probable consequences to me of this last interview with my aunt, affected me exceedingly. I involuntarily knelt; and while I felt my hands grasped by the long, cold, and bony fingers of the dying, my whole frame thrilled; and her words, the last she spoke in this world, fell on my ears with all the effect of a potent witchery, never to be forgotten! "Frank," said the Lady Cresswell, "my lands and perishable riches I have bequeathed to you, though you hold not the creed of which this is a minister, and I die a worthless but steadfast votary: only promise me and this holy man that, in memory of one to whom your welfare is dear, you will keep the fast of Lent while you live; and, as I cannot control your inward belief, be at least in this respect a Roman Catholic: I ask no more." How could I have refused so simple an injunction? and what junior member of the bar would not hold a good rental by so easy a tenure? In brief, I was pledged in that solemn hour to Father Prout, and to my kind and simple-hearted aunt, whose grave is in Rathcooney, and whose soul is in heaven.

During my short stay at Watergrasshill (a wild and romantic district, of which every brake and fell, every bog and quagmire, is well known to Crofton Croker—for it is the very *Arcadia* of his fictions), I formed an intimacy with this Father Andrew Prout, the pastor of the upland, and a man celebrated in the south of Ireland. He was one of that race of priests now unfortunately extinct, or very nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs, in the island: I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad, before the *French* revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican church, a loftier range of thought, and a superior delicacy of sentiment. Hence, in his evidence before the House of Lords,

"the glorious Dan" has not concealed the grudge he feels towards those clergymen, educated on the Continent, who, having witnessed the doings of the *sansculottes* in France, have no fancy to a rehearsal of the same in Ireland. Of this class was Prout, P.P. of Watergrasshill; but his real value was very faintly appreciated by his rude flock: he was not understood by his contemporaries; his thoughts were not their thoughts, neither could he commune with kindred souls on that wild mountain. Of his genealogy nothing was ever known with certainty; but in this he resembled Melchizedek: like Eugene Aram, he had excited the most intense interest in the highest quarters, still did he studiously court retirement. He was thought by some to be deep in alchemy, like Friar Bacon; but the gaugers never even suspected him of distilling "potheen." He was known to have brought from France a spirit of the most chivalrous gallantry; still, like Fénélon retired from the court of Louis XIV., he shunned the attractions of the sex, for the sake of his pastoral charge: but in the rigour of his abstinence, and the frugality of his diet, he resembled no one, and none kept Lent so strictly.

Of his gallantry one anecdote will be sufficient. The fashionable Mrs. P——, with two female companions, travelling through the county of Cork, stopped for Divine service at the chapel of Watergrasshill (which is on the high road on the Dublin line), and entered its rude gate while Prout was addressing his congregation. His quick eye soon detected his fair visitants standing behind the motley crowd, by whom they were totally unnoticed, so intent were all on the discourse; when, interrupting the thread of his homily, to procure suitable accommodation for the strangers, "Boys!" cried the old man, "why don't ye give three chairs for the ladies?" "Three cheers for the ladies!" re-echoed at once the parish clerk. It was what might be termed a clerical, but certainly a very natural, error; and so acceptable a proposal was suitably responded to by the frieze-coated multitude, whose triple shout shook the very cobwebs on the roof of the chapel!—after which slight incident, service was quietly resumed.

He was extremely fond of angling; a recreation which, while it ministered to his necessary relaxation from the toils of the mission, enabled him to observe cheaply the fish diet imperative on fast days. For this he had established his residence at the mountain-source of a considerable brook, which, after winding through the parish, joins the Blackwater at Fermoy; and on its banks would be found, armed with his rod, and wrapped in his strange cassock, fit to personate the river-god or presiding genius of the stream. [Old Izaak Walton would have liked the man exceedingly.]

His modest parlour would not ill become the hut of one of the fishermen of Galilee. A huge net in festoons curtained his casement; a salmon-spear, sundry rods, and fishing tackle, hung round the walls and over his bookcase, which latter object was to him the perennial spring of refined enjoyment. Still he would sigh for the vast libraries of France, and her well-appointed scientific halls, where he had spent his youth, in converse with the first literary characters and most learned divines; and once he directed my attention to what appeared to be a row of folio volumes at the bottom of his collection, but which I found on trial to be so many large stone-flags, with parchment backs, bearing the appropriate title of CORNELII A LAPIDE *Opera quæ extant omnia;* by which semblance of that old Jesuit's commentaries he consoled himself for the absence of the original.

His classic acquirements were considerable, as will appear by his essay on Lent; and while they made him a most instructive companion, his unobtrusive merit left the most favourable impression. The general character of a churchman is singularly improved by the tributary accomplishments of the scholar, and literature is like a pure grain of Araby's incense in the golden censer of religion. His taste for the fine arts was more genuine than might

be conjectured from the scanty specimens that adorned his apartment, though perfectly in keeping with his favourite sport; for there hung over the mantelpiece a print of Raphael's cartoon the "Miraculous Draught;" here, "Tobith rescued by an Angel from the Fish;" and there, "St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes."

With this learned Theban I held a long and serious converse on the nature of the antiquated observance I had pledged myself to keep up; and oft have we discussed the matter at his frugal table, aiding our conferences with a plate of water-cresses and a red herring. I have taken copious notes of Father Prout's leading topics; and while I can vouch them as his genuine arguments, I will not be answerable for the style; which may possibly be my own, and probably, like the subject, exceedingly jejune.

I publish them in pure self-defence. I have been so often called on to explain my peculiarities relative to Lent, that I must resort to the press for a riddance of my persecutors. The spring, which exhilarates all nature, is to me but the herald of tribulation; for it is accompanied in the Lent season with a recurrence of a host of annoyances consequent on the tenure by which I hold my aunt's property. I have at last resolved to state my case openly; and I trust that, taking up arms against a sea of troubles, I may, by exposing, end them. No blessing comes unalloyed here below: there is ever a cankerworm in the rose; a dactyl is sure to be mixed up with a spondee in the poetry of life; and, as Homer sings, there stand two urns, or crocks, beside the throne of Jove, from which he doles out alternate good and bad gifts to men, but mostly both together.

I grant, that to repine at one's share of the common allotment would indicate bad taste, and afford evidence of ill-humour: but still a passing insight into my case will prove it one of peculiar hardship. As regularly as dinner is announced, so surely do I know that my hour is come to be stared at as a disciple of Pythagoras, or scrutinized as a follower of the Venetian Cornaro. I am "a lion" at "feeding time." To tempt me from my allegiance by the proffer of a turkey's wing, to eulogize the sirloin, or dwell on the *haut goût* of the haunch, are among my friends' (?) practical sources of merriment. To reason with them at such unpropitious moments, and against such fearful odds, would be a hopeless experiment; and I have learned from Horace and Father Prout, that there are certain *mollia tempora, fandi*, which should always be attended to: in such cases I chew the cud of my resentment, and eke out my repast on salt-fish in silence. None will be disposed to question my claim to the merit of fortitude. In vain have I been summoned by the prettiest lisp to partake of the most tempting delicacies. I have declined each lady-hostess's hospitable offer, as if, to speak in classic parlance, *Canidia tractavit dapes;* or, to use the vernacular phraseology of Moore, as if

> "The trail of the serpent was over them all."

Hence, at the club I am looked on as a sort of *rara avis;* or, to speak more appropriately, as an odd fish. Some have spread a report that I have a large share in the Hungerford Market; others, that I am a Saint Simonian. A fellow of the Zoological Society has ascertained, forsooth, from certain maxillary appearances, that I am decidedly of the class of ἰχθυοφαγοι, with a mixture of the *herbivorous.* When the truth is known, as it will be on the publication of this paper, it will be seen that I am no phenomenon whatever.

My witty cousin, Harriet R., will no longer consider me a fit subject for the exercise of her ingenuity, nor present me a copy of Gray's Poems, with the page turned down at "An Elegy on a Cat drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes." She will perhaps, when asked to sing, select some other aria besides that eternal barcarolle,

"O pescator dell' onda,
Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella tua barca!"

and if I happen to approach the loo-table, she will not think it again necessary to caution the old dowagers to take care of their *fish*.

Revenons à nos moutons. When last I supped with Father Prout, on the eve of my departure from Watergrasshill (and I can only compare my reminiscences of that classic banquet to Xenophon's account of the symposion of Plato), "Young man," said he, "you had a good aunt in the Lady Cresswell; and if you thought as we do, that the orisons of kindred and friends can benefit the dead, you should pray for her as long as you live. But you belong to a different creed—different, I mean, as to this particular point; for, as a whole, your Church of England bears a close resemblance to ours of Rome. The daughter will ever inherit the leading features of the mother; and though in your eyes the fresh and unwithered fascinations of the new faith may fling into the shade the more matronly graces of the old, somewhat on the principle of Horace, *O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!* still has our ancient worship many and potent charms. I could proudly dwell on the historic recollections that emblazon her escutcheon, the pomp and pageantry of her gorgeous liturgy——"

"Pardon me, reverend friend," I interposed, lest he should diverge, as was his habit, into some long-winded argument, foreign to the topic on which I sought to be informed,—"I do not undervalue the matronly graces of your venerable church; but (pointing to the remnant of what had been a red herring) let us talk of her fish-diet and fast-days."

"Ay, you are right there, child," resumed Prout; "I perceive where my panegyric must end—

'Desinit *in piscem* mulier formosa superne!'

You will get a famous badgering in town when you are found out to have forsworn the flesh-pots; and Lent will be a sad season for you among the Egyptians. But you need not be unprovided with plausible reasons for your abstinence, besides the sterling considerations of the rental. Notwithstanding that it has been said or sung by your Lord Byron, that

'Man is a carnivorous production,
And cannot live (as woodcocks do) on suction;'

still that noble poet (I speak from the record of his life and habits furnished us by Moore) habitually eschewed animal food, detested gross feeders, and in his own case lived most frugally, I might even say ascetically; and this abstemiousness he practised from a refinement of choice, for *he* had registered no vow to heaven, or to a maiden aunt. The observance will no doubt prove a trial of fortitude; but for your part at the festive board, were you so criminal as to transgress, would not the spectre of the Lady Cresswell, like the ghost of Banquo, rise to rebuke you?

"And besides, these days of fasting are of the most remote antiquity; they are referred to as being in vogue at the first general council that legislated for Christendom at Nice, in Bithynia, A.D. 325; and the subsequent assembly of bishops at Laodicea ratified the institution A.D. 364. Its discipline is fully developed in the classic pages of the accomplished Tertullian, in the second century (*Tract. de jejuniis*). I say no more. These are what Edmund Burke would call 'grave and reverend authorities,' and, in the silence of Holy Writ, may go as historic evidence of primitive Christianity; but if you press me, I can no more show cause under the proper hand and seal of an apostle for keeping the fast on these days, than I can for keeping the Sabbath on Sunday.

"I do not choose to notice that sort of criticism, in its dotage, that would trace the custom to the well-known avocation of the early disciples: though

that they were fishermen is most true, and that even after they had been raised to the apostolic dignity, they relapsed occasionally into the innocent pursuit of their primeval calling, still haunted the shores of the accustomed lake, and loved to disturb with their nets the crystal surface of Gennesareth.

"Lent is an institution which should have been long since rescued from the cobwebs of theology, and restored to the domain of the political economist, for there is no prospect of arguing the matter in a fair spirit among conflicting divines; and, of all things, polemics are the most stale and unprofitable. Loaves and fishes have, in all ages of the church, had charms for us of the cloth; yet how few would confine their frugal bill of fare to mere loaves and fishes! So far Lent may be considered a stumbling-block. But here I dismiss theology; nor shall I further trespass on your patience by angling for arguments in the muddy stream of church history, as it rolls its troubled waters over the middle ages.

"Your black-letter acquirements, I doubt not, are considerable; but have you adverted to a clause in Queen Elizabeth's enactment for the improvement of the shipping interests in the year 1564? You will, I believe, find it to run thus:

"*Anno 5o Eliz. cap. v. sect.* 11:—'And for encrease of provision of fishe by the more usual eating thereof, bee it further enacted, that from the feast of St. Mighell th'archangell, ano. Dni. fiftene hundreth threescore foure, every Wednesdaye in every weeke through the whole yere shal be hereafter observed and kepte as the Saturdays in every weeke be or ought to be; and that no person shal eat any fleshe no more than on the common Saturdays.

"12.—'And bee it further enacted by th'auctoritee aforesaid, for the commoditie and benifit of this realme, as well to growe the navie as in sparing and encrease of fleshe victual, that from and after the feast of Pentecost next coming? yt shall not be lawful for any p'son to eat any fleshe upon any days now usually observed as fish-days; and that any p'son offending herein shal forfeite three powndes for every tyme.'

"I do not attach so much importance to the act of her royal successor, James I., who in 1619 issued a proclamation, reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent; because his Majesty's object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets.

"But when, in 1627, I find the chivalrous Charles I., your martyred king, sending forth from the banqueting-room of Whitehall his royal decree to the same effect, I am at a loss to trace his motives. It is known that Archbishop Laud's advice went to the effect of reinstating many customs of Catholicity; but, from a more diligent consideration of the subject, I am more inclined to think that the king wished rather, by this display of austere practices, to soothe and conciliate the Puritanical portion of his subjects, whose religious notions were supposed (I know not how justly) to have a tendency to self-denial and the mortification of the flesh. Certain it is, that the Calvinists and Roundheads were greater favourites at Billingsgate than the high-church party; from which we may conclude that they consumed more fish. A fact corroborated by the contemporary testimony of Samuel Butler, who says that, when the great struggle commenced,

> 'Each fisherwoman locked her fish up,
> And trudged abroad to cry, No Bishop!'

"I will only remark, in furtherance of my own views, that the king's beef-eaters, and the gormandizing Cavaliers of that period, could never stand in fair fight against the austere and fasting Cromwellians.

"It is a vulgar error of your countrymen to connect valour with roast beef,

or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such association; and I wonder this national mistake has not been duly noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his 'Book of Fallacies.' As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, faring on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue who fled from the battle of Philippi, and, as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him: '*Relictâ non bene parmulâ.*'

"I cannot contain my bile when I witness the mode in which the lower orders in your country abuse the French, for whom they have found nothing in their Anglo-Saxon vocabulary so expressive of contempt as the term 'frog-eater.' A Frenchman is not supposed to be of the same flesh and blood as themselves; but, like the water-snake described in the Georgics—

'Piscibus atram,
Improbus ingluviem ranisque loquacibus implet.'

Hence it is carefully instilled into the infant mind (when the young idea is taught how to shoot), that you won the victories of Poitiers and Agincourt mainly by the superiority of your diet. In hewing down the ranks of the foeman, much of the English army's success is of course attributed to the dexterous management of their cross-bills, but considerably more to their bill of fare. If I could reason with such simpletons, I would refer them to the records of the commissariat department of that day, and open to their vulgar gaze the folio vii. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, where, in the twelfth year of Edward III., A.D. 1338, at page 1021, they would find, that previous to the victory of Cressy there were shipped at Portsmouth, for the use of these gallant troops, fifty tons of *Yarmouth herrings*. Such were the supplies (rather unusual now in the contracts at Somerset House) which enabled Edward and his valiant son to drive the hosts of France before them, and roll on the tide of war till the towers of Paris yielded to the mighty torrent. After a hasty repast on such simple diet, might the Black Prince appropriately address his girded knights in Shakespearian phrase,

'Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.'

"The enemy sorely grudged them their supplies. For it appears by the chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrellet, the continuator of Froissart, that in 1429, while the English were besieging Orleans, the Duke of Bedford sent from his head-quarters, Paris, on the Ash Wednesday of that year, five hundred carts laden with herrings, for the use of the camp during Lent, when a party of French noblemen, viz., Xaintraille, Lahire, De la Tour de Chavigny, and the Chevalier de Lafayette (ancestor of the revolutionary veteran), made a desperate effort to intercept the convoy. But the English detachment, under whose safeguard was this precious deposit, fought *pro aris et focis* in its defence, and the assailants were routed with the loss of sixscore knights and much plebeian slaughter. Read Rapin's account of the affray, which was thence called '*la journée des harengs.*'

"What schoolboy is ignorant of the fact, that at the eve of the battle of Hastings, which gave to your Norman ancestors the conquest of the island, the conduct of the Anglo-Britons was strongly contrasted with that of the invaders from France; for while in Harold's camp the besotted natives spent the night in revelling and gluttony, the Norman chivalry gave their time to fasting and devotion.—(*Goldsmith*, A.D. 1066.)

"It has not escaped the penetrating mind of the sagacious Buffon, in his views of man and man's propensities (which, after all, are the proper study of mankind), that a predilection for light food and spare diet has always been the characteristic of the Celtic and Eastern races; while the Teutonic, the Sclav-

onian, and Tartar branches of the human family betray an aboriginal craving for heavy meat, and are gross feeders. In many countries of Europe there has been a slight amalgamation of blood, and the international pedigree in parts of the continent has become perplexed and doubtful: but the most obtuse observer can see that the phlegmatic habits of the Prussians and Dutch argue a different genealogical origin from that which produced the lively disposition of the tribes of Southern Europe. The best specimens extant of the genuine Celt are the Greeks, the Arabians, and the Irish, all of whom are temperate in their food. Among European denominations, in proportion as the Celtic infusion predominates, so in a corresponding ratio is the national character for abstemiousness. Nor would I thus dwell on an otherwise uninteresting speculation, were I not about to draw a corollary, and show how these secret influences become apparent at what is called the great epoch of the Reformation. The latent tendency to escape from fasting observances became then revealed, and what had lain dormant for ages was at once developed. The Tartar and Sclavonic breed of men flung off the yoke of Rome; while the Celtic races remained faithful to the successor of the 'Fisherman,' and kept Lent.

"The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt-fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions, and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meantime neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own Zuydersee, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled; the Belgians, being a shade nearer to the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour-crout with desperate fidelity. As to the Cossacks, and all that set of northern marauders, they never kept Lent at any time; and it would be arrant folly to expect that the horsemen of the river Don, and the Esquimaux of the polar latitudes, would think of restricting their ravenous propensities in a Christian fashion; the very system of cookery adopted by these terrible hordes would, I fear, have given Dr. Kitchiner a fit of cholera. The apparatus is graphically described by Samuel Butler: I will indulge you with part of the quotation:

'For like their countrymen the Huns,
They cook their meat——
. . . . .
All day on horses' backs they straddle,
Then every man eats up his saddle!'*

A strange process, no doubt: but not without some sort of precedent in classic records; for the Latin poet introduces young Iulus at a picnic, in the Æneid, exclaiming—

'Heus! etiam mensas consumimus.'

"In England, as the inhabitants are of a mixed descent, and as there has ever been a disrelish for any alteration in the habits and fireside traditions of the country, the fish-days were remembered long after every Popish observance had become obsolete; and it was not until 1668 that butchers' meat finally established its ascendency in Lent, at the arrival of the Dutchman. We have seen the exertions of the Tudor dynasty under Elizabeth, and of the house of Stuart under James I. and Charles I., to keep up these fasts, which had flourished in the days of the Plantagenets, which the Heptarchy had revered,

* Hudibras, canto ii. l. 275.

which Alfred and Canute had scrupulously observed, and which had come down positively recommended by the Venerable Bede. William III. gave a death-blow to Lent. Until then it had lingered among the threadbare curates of the country, *extrema per illos excedens terris vestigia fecit*, having been long before exiled from the gastronomic hall of both Universities. But its extinction was complete. Its ghost might still remain, flitting through the land, without corporeal or ostensible form; and it vanished totally with the fated star of the Pretender. It was William who conferred the honour of knighthood on the loin of beef; and such was the progress of disaffection under Queen Anne, that the folks, to manifest their disregard for the Pope, agreed that a certain extremity of the goose should be denominated his nose!

"The indomitable spirit of the Celtic Irish preserved Lent in this country unimpaired—an event of such importance to England, that I shall dwell on it by-and-by more fully. The Spaniards and Portuguese, although Gothic and Saracen blood has commingled in the pure current of their Phœnician pedigree, clung to Lent with characteristic tenacity. The Gallic race, even in the days of Cæsar, were remarkably temperate, and are so to the present day. The French very justly abhor the gross, carcase-eating propensities of John Bull. But as to the keeping of Lent, in an ecclesiastical point of view, I cannot take on myself to vouch, since the ruffianly revolution, for their orthodoxy in that or any other religious matters. They are sadly deficient therein, though still delicate and refined in their cookery, like one of their own *artistes*, whose epitaph is in Père la Chaise—

'Ci gît qui dès l'âge le plus tendre
Inventa la *sauce Robert*;
Mais jamais il ne put apprendre
Ni son *credo* ni son *pater*.'

"It was not so of old, when the pious monarchs of France dined publicly in Passion week on fasting fare, in order to recommend by their example the use of fish—when the heir-apparent to the crown delighted to be called *a dolphin*—and when one of your own kings, being on a visit to France, got so fond of their *lamprey patties*, that he died of indigestion on his return.

"Antiquity has left us no document to prove that the early Spartans kept certain days of abstinence; but their *black broth*, of which the ingredients have puzzled the learned, must have been a fitting substitute for the *soupe maigre* of our Lent, since it required a hard run on the banks of the Eurotas to make it somewhat palatable. At all events, their great lawgiver was an eminent ascetic, and applied himself much to restrict the diet of his hardy countrymen; and if it is certain that there existed a mystic bond of union among the 300 Lacedemonians who stood in the gap of Thermopylæ, it assuredly was not a beef-steak club of which Leonidas was president.

"The Athenians were too cultivated a people not to appreciate the value of periodical days of self-denial and abstemiousness. Accordingly, on the eve of certain festivals, they fed exclusively on figs and the honey of Mount Hymettus. Plutarch expressly tells us that a solemn fast preceded the celebration of the Thermophoria; thence termed *νηστεια*. In looking over the works of the great geographer Strabo (lib. xiv.), I find sufficient evidence of the respect paid to *fish* by the inhabitants of a distinguished Greek city, in which that erudite author says the arrival of the fishing-smacks in the harbour was announced joyfully by sounding the 'tocsin;' and that the musicians in the public piazza were left abruptly by the crowd, whenever the bell tolled for the sale of the herrings: *κιθαρωδου επιδεικνυμενου τεως μεν ακροασθαι παντας· ως δε ο κωδων ο κατα την οψοπωλιαν εψοφησε καταλιποντες απελθειν επι το οψον.* A custom to which Plutarch also refers in his Symposium of Plato, lib. iv. cap. 4: *τους περι ιχθυοπωλιαν αναδιδοντας και του κωδωνος οξεως ακουοντας.*

"That practices similar to our Lent existed among the Romans, may be

gathered from various sources. In Ovid's *Fasti* (notwithstanding the title) I find nothing; but from the reliques of old sacerdotal memorials collected by Stephano Morcelli, it appears that Numa fitted himself by fasting for an interview with the mysterious inmate of Egeria's grotto. Livy tells us that the decemvirs, on the occurrence of certain prodigies, were instructed by a vote of the senate to consult the Sibylline books; and the result was the establishment of a fast in honour of Ceres, to be observed perpetually every five years. It is hard to tell whether Horace is in joke or in earnest when he introduces a vow relative to these days of penance—

> 'Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit illo
> Mane die quo *tu indicis jejunia* nudus
> In Tyberi stabit!' *Serm.* lib. ii. sat. 3, v. 290.

But we are left in the dark as to whether they observed their fasts by restricting themselves to lentils and vegetable diet, or whether fish was allowed. On this interesting point we find nothing in the *laws of the twelve tables*. However, a marked predilection for herbs, and such frugal fare, was distinctive of the old Romans, as the very names of the principal families sufficiently indicate. The Fabii, for instance, were so called from *faba*, a bean, on which simple aliment that indefatigable race of heroes subsisted for many generations. The noble line of the Lentuli derive their patronymic from a favourite kind of lentil, to which they were partial, and from which Lent itself is so called. The aristocratic Pisoes were similarly circumstanced; for their family appellation will be found to signify a kind of vetches. Scipio was titled from *cepe*, an onion;* and we may trace the surname and hereditary honours of the great Roman orator to the same horticultural source, for *cicer* in Latin means a sort of pea; and so on through the whole nomenclature.

"Hence the Roman satirist, ever alive to the follies of his age, can find nothing more ludicrous than the notion of the Egyptians, who entertained a religious repugnance to vegetable fare:

> 'Porrùm et cepe nefas violare et frangere morsu,
> O sanctas gentes!' Juv. *Sat.* 15.

And as to fish, the fondness of the people of his day for such food can be demonstrated from his fourth satire, where he dwells triumphantly on the capture of a splendid tunny in the waters of the Adriatic, and describes the assembling of a cabinet council in the 'Downing Street' of Rome to determine how it should be properly cooked. It must be admitted that, since the Whigs came to office, although they have had many a pretty kettle of fish to deliberate upon, they have shown nothing half so dignified or rational in their decisions as the imperial privy council of Domitian.

"The magnificence displayed by the masters of the world in getting up fish-ponds is a fact which every schoolboy has learnt, as well as that occasionally the *murænæ* were treated to the luxury of a slave or two, flung in alive for their nutriment. The celebrity which the maritime villas of Baiæ obtained for that fashionable watering-place, is a further argument in point; and we know that when the reprobate Verres was driven into exile by the brilliant declamation of Cicero, he consoled himself at Marseilles over a dish of sprats, with the reflection that at Rome such a delicacy could not be procured in such high perfection.

"Simplicity and good taste in diet gradually declining in the Roman empire, the gigantic frame of the colossus itself soon hastened to decay. It burst of its own plethory. The example of the degenerate court had pervaded the provinces; and soon the whole body politic reeled, as after a surfeit of

* Here Prout is in error. *Scipio* means a "walking-stick," and commemorates the filial piety of one of the *gens Cornelia*, who went about constantly supporting his tottering aged father.—O. Y.

debauchery. Vitellius had gormandized with vulgar gluttony; the Emperor Maximinus was a living sepulchre, where whole hecatombs of butchers' meat were daily entombed; and no modern keeper of a *table d'hôte* could stand a succession of such guests as Heliogabalus. Gibbon, whose penetrating eye nothing has escaped in the causes of the Decline and Fall, notices this vile propensity to overfeeding; and shows that, to reconstruct the mighty system of dominion established by the rugged republicans (the Fabii, the Lentuli, and Pisoes), nothing but a *bonâ fide* return to simple fare and homely pottage could be effectual. The hint was duly acted on. The Popes, frugal and abstemious, ascended the vacant throne of the Cæsars, and ordered Lent to be observed throughout the eastern and western world.

"The theory of fasting, and its practical application, did wonders in that emergency. It renovated the rotten constitution of Europe—it tamed the hungry hordes of desperate savages that rushed down with a war-whoop on the prostrate ruins of the empire—it taught them self-control, and gave them a masterdom over their barbarous propensities;—it did more, it originated civilization and commerce.

"A few straggling fishermen built huts on the flats of the Adriatic, for the convenience of resorting thither in Lent, to procure their annual supply of fish. The demand for that article became so brisk and so extensive through the vast dominions of the Lombards in northern Italy, that from a temporary establishment it became a permanent colony in the *lagunes*. Working like the coral insect under the seas, with the same unconsciousness of the mighty result of their labours, these industrious men for a century kept on enlarging their nest upon the waters, till their enterprise became fully developed, and

'Venice sat in state, throned on a hundred isles.'

"The fasting necessities of France and Spain were ministered to by the rising republic of Genoa, whose origin I delight to trace from a small fishing town to a mighty emporium of commerce, fit cradle to rock (in the infant Columbus) the destinies of a new world. Few of us have turned our attention to the fact, that our favourite fish, the John Dory, derives its name from the Genoese admiral, Doria, whose seamanship best thrived on meagre diet. Of Anne Chovy, who has given her name to another fish found in the Sardinian waters, no record remains; but she was doubtless a heroine. Indeed, to revert to the humble herring before you, its etymology shows it to be well adapted for warlike stomachs, *heer* (its German root) signifying an army. In England, is not a soldier synonymous with a lobster?

"In the progress of maritime industry along the shores of southern, and subsequently of northern Europe, we find a love for freedom to grow up with a fondness for fish. Enterprise and liberty flourished among the islands of the Archipelago. And when Naples was to be rescued from thraldom, it was the hardy race of watermen who plied in her beauteous bay, that rose at Freedom's call to effect her deliverance, when she basked for one short hour in its full sunshine under the gallant Masaniello.

"As to the commercial grandeur, of which a constant demand for fish was the creating principle, to illustrate its importance, I need only refer to a remarkable expression of that deep politician, and exceedingly clever economist, Charles V., when, on a progress through *a part* of his dominions, on which the sun at that period never went down, he happened to pass through Amsterdam, in company with the Queen of Hungary: on that occasion, being complimented in the usual form by the burgomasters of his faithful city, he asked to see the mausoleum of John Bachalen, the famous herring-barreller; but when told that his grave, simple and unadorned, lay in his native island in the Zuydersee, 'What!' cried the illustrious visitor, 'is it thus that my people of the Netherlands show their gratitude to so great a man? Know ye not that the founda-

tions of Amsterdam are laid on herring-bones?' Their majesties went on a pilgrimage to his tomb, as is related by Sir Hugh Willoughby in his 'Historie of Fishes.'

"It would be of immense advantage to these countries were we to return unanimously to the ancient practice, and restore to the full extent of their wise policy the laws of Elizabeth. The revival of Lent is the sole remedy for the national complaints on the decline of the shipping interest, the sole way to meet the outcry about corn-laws. Instead of Mr. Attwood's project for a change of currency, Mr. Wilmot Horton's panacea of emigration, and Miss Martineau's preventive check, re-enact Lent. But mark, I do not go so far as to say that by this means all and everything desirable can be accomplished, nor do I undertake by it to pay off the national debt—though the Lords of the Treasury might learn that, when the disciples were at a loss to meet the demand of tax-collectors in their day, they caught a fish, and found in its gills sufficient to satisfy the revenue. (*St. Matthew's Gospel*, chap. xvii.)

"Of all the varied resources of this great empire, the most important, in a national point of view, has long been the portion of capital afloat in the merchantmen, and the strength invested in the navy of Great Britain. True, the British thunder has too long slept under a sailor-king, and under so many galling national insults; and it were full time to say that it shall no longer sleep on in the grave where Sir James Graham has laid it. But my concern is principally for the alarming depression of our merchants' property in vessels, repeatedly proved in evidence before your House of Commons. Poulett Thomson is right to call attention to the cries of the shipowners, and to that dismal howling from the harbours, described by the prophet as the forerunner of the fall of Babylon.

"The best remedial measure would be a resumption of fish-diet during a portion of the year. Talk not of a resumption of cash payments, of opening the trade to China, or of finding a north-west passage to national prosperity. Talk not of 'calling spirits from the vasty deep,' when you neglect to elicit food and employment for thousands from its exuberant bosom. Visionary projectors are never without some complex system of beneficial improvement; but I would say of them, in the words of an Irish gentleman who has lately travelled in search of religion,

> 'They may talk of the nectar that sparkled for Helen—
> Theirs is a fiction, but this is reality.'
>
> *Melodies.*

Demand would create supply. Flotillas would issue from every seaport in the spring, and ransack the treasures of the ocean for the periodical market: and the wooden walls of Old England, instead of crumbling into so much rotten timber, would be converted into so many huge wooden spoons to feed the population.

"It has been sweetly sung, as well as wisely said, by a genuine English writer, that

> 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.'

To these undiscovered riches Lent would point the national eye, and direct the national energies. Very absurd would then appear the forebodings of the croakers, who with some plausibility now predict the approach of national bankruptcy and famine. Time enough to think of that remote contingency when the sea shall be exhausted of its live bullion, and the abyss shall cry, 'Hold, enough!' Time enough to fear a general stoppage, when the run on the Dogger Bank shall have produced a failure—when the shoals of the teeming north shall have refused to meet their engagements in the sunny waters of the south, and the drafts of the net shall have been dishonoured.

"I am one of the many modern admirers of Edmund Burke, who, in his speech on American conciliation, has an *argumentum piscatorium* quite to my fancy. *Tolle! lege!*

"'As to the wealth which these colonies have derived from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought these acquisitions of value; for they even seemed to excite your envy. And yet the spirit with which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Look at the manner in which the people of New England have carried on their fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson's Bay; while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold,—that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the shores of Brazil: no sea that is not vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils!'

"Such glorious imaginings, such beatific dreams, would (I speak advisedly) be realized in these countries by Lent's magic spell; and I have no doubt that our patriot King, the patron of so many very questionable reforms, will see the propriety of restoring the laws of Elizabeth in this matter. Stanislaus, the late pious king of Lorraine, so endeared himself to his subjects in general, and market-gardeners in particular, by his sumptuary regulations respecting vegetable diet in Lent, that in the *hortus siccus* of Nancy his statue has been placed, with an appropriate inscription:—

'Vitales inter succos herbasque salubres,
Quàm benè stat populi vita salusque sui!'

"A similar compliment would await his present Majesty William IV. from the shipowners, and the 'worshipful Fishmongers' Company,' if he should adopt the suggestion thrown out here. He would figure colossally in Trafalgar Square, pointing with his trident to Hungerford Market. The three-pronged instrument in his hand would be a most appropriate emblem (much more so than on the pinnacle of Buckingham Palace), since it would signify equally well the fork with which he fed his people, and the sceptre with which he ruled the world.

'Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde!'

Then would be solved the grand problem of the Corn-Law question. Hitherto my Lord Fitzwilliam has taken nothing by his motions. But were Lent proclaimed at Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and through the market towns of England, a speedy fall in the price of grazing stock, though it might afflict Lord Althorp, would eventually harmonize the jarring interests of agriculture and manufacturing industry. The superabundant population of the farming districts would crowd to the coast, and find employment in the fisheries; while Devonshire House would repudiate for a time the huge sirloin, and receiving as a substitute the ponderous turbot, Spitalfields would exhibit on her frugal board salt ling flanked with potatoes. A salutary taste for fish would be created in the inmost recesses of the island, an epoch most beneficial to the country would take date from that enactment.

'Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.'

Nor need the landlords take alarm. People would not plough the ground less because they might plough the deep more; and while smiling Ceres would still walk through our isle with her horn of plenty, Thetis would follow in her train with a rival cornucopia.

"Mark the effects of this observance in Ireland, where it continues in its primitive austerity, undiminished, unshorn of its beams. The Irish may be wrong, but the consequences to Protestant England are immense. To Lent you owe the connection of the two islands; it is the golden link that binds the two kingdoms together. Abolish fasting, and from that evil hour no beef or pork would be suffered by the wild natives to go over to your English markets; and the export of provisions would be discontinued by a people that had unlearned the lessons of starvation. Adieu to shipments of live stock and consignments of bacon! Were there not some potent mysterious spell over this country, think you we should allow the fat of the land to be everlastingly abstracted? Let us learn that there is no virtue in *Lent*, and *repeal* is triumphant to-morrow. We are in truth a most abstemious race. Hence our great superiority over our Protestant fellow-countrymen in the jury-box. It having been found that they could never hold out against hunger as we can when locked up, and that the verdict was generally carried by popish obstinacy, former administrations discountenanced our admission to serve on juries at all. By an oversight of Serjeant Lefroy, all this has escaped the framers of the new jury bill for Ireland.

"To return to the Irish exports. The principal item is that of pigs. The hog is as essential an inmate of the Irish cabin as the Arab steed of the shepherd's tent on the plains of Mesopotamia. Both are looked on as part of the household; and the affectionate manner in which these dumb friends of the family are treated, here as well as there, is a trait of national resemblance, denoting a common origin. We are quite oriental in most of our peculiarities. The learned Vallancey will have it, that our consanguinity is with the Jews. I might elucidate the colonel's discovery, by showing how the pig in Ireland plays the part of the scape-goat of the Israelites: he is a sacred thing, gets the run of the kitchen, is rarely molested, never killed, but alive and buoyant leaves the cabin when taken off by the landlord's driver for arrears of rent, and is then shipped clean out of the country, to be heard of no more. Indeed, the pigs of Ireland bear this notable resemblance to their cousins of Judea, that nothing can keep them from the sea,—a tendency which strikes all travellers in the interior of the island whenever they meet our droves of swine precipitating themselves towards the outports for shipment.

"To ordinary observers this forbearance of the most ill-fed people on the face of the globe towards their pigs would appear inexplicable; and if you have read the legend of Saint Anthony and *his* pig, you will understand the value of their resistance to temptation.

"They have a great resource in the potato. This capital esculent grows nowhere in such perfection, not even in America, where it is indigenous. But it has often struck me that a greater national delinquency has occurred in the sad neglect of people in this country towards the memory of the great and good man who conferred on us so valuable a boon, on his return from the expedition to Virginia. To Sir Walter Raleigh no monument has yet been erected, and nothing has been done to repair the injustice of his contemporaries. His head has rolled from the scaffold on Tower Hill; and though he has fed with his discovery more families, and given a greater impulse to population, than any other benefactor of mankind, no testimonial exists to commemorate his benefaction. Nelson has a pillar in Dublin:—in the city of Limerick a whole column has been devoted to Spring Rice!! and the mighty genius of Raleigh is forgotten. I have seen some animals feed under the majestic oak on the acorns that fell from its spreading branches (*glande sues læti*), without once

looking up to the parent tree that showered down blessings on their ungrateful heads."

Here endeth the "Apology," and so abruptly terminate my notes of Prout's Lenten *vindiciæ*. But, alas! still more abrupt was the death of this respectable divine, which occurred last month, on Shrove Tuesday. There was a peculiar fitness in the manner of Anacreon's exit from this life; but not so in the melancholy termination of Prout's abstemious career, an account of which is conveyed to me in a long and pathetic letter from my agent in Ireland. It was well known that he disliked revelry on all occasions; but if there was a species of gormandizing which he more especially abhorred, it was that practised in the parish on pancake-night, which he frequently endeavoured to discountenance and put down, but unsuccessfully. Oft did he tell his rude auditors (for he was a profound Hellenist) that such orgies had originated with the heathen Greeks, and had been even among them the source of many evils, as the very name showed, παν κακον! So it would appear, by Prout's etymology of the pancake, that in the English language there are many terms which answer the description of Horace, and

'Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta.'

Contrary to his own better taste and sounder judgment, he was, however, on last Shrove Tuesday, at a wedding-feast of some of my tenantry, induced, from complacency to the newly-married couple, to eat of the profane aliment; and never was the Attic derivation of the pancake more wofully accomplished than in the sad result—for his condescension cost him his life. The indigestible nature of the compost itself might not have been so destructive in an ordinary case; but it was quite a stranger and ill at ease in Father Prout's stomach: it eventually proved fatal in its effects, and hurried him away from this vale of tears, leaving the parish a widow, and making orphans of all his parishioners. My agent writes that his funeral (or *berring*, as the Irish call it) was thronged by dense multitudes from the whole county, and was as well attended as if it were a monster meeting. The whole body of his brother clergy, with the bishop as usual in full pontificals, were mourners on the occasion; and a Latin elegy was composed by the most learned of the order, Father Magrath, one, like Prout, of the old school, who had studied at Florence, and is still a correspondent of many learned Societies abroad. That elegy I have subjoined, as a record of Prout's genuine worth, and as a specimen of a kind of poetry called *Leonine verse*, little cultivated at the present day, but greatly in vogue at the revival of letters under Leo X.

IN MORTEM VENERABILIS ANDREÆ PROUT, CARMEN.

Quid juvat in *pulchro* Sanctos dormire *sepulchro!*
Optimus usque *bonos* nonne manebit *honos?*
Plebs tenui *fossâ* Pastoris condidit *ossa*,
Splendida sed *miri* mens petit astra *viri*.
Porta patens *esto!* cœlum reseretur *honesto*,
Neve sit à *Petro* jussus abire *retro*.
Tota malam *sortem* sibi flet vicinia *mortem*,
Ut pro patre *solent* undique rura *dolent;*
Sed fures *gaudent;* securos hactenùs *audent*
Disturbare *greges*, nec mage tua *seges*.
Audio *singultus*, rixas, miserosque *tumultus*,
Et pietas *luget*, sobrietasque *fugit*.
Namque furore *brevi* liquidâque ardentis *aquæ vi*
Antiquus *Nickolas* perdidit *agricolas*.
Jam patre *defuncto*, meliores flumine *cuncto*
Lætantur *pisces* obtinuisse *vices*.
Exultans *almo*, lætare sub æquore *salmo!*
Carpe, o carpe *dies*, nam tibi parta *quies!*

Gaudent *anguillæ*, quia tandem est mortuus *ille*,
Presbyter *Andreas*, qui capiebat *eas*.
Petro *piscator* placuit pius artis *amator*,
Cui, propter *mores*, pandit utrosque *fores*.
Cur lachrymâ *funus* justi comitabitur *unus*?
Flendum est non *tali*, sed bene morte *mali*:
Munera nunc *Flore* spargo. Sic flebile *rore*
Florescat *gramen*. Pace quiescat. *Amen*.

Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourn'd
This priest devout:
Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurn'd
The bones of Prout!
Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering column
His place of rest,
Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek yet solemn,
Sits mid the blest.
Much was he prized, much loved; his stern rebuke
O'erawed sheep-stealers;
And rogues fear'd more the good man's single look
Than forty Peelers.
He's gone; and discord soon I ween will visit
The land with quarrels;
And the foul demon vex with stills illicit
The village morals.
No fatal chance could happen more to cross
The public wishes;
And all the neighbourhood deplore his loss,
Except the fishes;
For he kept Lent most strict, and pickled herring
Preferred to gammon.
Grim Death has broke his angling-rod; his herring
Delights the salmon.
No more can he hook up carp, eel, or trout,
For fasting pittance,—
Arts which Saint Peter loved, whose gate to Prout
Gave prompt admittance.
Mourn not, but verdantly let shamrocks keep
His sainted dust;
The bad man's death it well becomes to weep,—
Not so the just.

II.

A Plea for Pilgrimages.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT TO THE BLARNEY STONE.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1834.)

—o—

[The number of *Regina* containing the record of Father Prout's delightful imaginary foregathering with Sir Walter Scott was the one embellished with the portrait of the then Editor of *The Age*, Charles Molloy Westmacott, comely, black-whiskered, loosely-attired, seated slouchingly with a sort of rakish, sporting air about him, his hat upon the floor with a long-lashed whip trailing out of it, his foot, like a true critic's, brought down heavily on a book or two. As a grand choral finish to this second of the Prout Papers, came Mahony's memorable polyglot version of the "Groves of Blarney," in which, upon confronting pages, appeared cheek-by-jowl the English and French as contrasted with the Greek and Latin. Twenty-three years after the issuing from the press of the original edition of the "Reliques," yet another version—in Italian—was put forth by Mahony as purporting to have been sung in bivouac among the woods near Lake Como, on the 25th of May, 1859, by the Condottiere Giuseppe Garibaldi; the title of this supplementary companion to the Dorie Vulgate, and Gallic translations, so long before produced, being "I Boschi di Blarnea." Immediately appended to the fragment of the Celtic manuscript reputed to have been obtained from the Royal Library at Copenhagen, appeared by way of tailpiece to this paper, in the edition of 1836, Maclise's wonderfully comic yet lifelike sketch of Sir Walter when he had just said, "So here I kiss the stone."]

"Beware, beware
Of the black friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone:
For he mutters his prayer
In the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone."

BYRON.

SINCE the publication of this worthy man's "Apology for Lent," which, with some account of his lamented death and well-attended funeral, appeared in our last Number, we have written to his executors—(one of whom is Father Mat. Horrogan, P.P. of the neighbouring village of Blarney; and the other, our elegiac poet, Father Magrath)—in the hope of being able to negotiate for the valuable posthumous essays and fugitive pieces which we doubted not had been left behind in great abundance by the deceased. These two disinterested divines—fit associates and bosom-companions of Prout during his lifetime, and whom, from their joint letters, we should think eminently qualified to pick up the fallen mantle of the departed prophet—have, in the most handsome manner, promised us all the literary and philosophic treatises bequeathed to them by the late incumbent of Watergrasshill; expressing, in the very complimentary note which they have transmitted us, and which our modesty prevents us from inserting, their thanks and that of the whole parish, for our sympathy and condolence on this melancholy bereavement, and intimating at the same time

their regret at not being able to send us also, for our private perusal, the collection of the good father's parochial sermons; the whole of which (a most valuable MS.) had been taken off for his own use by the bishop, whom he had made his residuary legatee. These "sermons" must be doubtless good things in their way—a theological μεγα θαυμα—well adapted to swell the episcopal library; but as we confessedly are, and suspect our readers likewise to be, a very improper multitude amongst whom to scatter such pearls, we shall console ourselves for that sacrifice by plunging head and ears into the abundant sources of intellectual refreshment to which we shall soon have access, and from which Frank Cresswell, lucky dog! has drawn such a draught of inspiration.

"Sacros ausus recludere fontes!"

for assuredly we may defy any one that has perused Prout's vindication of fish-diet (and *who*, we ask, has *not* read it *con amore*, conning it over with secret glee, and forthwith calling out for a red herring?), not to prefer its simple unsophisticated eloquence to the oration of Tully *pro Domo suâ*, or Barclay's "Apology for Quakers." After all, it may have been but a sprat to catch a whale, and the whole affair may turn out to be a Popish contrivance; but if so, we have taken the bait ourselves: we have been, like Festus, "almost persuaded," and Prout has wrought in us a sort of culinary conversion. Why should we be ashamed to avow that we have been edified by the good man's blunt and straightforward logic, and drawn from his theories on fish a higher and more moral impression than from the dreamy visions of an "English Opium-eater," or any other "Confessions" of sensualism and gastronomy. If this "black friar" has got smuggled in among our contributors, like King Saul among the regular votaries of the sanctuary, it must be admitted that, like the royal intruder, he has caught the tone and chimed in with the general harmony of our political opinions—no Whigling among true Tories, no goose among swans. *Argutos inter strepere anser olores.*

How we long to get possession of "the Prout Papers!" that chest of learned lumber which haunts our nightly visions! Already, in imagination, it is within our grasp; our greedy hand hastily its lid

"Unlocks,
And all Arcadia breathes from yonder box!"

In this prolific age, when the most unlettered dolt can find a mare's nest in the domain of philosophy, why should not we also cry, Ευρηκαμεν! How much of novelty in his views! how much embryo discovery must not Prout unfold! It were indeed a pity to consign the writings of so eminent a scholar to oblivion: nor ought it be said, in scriptural phrase, of him, what is, alas! applicable to so many other learned divines when they are dead, that "their works have followed them." Such was the case of that laborious French clergyman, the Abbé Trublet, of whom Voltaire profanely sings:

"L'Abbé Trublet écrit, le Léthé sur ses rives
Reçoit avec plaisir ses feuilles fugitives!"

Which epigram hath a recondite meaning, not obvious to the reader on a first perusal; and being interpreted into plain English, for the use of the London University, it may run thus:

"Lardner compiles—kind Lethe on her banks
Receives the doctor's useful page with thanks."

Such may be the fate of Lardner and of Trublet, such the ultimate destiny that awaits their literary labours; but neither men, nor gods, nor our columns (those graceful pillars that support the Muses' temple), shall suffer this old priest to remain in the unmerited obscurity from which Frank Cresswell first essayed to draw him. To that young barrister we have written, with a request

that he would furnish us with further details concerning Prout, and, if possible, a few additional specimens of his colloquial wisdom; reminding him that modern taste has a decided tendency towards illustrious private gossip, and recommending to him, as a sublime model of the dramatico-biographic style, my Lady Blessington's "Conversations of Lord Byron." How far he has succeeded in following the *ignis fatuus* of her ladyship's lantern, and how many bogs he has got immerged in because of the dangerous hint, which we gave him in an evil hour, the judicious reader will soon find out. Here is the communication.

OLIVER YORKE.

May 1, 1834.

Furnival's Inn, April 14.

ACKNOWLEDGING the receipt of your gracious mandate, O Queen of Periodicals! and kissing the top of your ivory sceptre, may I be allowed to express unblamed my utter devotion to your orders, in the language of Æolus, quondam ruler of the winds:

"Tuus, O REGINA, quid optes
Explorare labor, mihi jussa capessere fas est!"

without concealing, at the same time, my wonderment, and that of many other sober individuals, at your patronizing the advocacy of doctrines and usages belonging exclusively to another and far less reputable Queen (quean?) whom I shall have sufficiently designated when I mention that *she sits upon seven hills!*—in stating which singular phenomenon concerning her, I need not add that her fundamental maxims must be totally different from yours. Many orthodox people cannot understand how you could have reconciled it to your conscience to publish, in its crude state, that Apology for Lent, without adding note or comment in refutation of such dangerous doctrines; and are still more amazed that a Popish parish priest, from the wild Irish hills, could have got among your contributors—

"Claimed kindred there, and have that claim allowed."

It will, however, no doubt, give you pleasure to learn, that you have established a lasting popularity among that learned set of men the fishmongers, who are never scaly of their support when deserved; for, by a unanimous vote of the "worshipful company" last meeting-day, the marble bust of Father Prout, crowned with sea-weeds like a Triton, is to be placed in a conspicuous part of their new hall at London Bridge. But as it is the hardest thing imaginable to please all parties, your triumph is rendered incomplete by the grumbling of another not less respectable portion of the community. By your proposal for the non-consumption of butchers' meat, you have given mortal offence to the dealers in horned cattle, and stirred up a nest of hornets in Smithfield. In your perambulations of the metropolis, go not into the bucolic purlieus of that dangerous district; beware of the enemy's camp; tempt not the ire of men armed with cold steel, else the long-dormant fires of that land celebrated in every age as a *tierra del fuego* may be yet rekindled, and made "red with uncommon wrath," for your especial roasting. Lord Althorp is no warm friend of yours; and by your making what he calls "a most unprovoked attack on the graziers," you have not propitiated the winner of the prize ox.

"Fœnum habet in cornu,—hunc tu, Romane, caveto!"

In vain would you seek to cajole the worthy chancellor of his Majesty's unfortunate exchequer, by the desirable prospect of a *net* revenue from the ocean: you will make no impression. His mind is not accessible to any reason-

ing on that subject; and, like the shield of Telamon, it is wrapt in the impenetrable folds of seven tough bull-hides.

But eliminating at once these insignificant topics, and setting aside all minor things, let me address myself to the grand subject of my adoption. Verily, since the days of that ornament of the priesthood, and pride of Venice, Father Paul, no divine has shed such lustre on the Church of Rome as Father Prout. His brain was a storehouse of inexhaustible knowledge, and his memory a bazaar, in which the intellectual riches of past ages were classified and arranged in marvellous and brilliant assortment. When, by the liberality of his executor, you shall have been put in possession of his writings and posthumous papers, you will find I do not exaggerate; for though his mere conversation was always instructive, still, the pen in his hand, more potent than the wand of Prospero, embellished every subject with an aërial charm; and whatever department of literature it touched on, it was sure to illuminate and adorn, from the lightest and most ephemeral matters of the day, to the deepest and most abstruse problems of metaphysical inquiry; vigorous and philosophical, at the same time that it is minute and playful; having no parallel unless we liken it to the proboscis of an elephant, that can with equal ease shift an obelisk and crack a nut.

Nor did he confine himself to prose. He was a chosen favourite of the nine sisters, and flirted openly with them all, his vow of celibacy preventing his forming a permanent alliance with one alone. Hence pastoral poetry, elegy, sonnets, and still grander effusions in the best style of Bob Montgomery, flowed from his muse in abundance; but, I must confess, his peculiar *forte* lay in the Pindaric. Besides, he indulged copiously in Greek and Latin versification, as well as in French, Italian, and High Dutch; of which accomplishments I happen to possess some fine specimens from his pen; and before I terminate this paper, I mean to introduce them to the benevolent notice of the candid reader. By these you will find, that the Doric reed of Theocritus was to him but an ordinary sylvan pipe—that the lyre of Anacreon was as familiar to him as the German flute—and that he played as well on the classic chords of the bard of Mantua as on the Cremona fiddle; at all events, he will prove far superior as a poet to the covey of unfledged rhymers who nestle in annuals and magazines. Sad abortions! on which even you, O Queen, sometimes take compassion, infusing into them a life

> "Which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song."

To return to his conversational powers: he did not waste them on the generality of folks, for he despised the vulgar herd of *Corkonians with whom it* was his lot to mingle; but when he was sure of a friendly circle, he broke out in resplendent style, often humorous, at times critical, occasionally profound, and always interesting. Inexhaustible in his means of illustration, his fancy was an unwasted mine, into which you had but to sink a shaft, and you were sure of eliciting the finest ore, which came forth stamped with the impress of genius, and fit to circulate among the most cultivated auditory: for though the mint of his brain now and then would issue a strange and fantastic coinage, sterling sense was sure to give it value, and ready wit to promote its currency. The rubbish and dust of the schools with which his notions were sometimes incrusted did not alter their intrinsic worth; people only wondered how the diaphanous mind of Prout could be obscured by such common stuff: its brightness was still undiminished by the admixture; and like straws in amber, without deteriorating the substance, these matters only made manifest its transparency. Whenever he undertook to illustrate any subject worthy of him he was always felicitous. I shall give you an instance.

There stands on the borders of his parish, near the village of Blarney, an

old castle of the M'Carthy family, rising abruptly from a bold cliff, at the foot of which rolls a not inconsiderable stream—the fond and frequent witness of Prout's angling propensities. The well-wooded demesne, comprising an extensive lake, a romantic cavern, and an artificial wilderness of rocks, belongs to the family of Jefferеys, which boasts in the Dowager Countess Glengall a most distinguished scion; her ladyship's mother having been immortalized under the title of "Lady Jeffers," with the other natural curiosities produced by this celebrated spot, in that never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song, the *Groves of Blarney*. But neither the stream, nor the lake, nor the castle, nor the village (a sad ruin! which, but for the recent establishment of a spinning factory by some patriotic Corkonian, would be swept away altogether, or possessed by the owls as a grant from Sultan Mahmoud);—none of these picturesque objects has earned such notoriety for "the Groves" as a certain stone, of a basaltic kind, rather unusual in the district, placed on the pinnacle of the main tower, and endowed with the property of communicating to the happy tongue that comes in contact with its polished surface the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, with soft talk in all its ramifications, whether employed in vows and promises light as air, *επεα πτεροεντα*, such as lead captive the female heart; or elaborate mystification of a grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons; all summed up and characterized by the mysterious term Blarney.*

Prout's theory on this subject might have remained dormant for ages, and perhaps been ultimately lost to the world at large, were it not for an event which occurred in the summer of 1825, while I (a younker then) happened to be on that visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill which eventually secured me her inheritance. The occurrence I am about to commemorate was, in truth, one of the first magnitude, and well calculated, from its importance, to form an epoch in the Annals of the Parish. It was the arrival of SIR WALTER SCOTT at Blarney, towards the end of the month of July.

Nine years have now rolled away, and the "Ariosto of the North" is dead, and our ancient constitution has since fallen under the hoofs of the Whigs; quenched is many a beacon-light in church and state—Prout himself is no more; and plentiful indications tell us we are come upon evil days: but still may I be allowed to feel a pleasurable, though somewhat saddened emotion, while I revert to that intellectual meeting, and bid memory go back in "dream sublime" to the glorious exhibition of Prout's mental powers. It was, in sooth, a great day for old Ireland; a greater still for Blarney; but, greatest of all, it dawned, Prout, on thee! Then it was that thy light was taken from under its sacerdotal bushel, and placed conspicuously before a man fit to appreciate the effulgence of so brilliant a luminary—a light which I, who pen these words in sorrow, alas! shall never gaze on more—a light

"That ne'er shall shine again
On Blarney's stream!"

That day it illumined the "cave," the "shady walks," and the "sweet rock-close," and sent its gladdening beam into the gloomiest vaults of the ancient

* To Crofton Croker belongs the merit of elucidating this obscure tradition. It appears that in 1602, when the Spaniards were exciting our chieftains to harass the English authorities, Cormac M'Dermot Carthy held, among other dependencies, the castle of Blarney, and had concluded an armistice with the Lord-president, on condition of surrendering this fort to an English garrison. Day after day did his lordship look for the fulfilment of the compact; while the Irish Pozzo di Borgo, as loath to part with his stronghold as Russia to relinquish the Dardanelles, kept protocolizing with soft promises and delusive delays, until at last Carew became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and *"Blarney talk"* proverbial. [It is a singular coincidence, that while Crofton was engaged in tracing the origin of this Irish term, D'Israeli was equally well employed in evolving the pedigree of the English word "Fudge."]

fort; for all the recondite recesses of the castle were explored in succession by the distinguished poet and the learned priest, and Prout held a candle to Scott.

We read with interest, in the historian Polybius, the account of Hannibal's interview with Scipio on the plains of Zama; and often have we, in our school-boy days of unsophisticated feeling, sympathized with Ovid, when he told us that he only got a glimpse of Virgil; but Scott basked for a whole summer's day in the blaze of Prout's wit, and witnessed the coruscations of his learning. The great Marius is said never to have appeared to such advantage as when seated on the ruins of Carthage: with equal dignity Prout sat on the Blarney stone, amid ruins of kindred glory. Zeno taught in the "porch;" Plato loved to muse alone on the bold jutting promontory of Cape Sunium; Socrates, bent on finding Truth, "*in sylvis Academi quærere verum*," sought her among the bowers of Academus; Prout courted the same coy nymph, and wooed her in the "groves of Blarney."

I said that it was in the summer of 1825 that Sir Walter Scott, in the progress of his tour through Ireland, reached Cork, and forthwith intimated his wish to proceed at once on a visit to Blarney Castle. For him the noble river, the magnificent estuary, and unrivalled harbour of a city that proudly bears on her civic escutcheon the well-applied motto, "*Statio bene fida carinis*," had but little attraction when placed in competition with a spot sacred to the Muses, and wedded to immortal verse. Such was the interest which its connection with the popular literature and traditionary stories of the country had excited in that master-mind—such the predominance of its local reminiscences—such the transcendent influence of song! For this did the then "Great Unknown" wend his way through the purlieus of "Golden Spur," traversing the great manufacturing *faux*bourg of "Black Pool," and emerging by the "Red Forge;" so intent on the classic object of his pursuit, as to disregard the unpromising aspect of the vestibule by which alone it is approachable. Many are the splendid mansions and hospitable halls that stud the suburbs of the "beautiful city," each boasting its grassy lawn and placid lake, each decked with park and woodland, and each well furnished with that paramount appendage, a *batterie de cuisine;* but all these *castles* were passed unheeded by, *carent quia vate sacro.* Gorgeous residences, picturesque seats, magnificent villas, they be, no doubt; but unknown to literature, in vain do they plume themselves on their architectural beauty; in vain do they spread wide their well-proportioned *wings*—they cannot soar aloft to the regions of celebrity.

On the eve of that memorable day I was sitting on a stool in the priest's parlour, poking the turf fire, while Prout, who had been angling all day, sat nodding over his "*breviary*," and, according to my calculation, ought to be at the last psalm of vespers, when a loud official knock, not usual on that bleak hill, bespoke the presence of no ordinary personage. Accordingly, the "wicket, opening with a latch," ushered in a messenger clad in the livery of the ancient and loyal corporation of Cork, who announced himself as the bearer of a despatch from the mansion-house to his reverence; and, handing it with that deferential awe which even his masters felt for the incumbent of Watergrasshill, immediately withdrew. The letter ran thus:—

Council Chamber, July 24, 1825.

VERY REVEREND DOCTOR PROUT,

Cork harbours within its walls the illustrious author of Waverley. On receiving the freedom of our ancient city, which we presented to him (as usual towards distinguished strangers) in a box carved out of a chip of the Blarney stone, he expressed his determination to visit the old block itself. As he will, therefore, be in your neighbourhood to-morrow, and as no one is better able to

do the honours than you (our burgesses being sadly deficient in learning, as you and I well know); your attendance on the celebrated poet is requested by your old friend and foster-brother,

GEORGE KNAPP,* *Mayor.*

Never shall I forget the beam of triumph that lit up the old man's features on the perusal of Knapp's pithy summons; and right warmly did he respond to my congratulations on the prospect of thus coming in contact with so distinguished an author. "You are right, child!" said he; and as I perceived by his manner that he was about to enter on one of those rambling trains of thought—half-homily, half-soliloquy—in which he was wont to indulge, I settled myself by the fireplace, and prepared to go through my accustomed part of an attentive listener.

"A great man, Frank! A truly great man! No token of ancient days escapes his eagle glance, no venerable memorial of former times his observant scrutiny; and still, even he, versed as he is in the monumentary remains of bygone ages, may yet learn something more, and have no cause to regret his visit to Blarney. Yes! since our 'groves' are to be honoured by the presence of the learned baronet,

'Sylvæ sint consule dignæ!'

let us make them deserving of his attention. He shall fix his antiquarian eye and rivet his wondering gaze on the rude basaltic mass that crowns the battlements of the main tower; for though he may have seen the 'chair at Scone,' where the Caledonian kings were crowned; though he may have examined that Scotch pebble in Westminster Abbey, which the Cockneys, in the exercise of a delightful credulity, believe to be 'Jacob's pillow;' though he may have visited the misshapen pillars on Salisbury plain, and the Rock of Cashel, and the 'Hag's Bed,' and St. Kevin's petrified matelas at Glendalough, and many a cromlech of Druidical celebrity,—there is a stone yet unexplored, which he shall contemplate to-morrow, and place on record among his most profitable days that on which he shall have paid it homage:

'Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo!'

"I am old, Frank. In my wild youth I have seen many of the celebrated writers that adorned the decline of the last century, and shed a lustre over France, too soon eclipsed in blood at its sanguinary close. I have conversed

* The republic of letters has great reason to complain of Dr. Maginn, for his non-fulfilment of a positive pledge to publish "a great historical work" on the Mayor of Cork. Owing to this desideratum in the annals of the Empire, I am compelled to bring into notice thus abruptly the most respectable civic worthy that has worn the cocked hat and chain since the days of John Walters, who boldly proclaimed Perkin Warbeck, in the reign of Henry VII., in the market-place of that beautiful city. Knapp's virtues and talents did not, like those of Donna Ines, deserve to be called

"Classic all,
Nor lay they chiefly in the mathematical,"

for his favourite pursuit during the canicule of 1825, was the extermination of mad dogs; and so vigorously did he urge the carnage during the summer of his mayoralty, that some thought he wished to eclipse the exploit of St. Patrick in destroying the breed altogether, as the saint did that of toads. A Cork poet, the laureate of the mansion-house, has celebrated Knapp's prowess in a didactic composition, entitled "Dog-Killing, a Poem;" in which the mayor is likened to Apollo in the Grecian camp before Troy, in the opening of the "Iliad:"—

Αυταρ βους πρωτον εφ' ωκετο και κυνας Αργους.

[But as you may think it all mere *doggrel*, I shall omit to quote from it, though it might edify many a magisterial Dogberry, and prove a real mayor's nest.—F. CRESSWELL.]

with Buffon and with Fontenelle, and held intercourse with Nature's simplest child, Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of 'Paul and Virginia;' Gresset and Marmontel were my college-friends; and to me, though a frequenter of the halls of Sorbonne, the octogenaire of Ferney was not unknown: nor was I unacquainted with the recluse of Ermenonville. But what are the souvenirs of a single period, however brilliant and interesting, to the recollections of full seven centuries of historic glory, all condensed and concentrated in Scott? What a host of personages does his name conjure up! what mighty shades mingle in the throng of attendant heroes that wait his bidding, and form his appropriate retinue! Cromwell, Claverhouse, and Montrose, Saladin, Front de Bœuf, and Cœur de Lion; Rob Roy, Robin Hood, and Marmion; those who fell at Culloden and Flodden Field, and those who won the day at Bannockburn,—all start up at the presence of the Enchanter. I speak not of his female forms of surpassing loveliness—his Flora M'Ivor, his Rebecca, his Amy Robsart: these you, Frank, can best admire. But I know not how I shall divest myself of a secret awe when the wizard, with all his spells, shall rise before me. The presence of my old foster-brother, George Knapp, will doubtless tend to dissipate the illusion; but if so it will be by personifying the Bailie Nicol Jarvie of Glasgow, his worthy prototype. Nor are Scott's merits those simply of a pleasing novelist or a spirit-stirring poet; his 'Life of Dryden,' his valuable commentaries on Swift, his researches in the dark domain of demonology, his biography of Napoleon, and the sterling views of European policy developed in 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' all contribute to enhance his literary pre-eminence. Rightly has Silius Italicus depicted the Carthaginian hero, surrounded even in solitude by a thousand recollections of well-earned renown—

> 'Nec credis inermem
> Quem mihi tot cinxere duces: si admoveris ora,
> Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Romanaque busta,
> Et *Pauli* stare ingentem miraberis umbram!'

Yet, greatly and deservedly as he is prized by his contemporaries, future ages will value him even more; and his laurel, ever extending its branches, and growing in secret like the 'fame of Marcelius,' will overshadow the earth. Posterity will canonize his every relic; and his footsteps, even in this remote district, will be one day traced and sought for by the admirers of genius. For, notwithstanding the breadth and brilliancy of effect with which he waved the torch of mind while living, far purer and more serene will be the lamp that shall glimmer in his tomb and keep vigil over his hallowed ashes: to that fount of inspiration other and minor spirits, eager to career through the same orbit of glory, will recur, and

> 'In their golden urns draw light.'

Nor do I merely look on him as a writer who, by the blandishment of his narrative and the witchery of his style, has calmed more sorrow, and caused more happy hours to flow, than any save a higher and a holier page—a writer who, like the autumnal meteor of his own North, has illumined the dull horizon of these latter days with a fancy ever varied and radiant with joyfulness—one who, for useful purposes, has interwoven the plain warp of history with the many-coloured web of his own romantic loom;—but further do I hail in him the genius who has rendered good and true service to the cause of mankind, by driving forth from the temple of Religion, with sarcasm's knotted lash, that canting puritanic tribe who would obliterate from the book of life every earthly enjoyment, and change all its paths of peace into walks of bitterness. I honour him for his efforts to demolish the pestilent influence of a sour and sulky system which would interpose itself between the gospel sun and the world—that retains no heat, imbibes no light, and transmits none; but flings its broad, cold, and disastrous shadow over the land that is cursed with its visitation.

"The excrescences and superfœtations of my own church most freely do I yield up to his censure; for while in his Abbot Boniface, his Friar Tuck, and his intriguing Rashleigh, he has justly stigmatized monastic laziness, and denounced ultramontane duplicity, he has not forgotten to exhibit the bright reverse of the Roman medal, but has done full measure of justice to the nobler inspirations of our creed, bodied forth in Mary Stuart, Hugo de Lacy, Catherine Seaton, Die Vernon, and Rose de Béranger. Nay, even in his fictions of cloistered life, among the drones of that ignoble crowd, he has drawn minds of another sphere, and spirits whose ingenuous nature and piety unfeigned were not worthy of this world's deceitful intercourse, but fitted them to commune in solitude with Heaven.

"Such are the impressions, and such the mood of mind in which I shall accost the illustrious visitor; and you, Frank, shall accompany me on this occasion."

Accordingly, the next morning found Prout, punctual to Knapp's summons, at his appointed post on the top of the castle, keeping a keen look-out for the arrival of Sir Walter. He came, at length, up the "laurel avenue," so called from the gigantic laurels that overhang the path,

"Which bowed,
As if each brought a new classic wreath to his head;"

and alighting at the castle-gate, supported by Knapp, he toiled up the winding stairs as well as his lameness would permit, and stood at last, with all his fame around him, in the presence of Prout. The form of mutual introduction was managed by Knapp with his usual tact and urbanity; and the first interchange of thoughts soon convinced Scott that he had lit on no "clod of the valley" in the priest. The confabulation which ensued may remind you of the "Tusculanæ Quæstiones" of Tully, or the dialogues "De Oratore," or of Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," or of all three together. *Là voici.*

SCOTT.

I congratulate myself, reverend father, on the prospect of having so experienced a guide in exploring the wonders of this celebrated spot. Indeed, I am so far a member of your communion, that I take delight in pilgrimages; and you behold in me a pilgrim to the Blarney stone.

PROUT.

I accept the guidance of so sincere a devotee; nor has a more accomplished palmer ever worn scrip, or staff, or scollop-shell, in my recollection; nay, more—right honoured shall the pastor of the neighbouring upland feel in affording shelter and hospitality, such as every pilgrim has claim to, if the penitent will deign visit my humble dwelling.

SCOTT.

My vow forbids! I must not think of bodily refreshment, or any such profane solicitudes, until I go through the solemn rounds of my devotional career —until I kiss "the stone," and explore the "cave where no daylight enters," the "fracture in the battlement," the "lake well stored with fishes," and, finally, "the sweet rock-close."

PROUT.

All these shall you duly contemplate when you shall have rested from the fatigue of climbing to this lofty eminence, whence, seated on these battlements, you can command a landscape fit to repay the toil of the most laborious peregrination; in truth, if the ancient observance were not sufficiently vindicated by your example to-day, I should have thought it my duty to take up the gauntlet for that much-abused set of men, the pilgrims of olden time.

SCOTT.

In all cases of initiation to any solemn rites, such as I am about to enter on, it is customary to give an introductory letter to the neophyte; and as you seem disposed to enlighten us with a preamble, you have got, reverend father, in me a most docile auditor.

PROUT.

There is a work, Sir Walter, with which I presume you are not unacquainted, which forcibly and beautifully portrays the honest fervour of our forefathers in their untutored views of Christianity: but if the "Tales of the Crusaders" count among their *dramatis personæ* the mitred prelate, the cowled hermit, the croziered abbot, and the gallant templar—strange mixture of daring and devotion,—far do I prefer the sketch of that peculiar creation of Catholicity and romance, the penitent under solemn vow, who comes down from Thabor or from Lebanon to embark for Europe: and who in rude garb and with unshodden feet will return to his native plains of Languedoc or Lombardy, displaying with pride the emblem of Palestine, and realizing what Virgil only dreamt of—

"Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas!"

But I am wrong in saying that pilgrimages belong exclusively to our most ancient form of Christianity, or that the patent for this practice appertains to religion at all. It is the simplest dictate of our nature, though piety has consecrated the practice, and marked it for her own. Patriotism, poetry, philanthropy, all the arts, and all the finer feelings, have their pilgrimages, their hallowed spots of intense interest, their haunts of fancy and of inspiration. It is the first impulse of every genuine affection, the tendency of the heart in its fervent youthhood; and nothing but the cold scepticism of an age which Edmund Burke so truly designated as that of calculators and economists, could scoff at the enthusiasm that feeds on ruins such as these, that visits with emotion the battle-field and the ivied abbey, or Shakespeare's grave, or Galileo's cell, or Runnymede, or Marathon.

Filial affection has had its pilgrim in Telemachus; generous and devoted loyalty in Blondel, the best of troubadours; Bruce, Belzoni, and Humboldt, were pilgrims of science; and John Howard was the sublime pilgrim of philanthropy.

Actuated by a sacred feeling, the son of Ulysses visited every isle and inhospitable shore of the boisterous Ægean, until a father clasped him in his arms;—propelled by an equally absorbing attachment, the faithful minstrel of Cœur de Lion sang before every feudal castle in Germany, until at last a dungeon-keep gave back the responsive echo of "*O Richard! O mon roy!*" If Belzoni died toilworn and dissatisfied—if Baron Humboldt is still plodding his course through the South American peninsula, or wafted on the bosom of the Pacific—it is because the domain of science is infinite, and her votaries must never rest:

> "For there are wanderers o'er eternity,
> Whose bark goes on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be!"

But when Howard explored the secrets of every prison-house in Europe, performing that which Burke classically described as "a circumnavigation of charity;" nay, when, on a still holier errand, three eastern sages came from the boundaries of the earth to do homage to a cradle; think ye not that in theirs, as in every pilgrim's progress, a light unseen to others shone on the path before them? derived they not untiring vigour from the exalted nature of their pursuit, felt they not "a pinion lifting every limb"? Such are the feelings which Tasso beautifully describes when he brings his heroes within view of Sion:

"Al grand piacer che quella prima vista
Dolcemente spirò, nell' altrui petto,
Alta contrizion successe, mista
Di timoroso e riverente affetto.
Osano appena d' innalzar la vista
Ver la città, di Cristo albergo eletto,
Dove morì, dove sepolto fue,
Dove poi rivestì le membra sue!"

Canto III.

I need not tell you, Sir Walter, that the father of history, previous to taking up the pen of Clio, explored every monument of Upper Egypt; or that Herodotus had been preceded by Homer, and followed by Pythagoras, in this philosophic pilgrimage; that Athens and Corinth were the favourite resorts of the Roman literati, Sylla, Lucullus, and Mecænas, when no longer the seats of empire; and that Rome itself is, in its turn, become as well the haunt of the antiquarian as the poet, and the painter, and the Christian pilgrim; for dull indeed would that man be, duller than the stagnant weed that vegetates on Lethe's shore, who again would put the exploded interrogatory, once fallen, not inaptly, from the mouth of a clown—

"Quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?"

I mean not to deny that there exist vulgar minds and souls without refinement, whose perceptions are of that stunted nature that they can see nothing in the "pass of Thermopylæ" but a gap for cattle; in the "Forum" but a cow-yard; and for whom St. Helena itself is but a barren rock: but, thank Heaven! we are not all yet come to that unenviable stage of utilitarian philosophy; and there is still some hope left for the Muses' haunts, when he of Abbotsford blushes not to visit the castle, the stone, and the groves of Blarney.

Nor is he unsupported in the indulgence of this classic fancy; for there exists another pilgrim, despite of modern cavils, who keeps up the credit of the profession—a wayward childe, whose restless spirit has long since spurned the solemn dulness of conventional life, preferring to hold intercourse with the mountain-top and the ocean-brink: Ida and Salamis "are to *him* companionship;" and every broken shaft, prostrate capital, and marble fragment of that sunny land, tells its tale of other days to a fitting listener in Harold: for him Etruria is a teeming soil, and the spirit of song haunts Ravenna and Parthenope; for him

"There is a tomb in Arquà,"

which to the stolid peasant that wends his way along the Euganean hills is mute indeed as the grave, nor breathes the name of its indweller; but a voice breaks forth from the mausoleum at the passage of Byron, the ashes of Petrarch grow warm in their marble bed, and the last wish of the poet in his "Legacy" is accomplished:

"Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Shall touch on thy cords in passing along,
O may one thought of its master waken
The sweetest smile for the *Childe of Song!*"

SCOTT.

Proud and flattered as I must feel, O most learned divine! to be classified with Herodotus, Pythagoras, Belzoni, Bruce, and Byron, I fear much that I am but a sorry sort of pilgrim, after all. Indeed, an eminent writer of your church has laid it down as a maxim, which I suspect applies to my case, "Qui multùm peregrinantur rarò sanctificantur." Does not Thomas à Kempis say so?

PROUT.

The doctrine may be sound; but the book from which you quote is one of those splendid productions of uncertain authorship which we must ascribe to some "great unknown" of the dark ages.

SCOTT.

Be that as it may, I can give you a parallel sentiment from one of your French poets; for I understand you are partial to the literature of that merry nation. The pilgrim's wanderings are compared by this Gallic satirist to the meandering course of a river in Germany, which, after watering the plains of Protestant Wirtemberg and Catholic Austria, enters, by way of finale, on the domains of the Grand Turk:

"J'ai vu le Danube inconstant,
Qui, tantôt Catholique et tantôt Protestant,
Sert Rome et Luther de son onde;
Mais, comptant après pour rien
Romain et Luthérien,
Finit sa course vagabonde
Par n'être pas même Chrétien.
Rarement en courant le monde
On devient homme de bien!"

By the way, have you seen Stothard's capital print, "The Pilgrimage to Canterbury"?

PROUT.

Such orgies on pious pretences I cannot but deplore, with Chaucer, Erasmus, Dryden, and Pope, who were all of my creed, and pointedly condemned them. The Papal hierarchy in this country have repeatedly discountenanced such unholy doings. Witness their efforts to demolish the cavern of Loughderg, called St. Patrick's Purgatory, that has no better claim to antiquity than our Blarney cave, in which "bats and badgers are for ever bred." And still, concerning this truly Irish curiosity, there is a document of a droll description in Rymer's "Fœdera," in the 32nd year of Edward III., A.D. 1358. It is no less than a certificate, duly made out by that good-natured monarch, showing to all men as how a foreign nobleman did really visit the Cave of St. Patrick,* and passed a night in its mysterious recesses.

* This is, we believe, what Prout alludes to; and we confess it is a precious relic of olden simplicity, and ought to see the light:—

"A.D. 1358, an. 32 Edw. III.

"Litteræ testimoniales super morâ in Sᶜᵘ Patricii Purgatorio. Rex universis et singulis ad quos præsentes litteræ pervenerint, salutem!

"Nobilis vir Malatesta Ungarus de Arimenio, miles, ad præsentiam nostram veniens, maturè nobis exposuit quod ipse nuper à terræ suæ discedens laribus, Purgatorium Sancti Patricii, infra terram nostram Hyberniæ constitutum, in multis corporis sui laboribus peregrè visitârat, ac per integræ diei ac noctis continuatum spatium, ut est moris, clausus manserat in eodem, nobis cum instantiâ supplicando, ut in præmissorum veracius fulcimentum regales nostras litteras inde sibi concedere dignaremur.

"Nos autem ipsius peregrinationis considerantes periculosa discrimina, licet tanti nobilis in hâc parte nobis assertio sit accepta, quia tamen dilecti ac fidelis nostri Almarici de Sᵗᵒ Amando, militis, justiciarii nostri Hyberniæ, simul ac Prioris et Conventûs loci dicti Purgatorii, et etiam aliorum auctoritatis multæ virorum litteris, aliisque claris evidentiis informamur quod dictus nobilis hanc peregrinationem *ritè* perfecerat et etiam *animosè*.

"Dignum duximus super his testimonium nostrum favorabiliter adhibere, ut sublato cujusvis dubitationis involucro, præmissorum veritas singulis lucidius patefiat, has litteras nostras sigillo regio consignatas illi duximus concedendas.

"Dat' in palatio nostro West', xxiv die Octobris, 1358."

RYMER'S *Fœdera*, by Caley. London, 1825. Vol. iii. pt. i. p. 408.

SCOTT.

I was aware of the existence of that document, as also of the remark made by one Erasmus of Rotterdam concerning the said cave: "Non desunt hodiè qui descendunt, sed priùs triduano enecti jejunio ne sano capite ingrediantur."* Erasmus, reverend friend, was an honour to your cloth; but as to Edward III., I am not surprised he should have encouraged such excursions, as he belonged to a family whose patronymic is traceable to a pilgrim's vow. My reverend friend is surely in possession of the historic fact, that the name of Plantagenet is derived from *plante de genest*, a sprig of heath, which the first Duke of Anjou wore in his helmet as a sign of penitential humiliation, when about to depart for the Holy Land; though why a broom-sprig should indicate lowliness is not satisfactorily explained.

PROUT.

The monks of that day, who are reputed to have been very ignorant, were perhaps acquainted with the "Georgics" of Virgil, and recollected the verse—

"Quid majora sequar? Salices *humilesque Genistæ*."
II. 434.

SCOTT.

I suppose there is some similar recondite allusion in that unaccountable decoration of every holy traveller's accoutrement, the scollop-shell? or was it merely used to quaff the waters of the brook?

PROUT.

It was first assumed by the penitents who resorted to the shrine of St. Jago di Compostella, on the western coast of Spain, to betoken that they had extended their penitential excursion so far as that sainted shore; just as the palm-branch was sufficient evidence of a visit to Palestine. Did not the soldiers of a Roman general fill their helmets with cockles on the brink of the German Ocean? By the bye, when my laborious and learned friend the renowned Abbé Trublet, in vindicating the deluge against Voltaire, instanced the heaps of marine remains and conchylia on the ridge of the Pyrenees, the witty reprobate of Ferney had the unblushing effrontery to assert that those were shells left behind by the pilgrims of St. Jacques on recrossing the mountains.

SCOTT.

I must not, meantime, forget the objects of my devotion; and with your benison, reverend father, shall proceed to examine the "stone."

* Erasmus in Adagia, artic. de antro Trophonii. See also Camden's account of this cave in his *Hyberniæ Descriptio*, edition of 1594, p. 671. It is a singular fact, though little known, that from the visions said to occur in this cavern, and bruited abroad by the fraternity of monks, whose connection with Italy was constant and intimate, Dante took the first hint of his Divina Commedia, *Il Purgatorio*. Such was the celebrity this cave had obtained in Spain, that the great dramatist Calderon made it the subject of one of his best pieces; and it was so well known at the court of Ferrara, that Ariosto introduced it into his *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. stanza 92.

"Quindi Ruggier, poichè di banda in banda
Vide gl' Inglesi, andò verso l' Irlanda
E vide Ibernia fabulosa, dove
Il santo vecchiarel fece la cava
In che tanta mercè par che si trove,
Che l' uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava!"

[F. CRESSWELL.]

PROUT.

You behold, Sir Walter, in this block the most valuable remnant of Ireland's ancient glory, and the most precious lot of her Phœnician inheritance! Possessed of this treasure, she may well be designated

"First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;"

for neither the musical stone of Memnon, that "so sweetly played in tune," nor the oracular stone at Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls of Italy's Palæstrina, offer so many attractions. The long-sought *lapis philosophorum*, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savoury fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter, when Saturn had the mania of devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty-stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the zodiacal monument of Denderach, with all its astronomic importance; the Elgin marbles with all their sculptured, the Arundelian with all their lettered, riches,—cannot for a moment stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world, save this alone, can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech, and that splendid effrontery, so necessary to get through life? Without this resource, how could Brougham have managed to delude the English public, or Dan O'Connell to gull even his own countrymen? How could St. John Long thrive? or Dicky Sheil prosper? What else could have transmuted my old friend Pat Lardner into a man of letters—LL.D., F.R.S.L. and E., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c., &c.? What would have become of Spring Rice? and who would have heard of Charley Phillips? When the good fortune of the above-mentioned individuals can be traced to any other source, save and except the Blarney stone, I am ready to renounce my belief in it altogether.

This palladium of our country was brought hither originally by the Phœnician colony that peopled Ireland, and is the best proof of our eastern parentage. The inhabitants of Tyre and Carthage, who for many years had the Blarney stone in their custody, made great use of the privilege, as the proverbs *fides Punica, Tyriosque bilingues*, testify. Hence the origin of this wondrous talisman is of the remotest antiquity.

Strabo, Diodorus, and Pliny, mention the arrival of the Tyrians in Ireland about the year 883 before Christ, according to the chronology of Sir Isaac Newton, and the twenty-first year after the sack of Troy.

Now, to show that in all their migrations they carefully watched over this treasure of eloquence and source of diplomacy, I need only enter into a few etymological details. Carthage, where they settled for many centuries, but which turns out to have been only a stage and resting-place in the progress of their western wanderings, bears in its very name the trace of its having had in its possession and custody the Blarney stone. This city is called in the Scripture *Tarsus*, or *Tarshish*, תרשיש, which in Hebrew means a *valuable stone*, a *stone of price*, rendered in your authorized (?) version, where it occurs in the 28th and 39th chapters of Exodus, by the specific term *beryl*, a sort of jewel. In his commentaries on this word, an eminent rabbi, Jacob Rodrigues Moreira, the Spanish Jew, says that Carthage is evidently the Tarsus of the Bible, and he reads the word thus—תרשנו, accounting for the termination in *ish*, by which *Carthago* becomes *Carshish*, in a very plausible way: "now," says he, "our peoplish have de very great knack of ending dere vords in *ish*; for if you go on the 'Change, you will hear the great man Nicholish Rotchild calling the English coin *monish*."—See *Lectures delivered in the Western Synagogue*, by J. R. M.

But, further, does it not stand to reason that there must be some other latent

way of accounting for the *purchase of as much ground as an ox-hide would cover*, besides the generally received and most unsatisfactory explanation? The fact is, the Tyrians bought as much land as their Blarney stone would require to fix itself solidly,—

"Taurino quantum potuit circumdare tergo;"

and having got that much, by the talismanic stone they humbugged and deluded the simple natives, and finally became the masters of Africa.

SCOTT.

I confess you have thrown a new and unexpected light on a most obscure passage in ancient history; but how the stone got at last to the county of Cork, appears to me a difficult transition. It must give you great trouble.

PROUT.

My dear sir, don't mention it! It went to Minorca with a chosen body of Carthaginian adventurers, who stole it away as their best safeguard on the expedition. They first settled at Port Mahon,—a spot so called from the clan of the O'Mahonys, a powerful and prolific race still flourishing in this county; just as the Nile had been previously so named from the tribe of the O'Neils, its aboriginal inhabitants. All these matters, and many *more curious points*, will be one day revealed to the world by my friend Henry O'Brien, in his work on the Round Towers of Ireland. Sir, we built the pyramids before we left Egypt; and all those obelisks, sphinxes, and Memnonic stones, were but emblems of the great relic before you.

George Knapp, who had looked up to Prout with dumb amazement from the commencement, here pulled out his spectacles, to examine more closely the old block, while Scott shook his head doubtingly.

"I can convince the most obstinate sceptic, Sir Walter," continued the learned doctor, "of the intimate connection that subsisted between us and those islands which the Romans called *insulæ Baleares*, without knowing the signification of the words which they thus applied. That they were so called from the *Blarney* stone, will appear at once to any person accustomed to trace Celtic derivations: the Ulster king of arms, Sir William Betham, has shown it by the following scale."

Here Prout traced with his cane on the muddy floor of the castle the words

"BaLeARes iNsulÆ=Blarnæ!"

SCOTT.

Prodigious! My reverend friend, you have set the point at rest for ever—*rem acu tetigisti!* Have the goodness to proceed.

PROUT.

Setting sail from Minorca, the expedition, after encountering a desperate storm, cleared the Pillars of Hercules, and landing in the Cove of Cork, deposited their treasure in the greenest spot and the shadiest groves of this beautiful vicinity.

SCOTT.

How do you account for their being left by the Carthaginians in quiet possession of this invaluable deposit?

PROUT.

They had sufficient tact (derived from their connection with the stone) to give out, that in the storm it had been thrown overboard to relieve the ship, in lati-

tude 36° 14″, longitude 24°. A search was ordered by the senate of Carthage, and the Mediterranean was dragged without effect; but the mariners of that sea, according to Virgil, retained a superstitious reverence for every submarine appearance of a stone :

"Saxa vocant Itali mediis quæ in fluctibus aras !"

And Aristotle distinctly says, in his treatise "De Mirandis," quoted by the erudite Justus Lipsius, that a law was enacted against any further intercourse with Ireland. His words are : "In mari, extra Herculis Columnas, insulam desertam inventam fuisse *sylvâ nemorosam*, in quam crebrò Carthaginienses commeârint, et sedes etiam fixerint : sed veriti ne nimis cresceret, et Carthago laberetur, edicto cavisse ne quis pœnâ capitis eò deinceps navigaret." .

The fact is, Sir Walter, Ireland was always considered a lucky spot, and constantly excited the jealousy of Greeks, Romans, and people of every country. The Athenians thought that the ghosts of departed heroes were transferred to our fortunate island, which they call, in the war-song of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the land of O's and Macs :

Φιλταθ' Ἁρμοδι, ουτε που τεθνηκας,
Νησοις δ' εν ΜΑΚ αρ' ΩΝ σε φασιν ειναι.

And the "Groves of Blarney" have been commemorated by the Greek poets many centuries before the Christian era.

SCOTT.

There is certainly somewhat of Grecian simplicity in the old song itself ; and if Pindar had been an Irishman, I think he would have celebrated this favourite haunt in a style not very different from Millikin's classic rhapsody.

PROUT.

Millikin, the reputed author of that song, was but a simple translator from the Greek original. Indeed, I have discovered, when abroad, in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, an old Greek manuscript, which, after diligent examination, I am convinced must be the oldest and "princeps editio" of the song. I begged to be allowed to copy it, in order that I might compare it with the ancient Latin or Vulgate translation which is preserved in the Brera at Milan; and from a strict and minute comparison with that, and with the Norman-French copy which is appended to Doomsday-book, and the Celtic-Irish fragment preserved by Crofton Croker (rejecting as spurious the Arabic, Armenian, and Chaldaic stanzas on the same subject, to be found in the collection of the Royal Asiatic Society), I have come to the conclusion that the Greeks were the undoubted original contrivers of that splendid ode; though whether we ascribe it to Tyrtæus or Callimachus will depend on future evidence; and perhaps, Sir Walter, *you* would give me your opinion, as I have copies of all the versions I allude to at my dwelling on the hill.

SCOTT.

I cannot boast, learned father, of much *vovs* in Hellenistic matters; but should find myself quite at home in the Gaelic and Norman-French, to inspect which I shall with pleasure accompany you : so here I kiss the stone !

The wonders of "the castle," and "cave," and "lake," were speedily gone over; and now, according to the usage of the dramatist, *modo Romæ, modò ponit Athenis*, we shift the scene to the tabernacle of Father Prout on Watergrasshill, where, round a small table, sat Scott, Knapp, and Prout—a triumvirate of critics never equalled. The papers fell into my hands when the table was cleared for the subsequent repast ; and thus I am able to submit to the world's decision what these three could not decide, viz., *which* is the *original* version of the "Groves of Blarney."

The Groves of Blarney.

I.

The groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked by posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

II.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
Owns this plantation;
Like Alexander,
Or like Helen fair,
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For regulation
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

III.

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
And mossed by nature
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

Le Bois de Blarnaye.

I.

Charmans bocages!
Vous ne ravissez,
Que d'avantages
Vous réunissez!
Rochers sauvages,
Paisibles ruisseaux,
Tendres ramages
De gentils oiseaux:
Dans ce doux parage
Aimable Nature
A fait étalage
D'éternelle verdure;
Et les fleurs, à mesure
Qu'elles croissent, à raison
De la belle saison
Font briller leur parure.

II.

C'est Madame de Jefferts,
Femme pleine d'addresse,
Qui sur ces beaux déserts
Règne en fière princesse.
Elle exerce ses droits
Comme dame maîtresse,
Dans cette forteresse
Que là haut je vois.
Plus sage mille fois
Qu' Hélène ou Cléopatre,
Cromvel seul put l'abbâtre,
La mettant aux abois,
Quand, allumant sa mèche,
Point ne tira au hasard,
Mais bien dans son rempart
Fit irréparable brèche.

III.

Il est dans ces vallons
Une sombre caverne,
Où jamais nous n'allons
Qu'armés d'une lanterne.
La mousse en cette grotte
Tapissant chaque motte
Vous offre des sofas;
Et là se trouve unie
La douce symphonie
Des hiboux et des chats.
Tout près on voit un lac,
Où les poissons affluent,
Avec assez de sangsues
Pour en remplir un sac;
Et sur ces bords champêtres
On a planté des hêtres.

Ἡ Ὑλη Βλαρνικη.

α.

Της Βλαρνιας αἱ ὑλαι
Φεριστα, καλλιφυλλαι,
Ὁπου σιγῃ ρεουσι
Πηγαι ψιθυριζουσαι·
Ἑκοντα γεννηθεντα
Ὁμως τε φυτευθεντα
Μεσσοις εν αγκονεσσιν
Εστ' ανθε' πετρωδεσσιν.
Εκει ἐστ' αγλαισμα
Γλυκυ και ερυθημα,
Ιον τ' εκει θαλον τε
Βασιλικον ροδον τε.
Και λειριον τε φυει,
Ασφοδελος τε βρυει,
Παντ' ανθεμ' ἁ καλῃσιν
Εν ευδιαις αησιν.

β.

Ταυτῃς ΙΕΦΕΡΕΣΣΑ
Καλη και χαριεσσα
Ὡς Ἑλενη, ὡς τ' νίος
Του Αμμονος ὁ διος,
Φυτειᾳ ἐστ' αναση.
Ιερῃ τ' εν ἁπασῃ
Ουτις βροτων γενοιτο
Ὁς αυτῃ συμφεροιτο,
Οικονομειν γαρ οἶδε.
Τοιχοι τοσοι τοιοι δε
Αυτην αμφιστεφονται,
Πολεμικη ὡς βροντη
Ματῃν νιν βαλλ' ὡς ἠρως
Κρομυελλος Ολιφηρος
Επερσε, δι ἁπασας
Ακροπολεως περασας.

γ.

Και αυτρον εστ' εκει δε
Ὁγ' ἡμερ' ουποτ' ειδε,
Μελειᾳ δε και γαλαι εν
Αυτῳ τρεφονται αιεν·
Ευτελεστερον φυον τε
Αμφις ποιει βρυον γε
Ἐξιππον η διφροιο
Η κοιτης ιουλοιο·
Ιχθυεων τε μεστη
Λιμνη εκει παρεστι,
Κ' εγχελεες φυουσι
Εν ιλυι θαλονσῃ·
Βδελλαι τε εισιν· αλλα
Φῃγων τε αλση καλ' ἁ
Στιχεσσ' εκει τετακται,
Αἰς ροη πεφυλακται.

Blarneum Nemus.

I.

Quisquis hìc in lætis
Gaudes errare virefis,
Turrigeras rupes
Blarnea saxa stupes!
Murmure dum cæco
Lympharum perstrepit echo,
Quas veluti mutas
Ire per arva putas.
Multus in hoc luco
Rubet undique flos sine fuco,
Ac ibi formosam
Cernis ubique rosam;
Suaviter hi flores
Miscent ut amabis odores;
Nec requiem demus,
Nam placet omne nemus!

II.

Fœmina dux horum
Regnat Jeferessa locorum,
Pace, virago gravis,
Marteque pejor avis!
Africa non atram
Componeret ei Cleopatram,
Nec Dido constares!
Non habet illa pares.
Turre manens istâ
Nullâ est violanda balistâ:
Turris erat diris
Non penetranda viris;
Cromwellus latum
Tamen illic fecit hiatum,
Et ludos heros
Lucit in arce feros!

III.

Hic tenebrosa caverna
Est, gattorumque taberna,
Talpâ habitata pigro,
Non sine fele nigro;
Muscus iners olli
Stravit loca tegmine molli
Lecticæ, ut plumis
Mollior esset humus:
Inque lacu anguillæ
Luteo nant gurgite mille;
Quo nat, amica luti,
Hostis hirudo cuti:
Grande decus pagi,
Fluvii stant margine fagi;
Quodque tegunt ramo
Labile flumen amo!

IV.

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover,
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The "sweet rock-close."

V.

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!

VI

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament:
A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
"To be let alone,"
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!*

* End of Millikin's Translation of the Groves of Blarney.

IV.

Ici l'homme atrabilaire
Un sentier peut choisir
Pour y suivir à loisir
Son rêve solitaire,
Quand une nymphe cruelle
L'a mis au désespoir,
Sans qu'il puisse émouvoir
L'inexorable belle.
Quel doux repos je goûte,
Assis sur ce gazon!
Du rossignol j'écoute
Le tendre diapason.
Ah! dans cet antre noir
Puisse ma Léonore,
Celle que mon cœur adore,
Venir furtive au soir!

V.

Dans ces classiques lieux
Plus d'une statue brille,
Et se présente aux yeux
En parfait déshabille!
Là Neptune on discerne,
Et Jules César en plomb,
Et Venus, et le tronc
Du Général Holoferne.
Veut-on voguer au large
Sur ce lac? un esquif
Offre à l'amateur craintif
Les chances d'un naufrage.
Que ne suis-je un Hugo,
Ou quelqu'auteur en vogue,
En ce genre d'églogue.
Je n'aurais pas d'égaux.

VI.

Une pierre s'y rencontre,
Estimable trésor,
Qui vaut son poids en or
Au guide qui la montre.
Qui baise ce monument,
Acquiert la parole
Qui doucement cajole;
Il devient éloquent.
Au boudoir d'une dame
Il sera bien reçu,
Et même à son insçu
Fera naître une flamme.
Homme à bonnes fortunes,
A lui on peut se fier
Pour mystifier
La Chambre des Communes.†

† Ici finist le Poème dit le Bois de Blarnaye, copié du Livre de Doomsdaye, A.D. 1069.

δ.

Λιθινας γ' εχει πορειας
Ἑνεκα περιπατειας,
Εννοιαν τε θειαν
Κατ' ερημιαν γλυκειαν·
Εξεστι και εραστῃ
Μεθ' ἑσπεραν αλαστῃ
Ακουειν η τρηρων' η
Σε, μικρε λιγυφωνε!
Ει τις τε και δεσποινα
Εκει καλῃ μενοινᾳ
Αλᾶσθαι τεμενεσσι
Ισως εν σκιοεσσι,
Τις ευγενης γενοιτο
Αυτην ὀς απαγοιτο
Εις πυργον τι η προς σε,
Ω λιθινον σπεος γε!

ε.

Ειδωλ' αγλαιζοντα
Εστι διον τοπον τε.
Των εθνικων θεων τε,
Των Δρυαδων καλων τε·
Ποσειδων ηδε Καισαρ
Τ' ιδου Ναβεχυδναισαρ·
Εν αιθριᾳ ἁπαντας
Εστ' ιδειν γυμνους σταντας.
Εν λιμνῃ εστι πλοιον,
Ει τις πλεειν θελοι αν·
Και κἀλα οσσ' εγω σοι
Ου δυναμ' εκτυπωσαι·
Αλλ' ει γ' ειην λογιστης,
Η διδασκαλος σοφιστης,
Τοτ' εξοχωτατ' αν σοι
Δειξαιμι το ἁπαν σοι.

ζ.

Εκει λιθον τ' εὑρησεις,
Αυτον μεν ει φιλησεις
Ευδαιμον το φἰλημα·
Ρητωρ γαρ παραχρημα
Γενησεαι συ δεινος,
Γυναιξι τ' ερατεινος,
Σεμνοτατῃ τε λαῶν
Εν βουλῃ των μετ' αλλων
Και εν ταις αγοραισι
"Καθολικαις" βοαισι
Δημος σοι 'κολουθησει,
Και χειρας σοι κροτησει
Ὡς ανδρι τῳ μεγιστῳ
Δημογορων τ' αριστῳ·
Ω ὁδος ουρανονδε
Δια Βλαρνικον λιθον γ' ῃ.*

* Τελος της Ὑλης Βλανρικης. Ex Codice Vatic. vetustiss. incert. ævi circa an. Sal. CM.

IV.

Cernis in has valles
Quò ducunt tramite calles,
Hanc mente in sedem
Fer meditante pedem,
Quisquis ades, bellæ
Transfixus amore puellæ
Aut patriæ caræ
Tempus inane dare!
Dumque jaces herbâ,
Turtur flet voce superbâ,
Arboreoque throno
Flet philomela sono:
Spelunca apparet
Quam dux Trojanus amaret,
In simili nido
Nam fuit icta Dido.

V.

Plumbea signa Deûm
Nemus ornant, grande trophæum!
Stas ibi, Bacche teres!
Nec sine fruge Ceres,
Neptunique vago
De flumine surgit imago;
Julius hìc Cæsar
Stat, Nabechud que Nezar!
Navicula insonti
Dat cuique pericula ponti,
Si quis cymbâ hâc cum
Vult super ire lacum.
Carmini huic ter sum
Conatus hìc addere versum:
Pauper at ingenio,
Plus nihil invenio!

VI.

Fortunatam autem
Premuerunt oscula cautem
(Fingere dùm conor
Debitus huic sic honor):
Quam bene tu fingis
Qui saxi oracula lingis,
Eloquioque sapis
Quod dedit ille lapis!
Gratus homo bellis
Fit unctis melle labellis,
Gratus erit populo
Oscula dans scopulo;
Fit subitò orator,
Caudâque sequente senator.
Scandere vis æthram?
Hanc venerare petram! †

† Explicit hic Carmen de Nemore Blarnensi. Ex Codice No. 464 in Bibliothecâ Brerææ apud Mediolanum.

Leis an be lefri beanais an ais reo
Mar treun-Mastram no helen Caoin
Ni'l ceañfeadna ais fudna tire
Cosmul leiti cum airacais d' s-ażail
Ta caisleañ 'na tiomcioll. naleofic pleurta,
A ballaid teaña d'argun na sgrios;
Act Oliber Cromful; d'fuz go fañ i,
As rin bearna mor iona falta sin.*

* Fragment of a Celtic MS., from the King's Library, Copenhagen.

III.

Father Prout's Carousal.

(*Fraser's Magazine, June*, 1834.)

—o—

[The Literary Portrait adorning the number of *Regina* containing this exhilarating account of Father Prout's symposium at Watergrasshill was the *vera effigies* of Leigh Hunt as he then was—long before his sable locks were silvered, and when, though already in his fortieth year, he could be portrayed without much extravagance as bearing the semblance of a dark-eyed, careworn youth! The linguistic gems of this third paper by Mahony are undoubtedly his Latin version of Campbell's glorious war-song, resonantly echoed in Prout's "Prelium apnd Hohenlinden," and that foretaste of his onslaught with the big end of the shilelagh on Moore, the Cork Father's classic rendering of "Let Erin remember the days of old" as "O utinam sanos mea Ierna recogitet annos." As a fitting embellishment to the Carousal in the original edition of 1836 the reader enjoyed a glimpse at its close of "The Miraculous Draught," to which the *convives* were challenged by the uplifted tumbler of whisky toddy.]

"He spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled."

GOLDSMITH.

BEFORE we resume the thread (or yarn) of Frank Cresswell's narrative concerning the memorable occurrences which took place at Blarney, on the remarkable occasion of Sir Walter Scott's visit to "the groves," we feel it imperative on us to set ourselves right with an illustrious correspondent, relative to a most important particular. We have received, through that useful medium of the interchange of human thought, "the twopenny post," a letter which we think of the utmost consequence, inasmuch as it goes to impeach the veracity, not of Father Prout (*patrem quis dicere falsum audeat?*), but of the young and somewhat facetious barrister who has been the volunteer chronicler of his life and opinions.

For the better understanding of the thing, as it is likely to become a *quæstio vexata* in other quarters, we may be allowed to bring to recollection that, in enumerating the many eminent men who had kissed the Blarney stone during Prout's residence in the parish—an experience extending itself over a period of nearly half a century—Doctor D. Lardner was triumphantly mentioned by the benevolent and simple-minded incumbent of Watergrasshill, as a proud and incontestable instance of the virtue and efficacy of the talisman, applied to the most ordinary materials with the most miraculous result. Instead of feeling a lingering remnant of gratitude towards the old parent-block for such supernatural interposition on his behalf, and looking back to that "kiss" with fond

and filial recollection—instead of allowing "the stone" to occupy the greenest spot in the wilderness of his memory—"the stone" that first sharpened his intellect, and on which ought to be inscribed the line of Horace,

"Fungor vice cotis, acutum,
Reddere quæ valeat ferrum, exsors ipsa secandi"—

instead of this praiseworthy expression of tributary acknowledgment, the Doctor writes to us denying all obligation in the quarter alluded to, and contradicting most flatly the "soft impeachment" of having kissed the stone at all. His note is couched in such peevish terms, and conceived in such fretful mood, that we protest we do not recognize the tame and usually unexcited tracings of his gentle pen; but rather suspect he has been induced, by some medical wag, to use a quill plucked from the membranous integument of that celebrated "man-porcupine" who has of late exhibited his hirsuteness at the Middlesex Hospital.

"*London University, May 8th.*

"SIR,

"I owe it to the great cause of 'Useful Knowledge,' to which I have dedicated my past labours, to rebut temperately, yet firmly, the assertion *reported* to have been made by the late Rev. Mr. Prout (for whom I had a high regard), in conversing with the late Sir Walter Scott on the occasion alluded to in your ephemeral work; particularly as I find the statement re-asserted by that widely-circulated journal the *Morning Herald* of yesterday's date. Were either the reverend clergyman or the distinguished baronet now living, I would appeal to their candour, and so shame the inventor of that tale. But as both are withdrawn by death from the literary world, I call on you, sir, to insert in your next Number this positive denial on my part of having ever kissed that stone; the supposed properties of which, I am ready to prove, do not bear the test of chymical analysis. I do recollect having been solicited by the present Lord *Chancellor* of England (and also of the London University), whom I am proud to call my friend (though you have given him the *sobriquet* of Bridlegoose, with your accustomed want of deference for great names), to join him, when, many years ago, he privately embarked on board a Westmoreland collier to perform his devotions at Blarney. That circumstance is of old date; it was about the year that Paris was taken by the allies, and certainly previous to the Queen's trial. But I did not accompany the then simple *Harry Brougham*, content with what nature had done for me in that particular department.

"You will please insert this disavowal from,

"Sir,

"Your occasional reader,

"DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.D.

"P.S.—If you neglect me, I shall take care to state my own case in the Cyclopædia. I'll prove that the block at Blarney is an 'Aerolithe,' and that your statement as to its Phœnician origin is unsupported by historical evidence. Recollect, you have thrown the first stone."

Now, to us, considering these things, and much pondering on the Doctor's letter, it seemed advisable to refer the matter to our reporter, Frank Cresswell aforesaid, who has given us perfect satisfaction. By him our attention was called, first, to the singular bashfulness of the learned man, in curtailing from his signature the usual appendages that shed such lustre o'er his name. He lies before us in this epistle a simple D.D., whereas he certainly is entitled to write himself F.R.S., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., F.C.P.S., &c.

Thus, in his letter, "we saw him," to borrow an illustration from the beautiful episode of James Thomson,

> "We saw him charming; but we saw not half—
> The rest his downcast modesty concealed."

Next as to dates; how redolent of my Uncle Toby—"about the year Dendermonde was taken by the allies." The reminiscence was probably one of which he was unconscious, and we therefore shall not call him a plagiary; but how slyly, how diabolically does he seek to shift the onus and gravamen of the whole business on the rickety shoulders of his learned friend Bridlegoose! This will not do, O sage *Thaumaturgus!* By implicating "Bridoison," you shall not extricate yourself—"*et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic;*" and Frank Cresswell has let us into a secret. Know then, all men, that among these never-too-anxiously-to-be-looked-out-for "Prout Papers," there is a positive record of the initiation both of Henry Brougham and Patrick Lardner to the freemasonry of the Blarney stone; and, more important still—(O, most rare document!)—there is to be found amid the posthumous treasures of Father Prout the original project of *a University at Blarney*, to be then and there founded by the united efforts of Lardner, Dan O'Connell, and Tom Steele; and of which the Doctor's "AEROLITHE" was to have been the corner-stone.

[Frank Cresswell tells us that the statutes, and the whole getting up of that contemplated Alma Mater have been reproduced like a "twice-boiled cabbage"—a sort of *cramhe repetita*—in the Gower Street Academy for young Cockneys; but that the soil being evidently not congenial to the plant, unless it be transferred back to Blarney, the place of its nativity, it must droop and die. So we often told the young gulls that frequent the school itself—so we told Lardner, the great oracle of its votaries—so we often told Lord Brougham and Vaux, the sublime shepherd of the whole flock;

> "Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse!"]

We therefore rely on the forthcoming Prout Papers for a confirmation of all we have said; and here do we cast down the glove of defiance to the champion of Stinkomalee, even though he come forth armed to the teeth in a panoply, not, of course, forged on the classic anvil of the Cyclops, however laboriously hammered in the clumsy arsenal of his own "Cyclopædia."

We know there is another world, where every man will get his due according to his deserts; but if there be a *limbus patrum*, or literary purgatory, where the effrontery and ingratitude of folks ostensibly belonging to the republic of letters are to be visited with condign retribution, we think we behold in that future middle state of purification (which, from our friend's real name, we shall call *Patrick's Purgatory*), Pat Lardner rolling the Blarney stone, *à la Sisyphus*, up the hill of Science.

> Και μην Σισυφον ειστειδον κρατερ' αλγε' εχοντα
> Λααν βασταζοντα πελωριον αμφοτερηιιν,
> Αυτις επειτα πεδονδε κυλινδετο ΛΑΑΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ!

And now we return to the progress of events on Watergrasshill, and to matters more congenial to the taste of our REGINA.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st June, 1835.

Furnival's Inn, May 14.

ACCEPT, O Queen! my compliments congratulatory on the unanimous and most rapturous welcome with which the whole literary world hath met, on its first entrance into life, that wonderful and more than *Siamese* bantling your

"Polyglot edition" of the "Groves of Blarney." Of course, various are the conjectures of the gossips in Paternoster Row as to the real paternity of that "most delicate monster;" and some have the unwarrantable hardihood to hint that, like the poetry of Sternhold and Hopkins, your incomparable lyric must be referred to a joint-stock sort of parentage: but, *entre nous*, how stupid and malignant are all such insinuations! How little do such simpletons suspect or know of the real source from which hath emanated that rare combination of the Teïan lyre and the Tipperary bagpipe—of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt, and the humours of Donnybrook wed to the glories of Marathon! Verily, since the days of the great Complutensian Polyglot (by the compilation of which the illustrious Cardinal Ximenes so endeared himself to the bibliomaniacal world), since the appearance of that still grander effort of the "Clarendon" at Oxford, the "Tetrapla," originally compiled by the most laborious and eccentric father of the Church, Origen of Alexandria, nothing has issued from the press in a completer form than your improved quadruple version of the "Groves of Blarney." The celebrated proverb, *lucus à non lucendo*, so often quoted with malicious meaning and for invidious purposes, is no longer applicable to *your* "Groves:" this quaint conceit has lost its sting, and, to speak in Gully's phraseology, you have taken *the shine* out of it. What a halo of glory, what a flood of lustre, will henceforth spread itself over that romantic "plantation!" How oft shall its echoes resound with the voice of song, Greek, French, or Latin, according to the taste or birthplace of its European visitors; all charmed with its shady bowers, and enraptured with its dulcet melody! From the dusty purlieus of High Holborn, where I pine in a fœtid atmosphere, my spirit soars afar to that enchanting scenery, wafted on the wings of poesy, and transported with the ecstasy of Elysium—

"Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ!"

Mine may be an illusion, a hallucination, an "*amabilis insania*," if you will; but meantime, to find some solace in my exile from the spot itself, I cannot avoid poring, with more than antiquarian relish, over the different texts placed by you in such tasteful juxtaposition, anon comparing and collating each particular version with alternate gusto—

"Amant alterna Camœnæ."

How pure and pellucid the flow of harmony! how resplendent the well-grouped images, shining, as it were, in a sort of milky way, or poetic galaxy, through your glorious columns; to which I cannot do better than apply a line of St. Gregory (the accomplished Greek father) of Nazianzene—

Ἡ σοφιας πηγη εν βιβλιοισι ρεει!

A great minister is said to have envied his foreign secretary the ineffable pleasure of reading "Don Quixote" in the original Spanish, and it would, no doubt, be a rare sight to get a peep at Lord Palmerston's French notes to Talleyrand; but how I pity the sorry wight who hasn't learnt Greek! What can he know of the recondite meaning of certain passages in the "Groves?" He is incapacitated from enjoying the full drift of the ode, and must only take it diluted, or *Velluti-ed*, in the common *English* version. *Nôrunt fideles*, as Tom Moore says.

For my part, I would as soon see such a periwig-pated fellow reading your last Number, and fancying himself capable of understanding the full scope of the poet, as to behold a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg trying to run a race with Atalanta for her golden apple, or a fellow with a *modicum quid* of

legal knowledge affecting to sit and look big under a chancellor's peruke, like Bridlegoose on the woolsack. In verity, gentlemen of the lower house ought to supplicate Sir Daniel Sandford, of Glasgow, to give them a few lectures on *Greek*, for the better intelligence of the real Blarney style; and I doubt not that every member will join in the request, except, perhaps, Joe Hume, who would naturally oppose any attempt to throw light on Greek matters, for reasons too tedious to mention. *Verb. sap.*

To have collected in his youthful rambles on the continent, and to have diligently copied in the several libraries abroad, these imperishable versions of an immortal song was the pride and consolation of Father Prout's old age, and still, by one of those singular aberrations of mind incident to all great men, he could never be prevailed on to give further publicity to the result of his labours; thus sitting down to the banquet of literature with the egotistic feeling of a churl. He would never listen to the many offers from interested publishers, who sought for the prize with eager competition; but kept the song in manuscript on detached leaves, despite of the positive injunction of the sibyl in the Æneid—

"Non foliis tu carmina manda,
Ne correpta volent rapidis ludibria ventis!"

I know full well to what serious imputations I make myself liable, when I candidly admit that I did not come by the treasure lawfully myself; having, as I boldly stated in the last Number of REGINA, filched the precious papers, *disjecti membra poetæ*, when the table was being cleared by Prout's servant maid for the subsequent repast. But there are certain "pious frauds" of which none need be ashamed in the interests of science: and when a great medal-collector (of whom "*Tom England*" will tell you the particulars), being, on his homeward voyage from Egypt, hotly pursued by the Algerines, swallowed the golden series of the Ptolemies, who ever thought of blaming Mr. Dufour, as he had purchased in their human envelope these recondite coins, for having applied purgatives and emetics, and every possible stratagem, to come at the deposit of glory?

But to describe "the repast" has now become my solemn duty—a task imposed on me by you, O Queen! to whom nothing relating to Sir Walter Scott, or to Father Prout, appears to be uninteresting. In that I agree with you, for nothing to my mind comes recommended so powerfully as what hath appertained to these two great ornaments of "humanity;" which term I must be understood to use in its double sense, as relating to mankind in general, and in particular to the *literæ humaniores*, of which you and I are rapturously fond, as Terence was before we were born, according to the hackneyed line—

"Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto!"

That banquet was in sooth no ordinary jollification, no mere bout of sensuality, but a philosophic and rational commingling of mind, with a pleasant and succulent addition of matter—a blending of soul and substance, typified by the union of Cupid and Psyche—a compound of strange ingredients, in which a large infusion of what are called (in a very Irish-looking phrase) "animal spirits" coalesced with an abundance of distilled ambrosia; not without much erudite observation, and the interlude of jovial song; wit contending for supremacy with learning, and folly asserting her occasional predominance like the tints of the rainbow in their *tout ensemble*, or like the smile and the tear in Erin's left eye, when that fascinating creature has taken "a drop" of her own mountain dew. But though there were lots of fun at Prout's table at all times, which the lack of provisions never could interfere with one way or another, I have special reason for recording in full the particulars of THIS carousal, having learned with indignation that, since the appearance of the Father's "Apology for

Lent," calumny has been busy with his character, and attributed his taste for meagre diet to a sordid principle of economy. No! Prout was not a penurious wretch! And since it has been industriously circulated in the club-houses at the west-end, that he never gave a dinner in his life, by the statement of *one* stubborn fact I must silence for ever that "whisper of a faction."

From the first moment of delight, when the perusal of George Knapp's letter (dated July 25, 1825) had apprised Prout of the visit intended by Sir Walter Scott to the Blarney stone, he had predetermined that the Great Unknown should partake of sacerdotal hospitality. I recollect well on that evening (for you are aware I was then on a visit to my aunt at Watergrasshill, and, as luck would have it, happened to be in the priest's parlour when the news came by express) how often he was heard to mutter to himself, as if resolving the mighty project of a "let out," in that beautiful exclamation, borrowed from his favourite Milton—

"What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste with wine?"

I then foresaw that there really would be "a dinner," and sure enough there was no mistake, for an entertainment ensued, such as the refinement of a scholar and the tact of a well-informed and observant traveller naturally and unaffectedly produced, with the simple but not less acceptable materials which circumstances allowed of, and a style as far removed from the selfishness of the anchorite as the extravagance of the glutton.

Prout had seen much of mankind; and in his deportment through life showed that he was well versed in all those varied arts of easy, but still gradual acquirement, which singularly embellish the intercourse of society: these were the results of his excellent continental education—

Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδον αστεα, και νοον εγνω.

But at the head of his own festive board he particularly shone; for though in his ministerial functions he was exemplary and admirable, ever meek and unaffected at the altar of his rustic chapel, where

"His looks adorned the venerable place,"

still, surrounded by a few choice friends, the calibre of whose genius was in unison with his own, with a bottle of his choice old claret before him, he was truly a paragon. I say *claret;* for when, in his youthful career of early travel, he had sojourned at Bourdeaux in 1776, he had formed an acquaintanceship with the then representatives of the still flourishing house of Maccarthy and Co.; and if the prayers of the old priest are of any avail, that firm will long prosper in the splendid capital of Gascony. This long-remembered acquaintanceship was periodically refreshed by many a quarter cask of excellent *medoc*, which found its way (no matter how) up the rugged by-roads of Watergrasshill to the sacerdotal cellar.

Nor was the barren upland, of which he was the pastor (and which will one day be as celebrated for having been his residence as it is now for *water-cresses*), so totally estranged from the wickedness of the world, and so exalted above the common level of Irish highlands, that no *whisky* was to be found there; for though Prout never openly countenanced, he still tolerated Davy Draddy's public-house at the sign of the "Mallow Cavalry." But there is a spirit (an evil one) which pays no duty to the King, under pretence of having paid it to Her Majesty the Queen (God bless her!)—a spirit which would even tempt you, O REGINA! to forsake the even tenour of your ways—a spirit which Father Prout could never effectually chain down in the Red Sea, where every foul demon ought to lie in durance until the vials of wrath are finally poured out on this sinful world—*that* spirit, endowed with a smoky fragrance, as if to indi-

cate its caliginous origin—not a drop of it would he give Sir Walter. He would have wished, such was his anxiety to protect the morals of his parishioners from the baneful effects of private distillation, that what is called technically "mountain-dew" were never heard of in the district; and that in this respect Watergrasshill had resembled the mountain of Gilboa, in the country of the Philistines.

But of legitimate and excellent malt whisky he kept a constant supply, through the friendship of Joe Hayes, a capital fellow, who presides, with great credit to himself, and to his native city, over the spiritual concerns of the Glin Distillery. Through his intelligent superintendence, he can boast of maintaining an unextinguishable furnace and a *worm* that never dies;—and O! may he in the next life, through Prout's good prayers, escape both one and the other. This whisky, the pious offering of Joe Hayes to his confessor, Father Prout, was carefully removed out of harm's way; and even I myself was considerably puzzled to find out where the good divine had the habit of concealing it, until I got the secret out of Margaret, his servant-maid, who, being a 'cute girl, had suggested the hiding-place herself. I don't know whether you recollect my description, in your April Number, of the learned Father's bookcase and the folio volumes of stone-flag inscribed "CORNELII A LAPIDE *Opera quæ ext. omn.*:" well, behind them lay hidden the whisky in a pair of jars—

> For buxom Maggy, careful soul,
> Had two stone bottles found,
> To hold the liquor that Prout loved,
> And kept it safe and sound.

Orders had been given to this same Margaret to kill a turkey, in the first impulse of the good old man's mind, "on hospitable thoughts intent:" but, alas! when the fowl had been slain, in accordance with his hasty injunctions, he bethought himself of the melancholy fact, that the morrow being Friday, fish diet was imperative, and that the death-warrant of the turkey had been a most premature and ill-considered act of precipitancy. The *corpus delicti* was therefore hung up in the kitchen, to furnish forth the Sunday's dinner next ensuing, and his thoughts of necessity ran into a piscatory channel. He had been angling all day, and happily with considerable success; so that, what with a large eel he had hooked out of the lake at Blarney, and two or three dozen of capital trout from the stream, he might emulate the exploit of that old Calabrian farmer, who entertained Virgil on the produce of his hives:

> "Seraque revertens
> Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis."

But when Prout did the thing, he did it respectably: this was no ordinary occasion—"pot luck" would not do here. And though he bitterly deplored the untoward coincidence of the fast-day on the arrival of Sir Walter, and was heard to mutter something from Horace very like an imprecation, viz. "*Ille et nefasto te posuit die, quicumque,*" &c., &c.; still it would ill become the author of an "Apology for Lent" to despair of getting up a good fish dinner.

In this emergency he summoned Terry Callaghan, a genius infinitely superior even to the man-of-all-work at Ravenswood Castle, the never-to-be-forgotten Caleb Balderstone. Terry Callaghan (of whom we suspect we shall have, on many a future occasion, much to recount, ere the star of Father Prout shall eclipse itself in the firmament of REGINA), Terry Callaghan is a character well known in the Arcadian neighbourhood of Watergrasshill, the life and soul of the village itself, where he officiates to this day as "pound-keeper," "grave-digger," "notary public," and "parish piper." In addition to these situations of trust and emolument, he occasionally stands as deputy at the turnpike on the mail-coach road, where he was last seen with a short pipe

in his mouth, and a huge black crape round his "caubeen," being in mourning for the subject of these memoirs. He also is employed on Sundays at the chapel-door to collect the coppers of the faithful, and, like the dragon of the Hesperides, keeps watch over the "box" with untamable fierceness, never having allowed a *rap* to be subtracted for the O'Connell tribute, or any other humbug, to the great pecuniary detriment of the Derrynane dynasty. In the palace at Iveragh, where a geographical chart is displayed on the wall, showing at a glance the topography of the "rint," and exhibiting all those districts, from Dan to Beersheba, where the copper-mines are most productive, the parish of Watergrasshill is marked "all barren;" Terry very properly considering that, if there was any surplus in the poor-box, it could be better placed, without going out of the precincts of that wild and impoverished tract, in the palm of squalid misery, than in the all-absorbing Charybdis, the breeches-pocket of our glorious Dan.

Such was the "Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," to whom Prout delivered his *provisional* orders for the market of Cork; and early, with a hamper on his back, at the dawn of that important day which settled into so glorious an evening of fun and conviviality, Terry set off to lay the foundation of the whole affair at the fish-stall kept by that celebrated *dame de la halle*, the Widow Desmond. Pursuant to directions, he bought a turbot, two lobsters, a salmon, and a hake, with a hundred of Cork-harbour oysters; and considering, prudently, that a *corps de reserve* might be wanted in the course of the repast, he added to the aforesaid matters, which Prout had himself specified, a *hors d'œuvre* of his own selection, viz. a keg of cod-sounds; he having observed that on all state occasions, when Prout entertained his bishop, he had always, to suit his lordship's taste, a *plat obligé* of cod-sounds, "by particular desire."

At the same time he was commissioned to deliver sundry notes of invitation to certain choice spirits, who try to keep in wholesome agitation, by the buoyancy of their wit and hilarity, the otherwise stagnant pond of Corkonian society; citizens of varied humour and diversified accomplishments, but of whom the highest praise and the most comprehensive eulogy cannot convey more to the British public than the simple intimation of their having been "the friends of Father Prout:" for while Job's Arabian "friends" will be remembered only as objects of abhorrence, Prout's associates will be cherished by the latest posterity. These were, Jack Bellew, Dan Corbet, Dick Dowden, Bob Olden, and Friar O'Meara.

Among these illustrious names, to be henceforth embalmed in the choicest perfume of classic recollection, you will find on inquiry, O Queen! men of all parties and religious persuasions, men of every way of thinking in politics and polemics, but who merged all their individual feelings in the broad expanse of one common philanthropy; for at Prout's table the serene horizon of the festive board was never clouded by the suffusion of controversy's gloomy vapours, or the mephitic feuds of party condition. And, O most peace-loving REGINA! should it ever suit your fancy to go on a trip to Ireland, be on your guard against the foul and troublesome nuisance of speech-makers and political oracles, of whatever class, who infest that otherwise happy island: betake thyself to the hospitable home of Dan Corbet, or some such good and rational circle of Irish society, where never will a single drop of acrimony be found to mingle in the disembosomings of feeling and the perennial flow of soul—

> "Sic tibi cùm fluctus præterlabere Sicanos,
> Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam!"

But, in describing Prout's guests, rank and precedency belong of right to that great modern ruler of mankind, "the Press;" and therefore do we first apply ourselves to the delineation of the merits of Jack Bellew, its

significant representative—he being the wondrous editor of that most accomplished newspaper, the *Cork Chronicle.*

Jack Montesquieu Bellew * (*quem honoris causâ nomino*) was—I say *was*, for, alas! he too is no more: Prout's death was too much for him, 'twas a blow from which he never recovered; and since then he was visibly so heart-broken at the loss of his friend that he did nothing but droop, and soon died of what the doctor said was a decline;—Jack was the very image of his own *Chronicle*, and *vice versâ*, the *Chronicle* was the faithful mirror (*εἰδωλον*, or *alter ego*) of Jack: both one and the other were the queerest concerns in the south of Ireland. The post of editor to a country newspaper is one, generally speaking, attended with sundry troubles and tribulations; for even the simple department of "deaths, births, and marriages," would require a host of talent and a superhuman tact to satisfy the vanity of the subscribers, without making them ridiculous to their next neighbours. Now Bellew didn't care a jot who came into the world or who left it; and thus he made no enemies by a too niggardly panegyric of their kindred and deceased relations. There was an exception, however, in favour of an old subscriber to the "paper," whose death was usually commemorated by a rim of mourning at the edges of the *Chronicle:* and it was particularly when the subscription had not been paid (which, indeed, was generally the case) that the emblems of sorrow were conspicuous—so much so, that you could easily guess at the amount of the arrears actually due, from the proportionate breadth of the black border, which in some instances was prodigious. But Jack's attention was principally turned to the affairs of the Continent, and he kept an eye on Russia, an eye of vigilant observation, which considerably annoyed the czar. In vain did Pozzo di Borgo endeavour to silence, or purchase, or intimidate Bellew; he was to the last an uncompromising opponent of the "miscreant of the Nortl3" The opening of the trade to China was a favourite measure with our editor; for he often complained of the bad tea sold at the sign of the "Elephant," on the Parade. He took part with Don Pedro against the Serene Infanta Don Miguel; but that was attributed to a sort of Platonic he felt for the fascinating Donna Maria da Gloria. As to the great question of *repale*, he was too sharp not to see the full absurdity of that brazen imposture. He endeavoured, however, to suggest a *juste millieu*, a *medius terminus*, between the politicians of the Chamber of Commerce and the common-sense portion of the Cork community; and his plan was,—*to hold an imperial parliament for the three kingdoms on the Isle of Man!* But he failed in procuring the adoption of his conciliatory sentiments. Most Irish provincial papers keep a London "private correspondent"—some poor devil, who writes from a blind alley in St. Giles's, with the most graphic minuteness, and a truly laughable hatred of mystery, all about matters occurring at the cabinet meetings of Downing Street, or in the most impenetrable circles of diplomacy. Jack despised such fudge, became his own "London private correspondent," and addressed to himself long communications dated from Whitehall. The most useful intelligence was generally found in this epistolary form of soliloquy. But in the "fashionable world," and "News from the beau monde," the *Chronicle* was unrivalled. The latest and most *recherché* modes, the newest Parisian fashions, were carefully described; notwithstanding which,

* How the surname of the illustrious author of the *Esprit de Lois* came to be used by the Bellews in Ireland has puzzled the Heralds' College. Indeed, many other Irish names offer a wide field for genealogical inquiry: *e.g.*, Sir *Hercules* Langhrish, *Cæsar* Otway, *Eneas* MacDonnell, *Hannibal* Plunkett, *Ebenezer Jacob*, *Jonah* Barrington (this last looks very like a whale). That the Bellews dealt largely in *spirits* appears to be capable of *proof:* at any rate, there was never any propensity for *l'esprit des lois*, whatever might be the *penchant* for *unlawful spirit*, at the family mansion *Knock an isqueiu—Anglicè* Mount Whisky, *Gallicè* Montesquieu.

Jack himself, like Diogenes or Sir Charles Wetherell, went about in a most ragged habiliment. To speak with Shakespeare, though not well dressed himself, he was the cause of dress in others. His finances, alas! were always miserably low; no fitting retribution was ever the result of his literary labours; and of him might be said what we read in a splendid fragment of Petronius Arbiter,—

"Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,
Atque inopi linguâ disertas invocat artes!"

Such was Bellew; and next to him of political importance in public estimation was the celebrated Dick Dowden, the great inventor of the "pyroligneous acid for curing bacon." He was at one time the deservedly popular librarian of the Royal Cork Institution; but since then he has risen to eminence as the greatest soda-water manufacturer in the south of Ireland, and has been unanimously chosen by the sober and reflecting portion of his fellow-citizens to be the perpetual president of the "Cork Temperance Society." He is a Presbyterian—but I believe I have already said he was concerned in vinegar.* He is a great admirer of Dr. Bowring, and of the Rajah Rammohun Roy; and some think him inclined to favour the new Utilitarian philosophy. But why do I spend my time in depicting a man so well known as Dick Dowden? Who has not heard of Dick Dowden? I pity the wretch to whom his name and merits are unknown; for *he* argues himself a dunce that knows not Dowden, and deserves the anathema pronounced by Goldsmith against his enemies,—

"To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor!"

Talking of *razors*, the transition to our third guest, Bob Olden is most smooth and natural—Olden, the great inventor of the wonderful shaving-lather, called by the Greeks EUKEIROGENEION (Ευκειρογενειον)!—Olden, the reproducer of an Athenian cosmetic, and the grand discoverer of the patent "Trotter-oil," for the growth of the human hair; a citizen of infinite worth and practical usefulness; a high churchman eke was he, and a Tory; but his "conservative" excellence was chiefly applicable to the epidermis of the chin, which he effectually preserved by the incomparable lather of his Ευκειρογενειον; an invention that would, to use the words of a Cork poet,

"Bid even a Jew bid adieu to his beard."

But Dan Corbet, the third guest, was a real trump, the very quintessence of fun and frolic, and of all Prout's friends the one of whom he was most particularly proud. He is the principal dentist of the Munster district—a province where a tooth-ache is much rarer, unfortunately for dentists, than a broken head or a black eye. In Corbet, the kindliest of human beings, and sincerest of Corkonians, the buttermilk of human friendliness was ever found in plentiful exuberance; while the loud laugh and the jocund song bespoke the candour of his soul. Never was a professor of odontology less pedantic or less given to quackery. His ante-chamber was always full of patients, awaiting his presence with pleasurable anticipation, and some were known to feign a tooth-ache, in order to have a pleasant interview with the dentist. When he made his appearance in his morning gown before the crowd of afflicted visitors, a general titter of cheerfulness enlivened the visages of the sufferers; and I can only compare the effect produced by his presence to the welcome of Scarron on the banks of the Styx, when that man of wondrous hilarity went down to the region of the ghosts as a dispeller of sorrow:

"Solvuntur risu mœstissima turba silentum,
Cùm venit ad Stygias Scarro facetus aquas."

* "A Quaker, sly; a Presbyterian, sour."—POPE.

I have only one thing to say against Corbet. At his hospitable table, where, without extravagance, every good dish is to be found, a dessert generally follows remarkable for the quantity and iron-hardness of the walnuts, while not a nutcracker can be had for love or money from any of the servants. Now this is too bad: for you must know, that next morning most of the previous *guests* reappear in the character of *patients;* and the nuts (like the dragon-teeth sown in a field by Cadmus) produce a harvest of lucrative visitors to the cabinet of the professor. Ought not this system to be abolished, O Queen! and is it any justification or palliation of such an enormity to know that the bane and antidote are both before one? When I spoke of it to Corbet, he only smiled at my simplicity, and quoted the precedent in Horace (for he is a good classic scholar),

"Et nux ornabat mensam, cum duplice ficu."
Lib. ii. sat. 2.

But I immediately pointed out to him, that he reversed the practice of the Romans; for, instead of the figs being in *double ratio to the nuts*, it was the latter with him that predominated in quantity, besides being pre-eminently hard when submitted to the double action of that delicate lever the human jaw, which nature never (except in some instances, and these more apparent, perhaps, in the conformation of the nose and chin) intended for a nut-cracker.

Of Friar O'Meara there is little to be said. Prout did not think much of friars in general; indeed, at all times the working parochial clergy in Ireland have looked on them as a kind of undisciplined Cossacks in the service of the church militant, of whom it cannot conveniently get rid, but who are much better adepts in sharing the plunder than in labouring to earn it. The good father often explained to me how the matter stood, and how the bishop wanted to regulate these friars, and make them work for the instruction of the poor, instead of their present lazy life; but they were a match for him at Rome, where none dare whisper a word against one of the fraternity of the cowl. There are some papers in the Prout collection on this subject, which (when you get the chest) will explain all to you. O'Meara (who was not the "Voice from St. Helena," though he sometimes passed for that gentleman on the Continent) was a pleasant sort of fellow, not very deep in divinity or black-lettered knowledge of any kind, but conversable and chatty, having frequently accompanied young squires, as travelling tutor to Italy, much in the style of those learned functionaries who lead a dancing-bear through the market-towns of England. There was no dinner within seven miles of Cork without O'Meara. Full soon would his keen nostril, ever upturned (as Milton sayeth) into the murky air, have snuffed the scent of culinary preparation in the breeze that came from Watergrasshill: therefore it was that Prout sent him a note of invitation, knowing he *would* come, whether or no.

Such were the guests who, with George Knapp and myself, formed the number of the elect to dine with Sir Walter at the father's humble board; and when the covers were removed (grace having been said by Prout in a style that would have rejoiced the sentimental Sterne) a glorious vision of fish was unfolded to the raptured sight; and I confess I did not much regret the absence of the turkey, whose plump carcase I could get an occasional glimpse of, hanging from the roof of the kitchen. We ate, and confabulated as follows:—

"I don't approve," said Bob Olden, "of Homer's ideas as to a social entertainment: he does not let his heroes converse rationally until long after they have sat down to table, or, as Pope vulgarly translates it,

'Soon as the rage of hunger is repressed.'

Now I think that a very gross way of proceeding."

O'MEARA.

In our convent we certainly keep up the observance, such as Pope has it. The repast is divided into three distinct periods; and in the conventual refectory you can easily distinguish at what stage of the feeding time the brotherhood are engaged. The first is called 1°, *altum silentium;* then 2°, *clangor dentium;* then, 3°, *rumor gentium.*

CORBET.

I protest against the personal allusion contained in that second item. You are always making mischief, O'Meara.

BELLEW.

I hope that when the friars talk of the *news of the day,*—for such, I suppose, is the meaning of *rumor gentium,*—they previously have read the private London correspondence of the *Cork Chronicle.*

PROUT.

Sir Walter, perhaps you would wish to begin with a fresh egg, *ab ovo,* as Horace recommends; or perhaps you'd prefer the order described by Pliny, in his letter to Septimus, 1°, *a radish;* 2°, *three snails;* and 3°, *two eggs,** or *oysters ad libitum,* as laid down by Macrobius.†

SCOTT.

Thank you, I can manage with this slice of salmon trout. I can relish the opinion of that great ornament of your church, Thomas à Kempis, to whose taste nothing was more delicious than a salmon, always excepting the *Psalms of David!* as he properly says, *Mihi Psalmi Davidici sapiunt salmones!*‡

PROUT.

That was not a bad idea of Tom Kempis. But my favourite author, St. Chrysostom, surpasses him in wit. When talking of the sermon on the Lake of Tiberias, he marvels at the singular position of the auditory relative to the preacher: his words are Δεινον θεαμα, οἱ ιχθυες επι την γην, και ὁ ἁλιευς εν θαλαττῃ! *Serm. de Nov. et Vet. Test.*

O'MEARA.

That is a capital turbot, O Prout! and, instead of talking Greek and quoting old Chrysostom (the saint with the golden mouth), you ought to be helping Jack Bellew and George Knapp.—What sauce is that?

PROUT.

The senate of Rome decided the sauce long ago, by order of Domitian, as Juvenal might tell you, or even the French translation—

"Le sénat mit aux voix cette affaire importante,
Et le turbot fut mis *à la sauce piquante.*"

* Vide Plin. Ep. ad Septim, where he acquaints us with the proper manner of commencing operations. His words are, "Lactucas singulas, cochleas tres, ova bina." Our cockle and the French word *cuiller,* a spoon, are derived from the Latin *cochleare;* of which *cochlea* (a snail or periwinkle) is the root. Thus we read in Martial—

"Sum cochleis habilis, sed nec magis utilis ovis;
Numquid scis potius cur cochleare vocer?"

† In the third book of his "Saturnalia," Macrobius, describing the feast given by the Flamen Lentulus to the Roman people on his installation to office, praises the host's generosity, inasmuch as he opened the banquet by providing as a whet "*ostreas crudas quantum quisque vellet.*"

‡ See the Elzevir edition of *Thom. à Kempis, in vitâ,* p. 246.

KNAPP.

Sir Walter! as it has been my distinguished lot—a circumstance that confers everlasting glory on my mayoralty—to have had the honour of presenting you yesterday with the freedom of the corporation of Cork, allow me to present you with our next best thing, a potato.

SCOTT.

I have received with pride the municipal franchise, and I now accept with equal gratitude the more substantial gift you have handed me, in this capital esculent of your happy country.

PROUT.

Our round towers, Sir Walter, came from the east, as will be one day proved; but our potatoes came from the West; Persia sent us the one, and Virginia the other. We are a glorious people! The two hemispheres minister to our historic recollections; and if we look back on our annals, we get drunk with glory;

"For when hist'ry begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west."

May I have the pleasure of wine with you? Gentlemen, fill all round.

SCOTT.

I intend writing a somewhat in which Sir Walter Raleigh shall be a distinguished and prominent character; and I promise you the potato shall not be forgotten. The discovery of that root is alone sufficient to immortalize the hero who lost his head so unjustly on Tower Hill.

KNAPP.

Christopher Columbus was equally ill-treated: and neither he nor Raleigh have ever given their name to the objects they discovered. Great men have never obtained justice from their contemporaries.—I'll trouble you for some of the fins of that turbot, Prout.

PROUT.

Nay, further, without going beyond the circle of this festive board, why has not Europe and the world united to confer some signal distinction on the useful inventor of "Pyroligneous Acid?" Why is not the discoverer of "Trotter oil" and "Eukeirogeneion" fittingly rewarded by mankind? Because men have narrow views, and prefer erecting columns to Spring Rice, and to Bob Waithman who sold shawls in Fleet Street.—Let me recommend some lobster-sauce.

CORBET.

Minerva, who first extracted oil from the olive, was deified in Greece; and Olden is not yet even a member of the dullest scientific body; while Dr. Lardner belongs to them all, if I can understand the phalanx of letters that follows his name.

KNAPP.

I have read the utilitarian Doctor's learned treatise on the potato—a subject of which he seems to understand the chemical manipulation. He says, very justly, that as the root contains saccharine matter, *sugar* may be extracted therefrom; he is not sure whether it might not be distilled into *whisky;* but he is certain that it makes capital *starch*, and triumphantly shows that the *rind* can feed pigs, and the *stalk* thatch the pigsty. O most wonderful Doctor Lardner! Here's his health! Διονυσιος!—not a bad introduction to a bumper of claret. [*Three times three.*]

PROUT.

I too have turned my thoughts into that channel, and among my papers there is a treatise on "*the root.*" I have prefixed to *my* dissertation this epigraph from Cicero's speech "pro Archiâ Poetâ," where the Roman orator talks of the *belles lettres;* but I apply the words much more literally—I hate metaphor in practical matters such as these: "They are the food of our youth, the sustenance of our old age; they are delightful at home, and by no means in one's way abroad; they cause neither nightmare nor indigestion, but are capital things on a journey, or to fill the wallet of a pilgrim." "Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." So much for potatoes. But there are other excellent natural productions in our island, which are also duly celebrated in my papers, and possibly may be published; but not till I am gathered to the grave. I have never forgotten the interests of posterity.—Pass that decanter.

SCOTT.

Talking of the productions of the soil, I cannot reconcile the antiquity, *the incontestable* antiquity, of the lyric ode called the "Groves of Blarney," of which before dinner we have traced the remote origin, and examined so many varied editions with a book of more modern date called "Cæsar's Commentaries." The *beech-tree*, Cæsar says, does not grow in these islands, or did not in his time: All trees grow there, he asserts, the same as in Gaul, except the lime-tree and the beech—"Materia ferè eadem ac in Galliâ, præter *fagum* et abietem." (*Cæs. de Bello Gallico*, lib. v.) Now in the song, which is infinitely older than Cæsar, we have mention made, "besides the leeches," of certain "groves of beeches,"—the text is positive.

KNAPP.

That observation escaped me totally; and still the different versions all concur in the same assertion. The Latin or Vulgate codex says—

"Grande decus pagi
Fluvii stant margine FAGI."

The Greek or Septuagint version is equally stubborn in making out the case—

Ἰσταμενων και ὑλη
ΦΗΓΩΝ, ροης φυλακτηρ.

And the French copy, taken from Doomsday Book, is conclusive, and a complete poser—

"Sur ces bords champêtres
On a planté des HETRES."

I am afraid Cæsar's reputation for accuracy will be greatly shaken by this discovery: he is a passable authority in military tactics, but not in natural history: give me Pliny!—This trout is excellent!

OLDEN.

I think the two great authors at issue on this *beech-tree* business can be conciliated thus: let us say, that by the Greek φηγων, and the Latin *fagi*, nothing more is meant than the clan the O'FAGANS, who are very thickly planted hereabouts. They are still a hungry race, as their name Fagan indicates —απο του φαγειν.

PROUT.

It must have been one of that family who, in the reign of Aurelius, dis-

tinguished himself by his great appetite at the imperial court of Rome. Thus Berchoux sings, on the authority of Suetonius:

"Phagon fut en ce genre un homme extraordinaire;
Il avait l'estomac (grands Dieux !) d'un dromadaire:
Il faisait disparaître, en ses rares festins,
Un porc, un sanglier, un mouton, et *cent pains ! ! !*"

O'MEARA.

That's what we at Paris used to call *pain à discrétion.*—Margaret, open some oysters, and get the cayenne pepper.

BELLEW.

I protest I don't like to see the O'Fagans run down—my aunt was an O'Fagan; and as to deriving the name from the Greek *απο του φαγειν*, I think it a most gratuitous assumption.

KNAPP.

I agree with my worthy friend Bellew as to the impropriety of harping upon names. One would think the mayor of Cork ought to obtain some respect, and be spared the infliction of the waggery of his fellow-townsmen. But no; because I clear the city of mad dogs, and keep hydrophobia far from our walls, I am called the "*dog*-(I had almost said kid-) *Knapper!*" Now, my family is of German extraction, and my great-grandfather served under the gallant Dutchman in his wars with the "Grande Monarque," before he came over with William to deliver this country from slavery and wooden shoes. It was my great-grandfather who invented that part of a soldier's accoutrement called, after him, a "Knapp's sack."

CORBET.

I hope, Sir Walter, you will not leave Cork without dining at the mansion-house with our worthy mayor. Falstaff himself could not find fault with the excellent flavour of Knapp's *sack.*

SCOTT.

I fear I shall not be able to postpone my departure; but as we are on this subject of names, I have to observe, that it is an old habit of the vulgar to take liberty with the syllables of a great man's patronymic. Melancthon* was forced to clothe his name in Greek to escape their allusions; Jules de l'Echelle changed his into Scaliger; Pat Lardner has become Dionysius; and the great author of those immortal letters, which he has taken care to tell us will be read when the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide are forgotten, gave no name at all to the world—

"Stat nominis umbra!"

PROUT.

Poor Erasmus! how he used to be badgered about his cognomen—

"Quæritur unde tibi sit nomen, ERASMUS?—Eras Mus!"

for even so that arch wag, the Chancellor Sir Thomas More, addressed him. But his reply is on record, and his *pentameter* beats the Chancellor's *hexameter*—

"Si *sum Mus* ego, te judice Summus ero!"

* The real name of Melancthon was Philipp Schwartzerd (Schwarzerd), which means *black earth*, and is most happily rendered into Greek by the term Melancthon, Μελανχθων. Thus sought he to escape the vulgar conundrums which his name in the vernacular German could not fail to elicit. A Lapide's name was *stein.*

SCOTT.

Ay, and you will recollect how he splendidly retaliated on the punster by dedicating to Sir Thomas his Μωρίας Εγκωμιον. Erasmus was a capital fellow,

"The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!"

O'MEARA.

Pray, Sir Walter, are you any relation of our great irrefragable doctor, Duns Scotus? He was an ornament of the Franciscan order.

SCOTT.

No, I have not that honour; but I have read what Erasmus says of certain members of your fraternity, in a dialogue between himself and the Echo:

"(ERASMUS *loquitur.*)—Quid est sacerdotium?
(ECHO *respondit.*)—Otium!"

PROUT.

That reminds me of Lardner's idea of "otium cum dignitate," which he proposes to read thus—*otium cum diggin' 'taties!*—The sugar and the materials here for Mr. Bellew.

CORBET.

There was a witty thing, and a severe thing, said of the Barberini family at Rome, when they took the stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium to build them their palazzo: "Quod non fecerant Barbari, hoc fecerunt Barberini." But I think Jack Bellew, in his *Chronicle*, made as pointed a remark on Sir Thomas Deane, knight and builder, who bought the old furniture and gutted the old castle of Blarney: "The *Danes*," quoth Jack, "have always been pillaging old Ireland!"

SCOTT.

Whoever connived at or abetted the destruction of that old mansion, or took any part in the transaction, had the soul of a Goth; and the *Chronicle* could not say less.

CORBET.

Bellew has vented his indignation in a song, which, if called on by so distinguished an antiquary, he will, no doubt, sing. And first let me propose the "Liberty of the Press" and the *Cork Chronicle*,—nine times nine, standing. Hurrah!

JACK BELLEW'S SONG.

AIR—"*O weep for the hour!*"

Oh! the muse shed a tear
When the cruel auctioneer,
With a hammer in his hand, to sweet Blarney came!
Lady Jeffery's ghost
Left the Stygian coast,
And shriek'd the livelong night for her grandson's shame.

The Vandal's hammer fell,
And we know full well
Who bought the castle furniture and fixtures, O!
And took off in a cart
('Twas enough to break one's heart!)
All the statues made of lead, and the pictures, O!

You're the man I mean, right
Sir Thomas Deane, knight,
Whom the people have no reason to thank at all;
But for you those things so old
Sure would never have been sold,
Nor the fox be looking out from the banquet-hall.

Oh, ye pull'd at such a rate
At every wainscoting and grate,
Determined the old house to sack and garble, O!
That you didn't leave a splinter,
To keep out the could winter,
Except a limestone chimney-piece of marble, O!

And there the place was left
Where bold King Charles the Twelfth
Hung, before his portrait went upon a journey, O!
Och! the family's itch
For going to law was sitch,
That they bound him long before to an attorney, O!

But still the magic stone
(Blessings on it!) is not flown,
To which a debt of gratitude Pat Lardner owes:
Kiss that block, if you're a dunce,
And you'll emulate at once
The genius who to fame by dint of blarney rose.

SCOTT.

I thank you, Mr. Bellew, for your excellent ode on that most lamentable subject: it must have been an evil day for Blarney.

BELLEW.

A day to be blotted out of the annals of Innisfail—a day of calamity and downfall. The nightingale never sang so plaintively in "the groves," the dove or the "gentle plover" were not heard "in the afternoon," the fishes wept in the deepest recesses of the lake, and strange sounds were said to issue from "the cave where no daylight enters."—Let me have a squeeze of lemon.

SCOTT.

But what became of the "statues gracing this noble mansion?"

BELLEW.

Sir Thomas Deane bought "Nebuchadnezzar," and the town-clerk, one Besnard, bought "Julius Cæsar." Sir Thomas of late years had taken to devotion, and consequently coveted the leaden effigy of that Assyrian king, of whom Daniel tells us such strange things; but it turned out that the graven image was a likeness of Hercules, after all! so that, having put up the statue in his lawn at Blackrock, the wags have since called his villa "Herculaneum." Like that personage of whom Tommy Moore sings, in his pretty poem about a sculptor's shop, who made a similar *qui pro quo*. What's the verse, Corbet?

CORBET.

"He came to buy *Jonah*, and took away Jove!"

O'MEARA.

There is nothing very wonderful in that. In St. Peter's at Rome we have an old statue of Jupiter (a capital antique bronze it is), which, with the addition of "keys" and some other modern improvements, makes an excellent figure of the prince of the apostles.

PROUT.

Swift says that Jupiter was originally a mere corruption of "*Jew Peter.*" You have given an edition of the Dean, Sir Walter?

SCOTT.

Yes; but to return to your Blarney statue: I wonder the peasantry did not rescue, *vi et armis*, the ornaments of their immortal groves, from the grasp of the barbarians. I happened to be in Paris when the allies took away the sculptured treasures of the Louvre, and the Venetian horses of the Carrousel; and I well remember the indignation of the sons of France. Pray what was the connection between Blarney Castle and Charles XII. of Sweden?

BELLEW.

One of the Jeffery family served with distinction under the gallant Swede, and had received the royal portrait on his return to his native country, after a successful campaign against the Czar Peter. The picture was swindled out of Blarney by an attorney, to satisfy the costs of a lawsuit.

OLDEN.

The Czar Peter was a consummate politician; but when he chopped off the beards of the Russians, and *forced* his subjects by penal laws to shave their chins, he acted very unwisely; he should have procured a supply of *eukeirogeneion*, and effected his object by smooth means.

CORBET.

Come, Olden, let us have one of your songs about that wonderful discovery.

OLDEN.

I'll willingly give you an ode in praise of the incomparable lather; but I think it fair to state that my song, like my *eukeirogeneion*, is a modern imitation of a Greek original: you shall hear it in both languages.

OLDEN'S SONG.

Come, list to my stave,
Ye who roam o'er the land or the wave,
Or in grots subterranean,
Or up the blue Mediterranean,
Near Etna's big crater,
Or across the equator,
Where, within St. Helena, there lieth an emperor's grave;
If, when you have got to the Cape of Good Hope,
You begin to experience a sad want of soap,
Bless your lot
On the spot,
If you chance to lay eye on
A flask of Eukeirogeneion;
For then you may safely rely on
A smooth and most comforting shave!

In this liquid there lies no deception;
For even old Neptune,
Whose bushy chin frightens
The green squad of Tritons—
And who turns up the deep
With the huge flowing sweep

Ευκειρογενειον.

Της εμης ακροᾶσθε
Ωδης, ὁσοι πλανασθε
Εν γῃ, τ' εν κυματεσσι
Καταγαιοις, τ' εν σπηεσσι
Κυανεῳ τε Μεσογαιῳ,
Παρα καμινῳ Αιτναιῳ
Ισημερινου τεραν τε
Κυκλου, επ' Ελεναν τε
'Οδον πλεοντες μακραν,
"Αγαθελπιδος" προς ακραν,
Σπανις ει τις γενοιτο
Σαπωνος, κῆρ χαιροιτο
Ει γ' ομμα το βλεπει σον
Το ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ,
Κουρα γαρ η μαλιστα
Παρεστι σοι τριλλιστα.

Εν κλυσματ' ουτω τῳδε
Εστ' απατη, γαρ ὁ δη
Ποσειδων, ὁ γεραιος
Μεγας Ενοσιγαιος,
Δασον εχων πωγωνα,
'Ω φοβεει Τριτωνα,

Of his lengthy and ponderous beard,—
Should he rub but his throttle
With the foam of this bottle,
He'd find,
To his mind,
In a twinkling the mop would have all disappear'd.

King Nebuchadnezzar,
Who was turn'd for his sins to a grazier,
(For they stopp'd his allowance of praties,
And made him eat grass on the banks of Euphrates),
Whose statue Sir Thomas
Took from us;
Along with the image of Cæsar;
(But Frank Cresswell will tell the whole story to Fraser:)
Though they left him a capital razor,
Still went for seven years with his hair like a lion,
For want of Eukeirogeneion.

Και οιδανει θαλασσαν,
Οσακις εξεπετασσεν
Πωγωνος εκταθεντας
Πλοκαμους βοτρυοεντας,
Προσωπον ει γε λουεί,
Κυτους αφρῳ τουτουι
Εν ακαρει το θειον
Αειαινεται γενειον.

Νεβυχαδναισαρ (συλης
Ου Βλαρνικης αφ' ὑλης
Ὁ Θωμας το ειδωλον
Ὁ βαρβαρος μη Σολων,
Μεγαλην αφαιρων λειαν
Και δημοων φυτειαν,
Σοι τ' αυτο ρεξε Καισαρ,
Ὡς γνωσεται ὁ ΦΡΑΙΣΑΡ)
Τα ξυρ' αριστ' αναξ' εν
Οικῳ εχων ταραξεν,
Ὁ πωγων και χαιτησιν
Εσθημενος, πλαγης ην
Θηρ ως', ουτω γαρ διον
Ειχ' ΕΥΚΕΙΡΟΓΕΝΕΙΟΝ.

PROUT.

I don't think it fair that Frank Cresswell should say nothing all the evening. Up, up, my boy! give us a speech or a stave of some kind or other. Have you never been at school? Come, let us have "Norval on the Grampian hills," or something or other.

Thus apostrophized, O Queen! I put my wits together; and, anxious to contribute my quota to the common fund of classic enjoyment, I selected the immortal ode of Campbell, and gave a Latin translation in rhyme as well as I could.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful rivalry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven:
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery!

The combat thickens! on, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave.
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Prælium apud Hohenlinden.

Sol ruit cœlo minuitque lumen,
Nix super terris jacet usque munda,
Et tenebrosâ fluit Iser undâ
Flebile flumen!

Namque nocturnus simul arsit ignis,
Tympanum rauco sonuit boatu,
Dum micant flammis, agitante flatu,
Rura malignis.

Jam dedit vocem tuba! fax rubentes
Ordinat turmis equites, et ultrò
Fert equos ardor, rutilante cultro,
Ire furentes.

Tum sono colles tremuere belli,
Tum ruit campo sonipes, et æther
Mugit, et rubrâ tonitru videtur
Arce revelli!

Ingruit strages! citò, ferte gressum!
Quos triumphantem redimere pulchro
Tempori laurum juvat! aut sepulchro
Stare cupressum!

Hìc ubi campum premuere multi,
Tecta quàm rari patriæ videbunt
Heu sepulchrali nive quot manebunt,
Pol! nec inulti!

Such, O Queen! was my feeble effort: and to your fostering kindness I commit the luckless abortion, hoping to be forgiven by Tom Campbell for having upset into very inadequate Latin his spirit-stirring poetry. I made amends, however, to the justly-enraged Muse, by eliciting the following dithyrambic from Dan Corbet, whom I challenged in my turn:

DAN CORBET'S SONG.

The Ivory Tooth.

Believe me, dear Prout,
Should a tooth e'er grow loose in your head,
Or fall out,
And perchance you'd wish one in its stead,
Soon you'd see what my Art could contrive for ye;
When I'd forthwith produce,
For your reverence's use,
A most beautiful tooth carved from ivory!
Which, when dinner-time comes,
Would so well fit your gums,
That to make one superior
'Twould puzzle a fairy, or
Any 'cute Leprechawn
That trips o'er the lawn,
Or the spirit that dwells
In the lonely harebells,
Or a witch from the big lake Ontario!

'Twould fit in so tight,
So brilliant and bright,
And be made of such capital stuff,
That no food
Must needs be eschew'd
On account of its being too tough;
'Twould enable a sibyl
The hardest sea-biscuit to nibble;
Nay, with such a sharp tusk, and such polish'd enamel,
Dear Prout, you could eat up a camel!

As I know you will judge
With eye microscopic
What I say on this delicate topic,
And I wish to beware of all fudge,
I tell but the bare naked truth,
And I hope I don't state what's irrelevant,
When I say that this tooth,
Brought from Africa, when
In the depths of a palm-shaded glen
It was captured by men,
Then adorn'd in the full bloom of youth,
The jaws of a blood-royal elephant.

We are told,
That a surgeon of old—
Oh, 'tis he was well skill'd in the art of nosology!
For such was his knowledge, he
Could make you a nose bran new!
I scarce can believe it, can you?
And still did a public most keen and discerning
Acknowledge his learning;
Yea, such skill was his,
That on any unfortunate phiz,
By some luckless chance,
In the wars of France,
Deprived of its fleshy ridge,
He'd raise up a nasal bridge.

Now my genius is not so precocious
As that of Dr. Tagliacotius,
For I only profess to be versed in the art of dontology;
To make you a nose
"C'est toute autre chose;"
For at best, my dear Prout,
Instead of a human snout,
You'd get but a sorry apology.
But let me alone
For stopping a gap, or correcting a flaw
In a patient's jaw;
Or making a tooth that, like bone of your bone,
Will outlive your own,
And shine on in the grave when your spirit is flown.

I know there's a blockhead
That will put you a tooth up with wires,
And then, when the clumsy thing tires,
This most impudent fellow
Will quietly tell you
To take it out of its socket,
And put it back into your waistcoat pocket!
But 'tis not so with mine,
O most learned divine!
For without any spurious auxiliary,
So firmly infix'd in your dexter maxillary,
To your last dying moment 'twill shine,
Unless 'tis knock'd out,
In some desperate rout,
By a sudden discharge of artillery.

Thus the firmer 'twill grow as the wearer grows older,
And then, when in death you shall moulder,
Like that Greek who had gotten an ivory shoulder,
The delight and amazement of ev'ry beholder,
You'll be sung by the poets in your turn, O!
"Dente Prout humeroque Pelops insignis eburno!"

VIRG. *Georg. II.*

CORBET.

Come, old Prout, let's have a stave! And first, here's to your health, my old cock!

"Perpetual bloom
To the Church of Rome!"

[*Drunk standing.*]

The excellent old man acknowledged the toast with becoming dignity, and tunefully warbled the *Latin original* of one of "the Melodies."

FATHER PROUT'S SONG.

Prout cantat.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader;
When Nial, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the red-branch knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the brow of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cool, calm eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.

O! utinam sanos mea Ierna recogitet annos
Antea *quàm* nati vincla dedêre pati,
Cùm Malachus TORQUE ut patriæ defensor honorque
Ibat: erat verò pignus ab hoste fero.
Tempore vexillo viridante equitabat in illo
Nialus ante truces fervidus ire duces.
Hi nec erant anni radiis in fronte tyranni
Fulgeat ut claris, insula gemma maris.

Quando tacet ventus, Neaghæ dùm margine lentus
Piscator vadit, vesperæ ut umbra cadit,
Contemplans undas, ibi turres stare rotundas

So shall memory oft, in dream sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look through the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Credidit, inque lacûs oppida cernit aquis.
Sic memori in somnis res gesta reponitur omnis
Historicosque dies rettulit alma quies,
Gloria sublimis se effert è fluctibus imis,
Atque apparet ibi patria cara tibi.

PROUT.

I now call on my worthy friend Dowden, whom I am sorry to see indulging in nothing but soda all the evening: come, President of the "Temperance," and ornament of "the Kirk," a song!

DICK DOWDEN'S SONG.

AIR—*"I sing the Maid of Lodi."*

I sing the fount of soda,
That sweetly springs for me,
And I hope to make this ode a
Delightful melody;
For if "Castalian" water
Refresh'd the tuneful nine,
Health to the Muse! I've brought her
A bubbling draught of mine.

Αριστον μεν το ὑδωρ—
So Pindar sang of old,
Though modern bards—*proh pudor!*—
Deem water dull and cold;
But if at my suggestion
They'd try the crystal spring,
They'd find that, for digestion,
Pure element's the thing.

With soda's cheerful essence
They'd fill the brimming glass,
And feel the mild 'fervescence
Of hydrogen and gas;
Nor quaff Geneva's liquor—
Source of a thousand ills!
Nor swill the poisonous ichor
Cork (to her shame!) distils.

Gin is a lurking viper,
That stings the madden'd soul,
And Reason pays the piper,
While Folly drains the bowl;
And rum, made of molasses,
Inclineth man to sin!
And far *potheen* surpasses
The alcohol of gin.

But purest air in fixture
Pervades the soda draught,
And forms the sylph-like mixture
Brew'd by our gentle craft.
Nor is the beverage injured
When flavour'd with a lime;
Or if, when slightly ginger'd,
'Tis swallow'd off in time.

Far from the tents of topers
Blest be my lot to dwell,
Secure from interlopers
At peaceful "*Sunday's well.*"
Free o'er my lawn to wander,
Amid sweet flowers and fruits;
And may I still grow fonder
Of chemical pursuits.

Through life with step unerring
To glide, nor wealth to hoard,
Content if a red herring
Adorn my frugal board;
While Martha, mild and placid,
Assumes the household cares,
And *pyroligneous acid*
The juicy ham prepares.

SCOTT.

That is a capital defence of the Temperance Society, and of sodaic compounds, Mr. Dowden, and clearly refutes the rash assertion of Horace—

"Nec durare diû nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus."

PROUT.

Dick, you have a decided claim for a song on any of our guests whose melodious pipe we have not as yet heard.

DOWDEN.

I call on O'Meara, whom I have detected watching, with a covetous eye, something in the distant landscape. A song, friar!

O'MEARA.

I am free to confess that yonder turkey, of which I can get a glimpse through the kitchen-door, has a most tempting aspect. Would it were spitted!—but, alas! this is Friday. However, there are substitutes even for a turkey, as I shall endeavour to demonstrate in the most elegant style of Franciscan Latinity; adding a free translation for the use of the ignorant.

FRIAR O'MEARA'S SONG.

Why then, sure it was made by a learned owl,
The "rule" by which I beg,
Forbidding to eat of the tender fowl
That hangs on yonder peg.
But, rot it! no matter:
For here on a platter,
Sweet Margaret brings
A food fit for kings;
And a meat
Clean and neat—
That's an egg!
Sweet maid,
She brings me an egg newly laid!
And to fast I need ne'er be afraid,
For 'tis Peg
That can find me an egg.

Three different ways there are of eating them;
First boil'd, then fried with salt,—
But there's a particular way of treating them,
Where many a cook's at fault:
For with parsley and flour
'Tis in Margaret's power
To make up a dish,
Neither meat, fowl, nor fish;
But in Paris they call 't
A neat
Omelette.
Sweet girl!
In truth, as in Latin, her name is a pearl,
When she gets
Me a platter of nice omelettes.

Och! 'tis all in my eye, and a joke,
To call fasting a sorrowful yoke;
Sure, of Dublin Bay herrings a keg,
And an egg,
Is enough for all sensible folk!
Success to the fragrant turf-smoke,
That curls round the pan on the fire;
While the sweet yellow yolk
From the egg-shells is broke
In that pan,
Who can,
If he have but the heart of a man,
Not feel the soft flame of desire,
When it burns to a clinker the heart of a friar?

Cantilena Omearica.

I.

Nostrâ non est regulâ
Edenda gallina,
Altera sed edula
Splendent in culinâ:
Ova manus sedula
Affert mihi bina!
Est Margarita,
Quæ facit ita,
Puellarum regina!

II.

Triplex mos est edere:
Primò, genuina;
Dein, certo fœdere
Tosta et salina;
Tum, nil herbæ lædere
Possunt aut farina;
Est Margarita,
Quæ facit ita,
Puellarum regina!

III.

(*Lento e maetoso.*)

Tempus stulta plebs abhorret
Quadragesimale:
Halec sed si in mensâ foret,
Res iret non tam male!
Ova dum hæc nympha torret
In ollâ cum sale.
Est Margarita,
Quæ facit ita,
Puellarum regina!

PROUT.

I coincide with all that has been said in praise of eggs; I have written a voluminous essay on the subject; and as to frying them in a pan, it is decidedly the best method. That ingenious man, Crofton Croker, was the first among all the writers on "useful knowledge" who adorn this utilitarian epoch to discover the striking resemblance that exists between those two delightful objects in national history, *a daisy* and *a fried egg*. Eggs broken into a pan seem encircled with a whitish border, having a yellow nucleus in the centre; and the similar appearance of the field-daisy ought to have long since drawn the notice of Wordsworth. Meantime in the matter of frying eggs, care should be taken not to overdo them, as an old philosopher has said—μελετη το παν. But let none imagine that in all I have said I intend to hint, in the remotest manner, any approval of that barbarous and unnatural combination—that horrid amalgam, yclept a *pancake*, than which nothing can be more detestable.

SCOTT.

Have you any objection, learned host, to our hearing a little instrumental music? Suppose we get a tune on the bagpipe? I understand your man, Terry Callaghan, can squeeze the bags to some purpose.

PROUT.

Terry! come in, and bring your pipes!

Terry, nothing loth, came, though with some difficulty, and rather unsteadily, from the kitchen; and having established himself on a three-legged stool (the usual seat of Pythonic inspiration), gave, after a short prelude, the following harmonious strain, with vocal accompaniment to suit the tuneful drone of the bags: in which arrangement he strictly adhered to the Homeric practice; for we find that the most approved and highly gifted minstrels of the "Odyssey" (especially that model among the bards of antiquity, Demodocus), owing to their contempt for wind-instruments, were enabled to play and sing at the same time; but neither the lyre, the plectrum, the φορμιγξ, the chelys, the testudo, or the barbiton, afford such facilities for the concomitance of voice and music as that wondrous engine of harmony the Celtic bagpipe, called "*corne muse*" by the French, as if *par excellence* "*cornu musæ*." Terry, having exalted his horn, sang thus:

TERRY CALLAGHAN'S SONG;

Being a full and true Account of the Storming of Blarney Castle, by the united forces of Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax, in 1628.

AIR—"*I'm akin to the Callaghans.*"

O Blarney Castle, my darlint!
Sure you're nothing at all but a stone
Wrapt in ivy—a nest for all varmint,
Since the ould Lord Clancarty is gone.
Och! 'tis you that was once strong and aincient,
And ye kep all the Sassenachs down,
While fighting them battles that ain't yet
Forgotten by martial renown.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Bad luck to that robber, ould Crommill!
That plundered our beautiful fort:
We'll never forgive him, though some will—
Saxons! such as George Knapp and his sort.

But they tell us the day'll come, when Dannel
Will purge the whole country, and drive
All the Sassenachs into the Channel,
Nor leave a Cromwellian alive.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Curse the day clumsy Noll's ugly *corpus*,
Clad in copper, was seen on our plain;
When he rowled over here like a porpoise,
In two or three hookers from Spain!
And bekase that he was a freemason
He mounted a battering-ram,
And into her mouth, full of treason,
Twenty pound of gunpowder he'd cram.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

So when the brave boys of Clancarty
Looked over their battlement-wall,
They saw wicked Oliver's party
All a feeding on powder and ball;
And that giniral that married his daughter,
Wid a heap of grape-shot in his jaw—
That's bould Ireton, so famous for slaughter—
And he was his brother-in-law.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

They fired off their bullets like thunder,
That whizzed through the air like a snake;
And they made the ould castle (no wonder!)
With all its foundations to shake.
While the Irish had nothing to shoot off
But their bows and their arras, the sowls!
Waypons fit for the wars of old Plutarch,
And perhaps mighty good for wild fowls.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Och! 'twas Crommill then gave the dark token—
For in the black art he was deep;
And though the eyes of the Irish stood open,
They found themselves all fast asleep!
With his jack-boots he stepped on the water,
And he walked clane right over the lake;
While his sodgers they all followed after,
As dry as a duck or a drake.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Then the gates he burnt down to a cinder,
And the roof he demolished likewise;
O! the rafters they flamed out like tinder,
And the buildin' *flared up* to the skies.
And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
With the dairy, the cows, and the hay:
And they lived there in clover like heifers,
As their ancestors do to this day.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Such was the song of Terry, in the chorus of which he was aided by the sympathetic baryton of Jack Bellew's voice, never silent when his country's woes are the theme of eloquence or minstrelsy. An incipient somnolency began, however, to manifest itself in Corbet and Dick Dowden; and I confess I myself can recollect little else of the occurrences of the evening. Wherefore with this epilogue we conclude our account of the repast on Watergrasshill, observing that Sir Walter Scott was highly pleased with the sacerdotal banquet, and expressed himself so to Knapp; to whom, on their return in a post-chaise to Cork, he exclaimed,

"Prorsus jucundè cœnam produximus illam."—Hor.

IV.

Dean Swift's Madness.

A TALE OF A CHURN.

(*Fraser's Magazine, July*, 1834.)

—o—

[The *Fraser* which contained this grimly grotesque phantasy by Prout was the one in which, as the fiftieth Literary Portrait in *Regina's* Gallery, the Author of "Rookwood," then in his *jeunesse dorée*, was depicted, symmetrical in form, perfectly clad, curly-headed, delicately chiselled in feature, negligently half-seated upon a table, surrounded by festoons of manacles, crape-masks, and pistols at full cock, befitting the celebrant of prison-breakers and highwaymen. Obeying the impulse of some now incomprehensible freak, Magian, in the letterpress accompanying Maclise's sketch, dubbed the romancist, not according to his baptismal register, William Harrison, but *Walker Hedric* Ainsworth. There can be little doubt of it but that Thackeray had this paper of Mahony's unconsciously in his recollection when in his lecture on Swift, seventeen years later on, he spoke of the great Dean as entering the nursery with the look and tread of an ogre. Not inappropriately as the tailpiece to the reprint of this double-headed essay in 1836, the infant Prout was revealed by the pencil of Croquis as escaping in a churn from the terrible risk of getting only too literally a little later on into a pickle, through the carrying out of his illustrious putative father's suggestion that the children of papists should be utilized for the advantage of the Royal Navy by being turned into salt provisions.]

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver—
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy-chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's *copper chains* unbind!"

POPE.

WE are fully cognizant of and prepared for the overwhelming burst of felicitation which we shall elicit from a sympathizing public, when we announce the glad tidings of the safe arrival in London of the Watergrasshill "chest," fraught with treasures such as no Spanish galleon ever wafted from Manilla or Peru into the waters of the Guadalquiver. From the remote Irish highland where Prout wasted so much Athenian suavity on the desert air, unnoticed and unappreciated by the rude tenants of the hamlet, his trunk of posthumous papers has been brought into our cabinet; and there it stands before us, like unto the Trojan horse, replete with the armed offspring of the great man's brain, right well packed with classic stuffing—ay, pregnant with life and glory! Haply has Fate decreed that it should fall into proper hands and fitting custody; else to what vile uses might not this vile box of learned lumber have been unwittingly converted—we shudder in spirit at the probable

destiny that would have awaited it. The Caliph Omar warmed the bath of Alexandria with Ptolemy's library; and the "Prout Papers" might ere now be lighting the pipes of "the boys" in Blarney Lane, while the chest itself might afford materials for a three-legged stool—

"Truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum!"

In verity it ought to be allowable at times to indulge in that most pleasing opiate, self-applause; and having made so goodly an acquisition, why should not we chuckle inwardly while congratulated from without, ever and anon glancing an eye of satisfaction at the chest:

"Mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac contemplor in arcâ!"

Never did that learned ex-Jesuit, Angelo Mai, now librarian of the Vatican, rejoice more over a "palimpsest" MS. of some crazy old monk, in which his quick eye fondly had detected the long-lost decade of Livy—never did friend Pettigrew gloat over a newly uncoffined mummy—(warranted of the era of Sesostris)—never did (that living mummy) Maurice de Talleyrand exult over a fresh bundle of Palmerstonian protocols, with more internal complacency,—than did we, jubilating over this sacerdotal anthology, this miscellany "in boards," at last safely lodged in our possession.

Apropos. We should mention that we had previously the honour of receiving from his Excellency Prince Maurice (aforesaid) the following note, to which it grieved us to return a flat negative:—

"Le Prince de Talleyrand prie Mr. OLIVIER YORKE d'agréer ses respectueux hommages. Ayant eu l'avantage de connaître personellement feu l'Abbé de Prout lors de ses études à la Sorbonne en 1778, il serait charmé, sitôt qu'arriveront les papiers de ce respectable ecclésiastique, d'assister à l'ouverture du coffre. Cette faveur, qu'il se flatte d'obtenir de la politesse reconnue de Monsieur YORKE, il sçaura duement apprécier.

"Ambassade de France, Hanovre Sq.
"ce 3 Juin."

We suspected at once, and our surmise has proved correct, that many documents would be found referring to Marie Antoinette's betrayers, and the practices of those three prime intriguers, Mirabeau, Cagliostro, and Prince Maurice; so that we did well in eschewing the honour intended us in overhauling these papers—Non "Talley" auxilio!

We hate a flourish of trumpets; and though we could justly command all the clarions of renown to usher in these Prout writings, let their own intrinsic worth be the sole herald of their fame. We are not like the rest of men, obliged to inflate our cheeks with incessant effort to blow our commodities into notoriety. No! we are not disciples in the school of Puffendorf: Prout's *fish* will be found fresh and substantial—not "blown," as happens too frequently in the literary market. We have more than once acknowledged the unsought and unpurchased plaudits of our contemporaries; but it is also to the imperishable verdict of posterity that we ultimately look for a ratification of modern applause; with Cicero we exclaim—"Memoriâ vestrâ, Quirites, nostræ res vivent, sermonibus crescent, litterarum monumentis veterascent et corroborabuntur!" Yes! while the ephemeral writers of the day, mere bubbles on the surface of the flood, will become extinct in succession,—while a few, more lucky than their comrade dunces, may continue for a space to swim with the aid of those vile bladders, newspaper puffs, Father Prout will be seen floating triumphantly down the stream of time, secure and buoyant in a genuine "Cork" jacket.

We owe it to the public to account for the delay experienced in the transmission of the "chest" from Watergrasshill to our hands. The fact is, that at a meeting of the parishioners held on the subject (Mat Horrogan, of Blarney, in the chair), it was *resolved*, "That Terry Callaghan, being a tall and trustworthy man, able to do credit to the village in London, and carry eleven stone weight (the precise tariff of the trunk), should be sent at the public expense, *viâ* Bristol, with the coffer strapped to his shoulders, and plenty of the wherewithal to procure 'refreshment' on the western road, until he should deliver the same at Mr. Fraser's, Regent Street, with the compliments of the parish." Terry, wisely considering, like the Commissioners of the Deccan prize-money, that the occupation was too good a thing not to make it last as long as possible, kept refreshing himself, at the cost of the parochial committee, on the great western road, and only arrived last week in Regent Street. Having duly stopped to admire Lady Aldborough's "round tower," set up to honour the Duke of York, and elbowed his way through the "Squadrint," he at last made his appearance at our office; and when he had there discharged his load, went off to take pot-luck with Feargus O'Connor.

Here, then, we are enabled, no longer deferring the promised boon, to lay before the public the first of the "Prout Papers;" breaking bulk, to use a seaman's phrase, and producing at hazard a specimen of what is contained in the coffer brought hither on the shoulders of tall and trustworthy Terry Callaghan.

"Pandere res *altâ Terrâ* et *Caligine* mersas."

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st July, 1834.

Watergrasshill, March 1830.

YET a few years, and a full century shall have elapsed since the death of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Yes, O my friends! if such I may presume to designate you into whose hands, when I am gathered to the silent tomb, these writings shall fall, and to whose kindly perusal I commend them, bequeathing, at the same time, the posthumous blessing of a feeble and toil-worn old man—yes, when a few winters more shall have added to the accumulated snow of age that weighs on the hoary head of the pastor of this upland, and a short period shall have rolled on in the dull monotony of these latter days, the centenary cycle will be fully completed, the secular anthem of dirge-like solemnity may be sung, since the grave closed for ever on *one* whom Britain justly reveres as the most upright, intuitive, and gifted of her sages; and whom Ireland, when the frenzied hour of strife shall have passed away, and the turbulence of parties shall have subsided into a national calm, will hail with the rapture of returning reason, as the first, the best, the mightiest of her sons. The long arrears of gratitude to the only true disinterested champion of her people will then be paid—the long-deferred apotheosis of the patriot-divine will then take place—the shamefully-forgotten debt of glory which the lustre of his genius shed around his semi-barbarous countrymen will be deeply and feelingly remembered; the old landmark of genuine worth will be discovered in the ebbing of modern agitation, and due honour will be rendered by a more enlightened age to the keen and scrutinizing philosopher, the scanner of whate'er lies hidden in the folds of the human heart, the prophetic seer of coming things, the unsparing satirist of contemporary delinquency, the stern Rhadamanthus of the political and of the

literary world, the star of a benighted land, the lance and the buckler of Israel—

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."*

And still why must I recall (what I would fain obliterate) the ever-painful fact,—graven, alas! too indelibly on the stubborn tablets of his biographers, chronicled in the annals of the country, and, above all, firmly and fatally established by the monumental record of his own philanthropic munificence,—the disastrous fact, that ere this brilliant light of our island was quenched in death, towards the close of the year 1745—long before that sad consummation, the flame had wavered wild and flickered fitfully in its lamp of clay, casting around shadows of ghastly form, and soon assuming a strange and melancholy hue, that made every well-wisher hail as a blessing the event of its final extinction in the cold and dismal vaults of St. Patrick's. In what mysterious struggle his gigantic intellect had been cloven down, none could tell. But the evil genius of insanity had clearly obtained a masterdom over faculties the most powerful, and endowments the highest, that have fallen to the lot of man.

We are told of occasional hours of respite from the fangs of his tormenting δαιμων,—we learn of moments when the "mens divinior" was suffered to go loose from its gaoler, and to roam back, as it were, on "parole," into the dominions of reason, like the ghost of the murdered king, allowed to revisit, for a brief space, the glimpses of our glorious firmament,—but such gleams of mental enlightenment were but few, and short in their duration. They were like the flash that is seen to illumine the wreck when all hope is gone, and, fiercely bursting athwart in the darkness, appears but to seal the doom of the cargo and the mariners—intervals of lugubrious transport, described by our native bard, as

"That ecstasy which, from the depths of sadness,
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness."

Alas! full rapidly would that once clear and sagacious spirit falter and relapse into the torpor of idiocy. His large, expressive eyes, rolling wildly, would at times exhibit, as it were, the inward working of his reason, essaying in vain to cast off the nightmare that sat triumphant there, impeding that current of thought, once so brisk and brilliant. Noble and classic in the very writhings of delirium, and often sublime, he would appear a living image of the sculptured Laocoon, battling with a serpent that had grasped, not the body, but the mind, in its entangling folds. Yet must we repeat the sad truth, and again record in sorrow, that the last two or three years of Jonathan Swift presented nothing but the shattered remnants of what had been a powerfully organized being, to whom it ought to have been allotted, according to our faint notions, to carry unimpaired and undiminished into the hands of *Him* who gave such varied gifts, and formed such a goodly intellect, the stores of hoarded wisdom and the overflowing measure of talents well employed: but such was not the

* Note in Prout's handwriting: "Doyle, of Carlow, faintly resembles him. Bold, honest, disinterested, an able writer, a scholar, a gentleman; a bishop, too, in our church, with none of the shallow pedantry, silly hauteur, arrant selfishness, and anile dotage, which may be sometimes covered, but not hidden, under a mitre. Swift demolished, in his day, Woods and his bad halfpence; Doyle denounced Daniel and his box of coppers. A provision for the starving Irish was called for by 'the Dean,' and was sued for by 'J. K. L.' Alas! when will the Government awaken to the voice of our island's best and most enlightened patriots? Truly, it hath 'Moses and the prophets'—doth the Legislature wait until one come from the dead?"

Doyle is since dead—but "defunctus adhuc loquitur!"—O. Y.

counsel of an inscrutable Providence, whose decree was to be fulfilled in the prostration of a mighty understanding—

Διος δ' ετελειετο βουλη.

And here let me pause—for a sadly pleasing reminiscence steals across my mind, a recollection of youthful days. I love to fix, in its flight, a transitory idea; and I freely plead the privilege of discursiveness conceded to the garrulity of old age. When my course of early travel led me to wander in search of science, and I sought abroad that scholastic knowledge which was denied to us at home in those evil days; when, by force of legislation, I became like others of my clerical brethren, a "peripatetic" philosopher—like them compelled to perambulate some part of Europe in quest of professional education—the sunny provinces of southern France were the regions of my choice; and my first gleanings of literature were gathered on the banks of that mighty stream so faithfully characterized by Burdigala's native poet Ausonius, in his classic enumeration:

"*Lentus* Arar, Rhodanusque *celer*, PLENUSque GARUMNA."

One day, a goatherd, who fed his shaggy flock along the river was heard by me, as, seated on the lofty bank, he gazed on the shining flood, to sing a favourite carol of the country. 'Twas but a simple ballad; yet it struck me as a neat illustration of the ancient parallel between the flow of human life and the course of the running waters; and thus it began:

"Salut! O vieux fleuve, qui coules par la plaine!
Hélas! un même cours ici bas nous entraine—
Egal est en tout notre sort:
Tous deux nous fournissons la même carrière;
Car un même destin nous mène, O rivière!—
Vous à la mer! nous à la mort!"

So sang the rustic minstrel. But it has occurred to me, calmly and sorrowfully pondering on the fate of Swift, that although this melancholy resemblance, so often alluded to in Scriptural allegory, may hold good in the general fortunes of mankind, still has it been denied to some to complete in their personal history the sad similitude; for not a few, and these some of the most exalted of our species, have been forbidden to glide into the Ocean of Eternity bringing thereunto the fulness of their life-current with its brimming banks undrained.

Who that has ever gazed on the glorious Rhine, coeval in historic memory with the first Cæsar, and boasting much previous traditionary renown, at the spot where it gushes from its Alpine source, would not augur to it, with the poet, an uninterrupted career, and an ever-growing volume of copious exuberance?

"Au pied du Mont Adulle, entre mille roseaux,
Le Rhin tranquil, et fier du progrès de ses eaux,
Appuyé d'une main sur son urne penchante,
S'endort au bruit flatteur de son onde naissante."

BOILEAU.

Whence if it is viewed sweeping in brilliant cataracts through many a mountain glen, and many a woodland scene, until it glides from the realms of romance into the business of life, and forms the majestic boundary of two rival nations, conferring benefits on both—reflecting from the broad expanse of its waters anon the mellow vineyards of Johannisberg, anon the hoary crags of Drachenfels—who then could venture to foretell that so splendid an alliance of usefulness and grandeur was destined to be dissolved—that yon rich flood would

never gain that ocean into whose bosom a thousand rivulets flow on with unimpeded gravitation, but would disappear in the quagmires of Helvoetsluys, be lost in the swamps of Flanders, or absorbed in the sands of Holland?

Yet such is the course of the Rhine, and such was the destiny of Swift,—of that man the outpourings of whose abundant mind fertilized alike the land of his fathers* and the land of his birth: that man the very overflowings of whose strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the men of Egypt.

A deep and hallowed motive impels me to select that last and dreary period of his career for the subject of special analysis; to elucidate its secret history, and to examine it in all its bearings; eliminating conjecture, and substituting fact; prepared to demolish the visionary superstructure of hypothesis, and to place the matter on its simple basis of truth and reality.

It is far from my purpose and far from my heart to tread on such solemn ground save with becoming awe and with feet duly unshodden. If, then, in the following pages, I dare to unseal the long-closed well, think not that I seek to desecrate the fountain: if it devolves on me to lift the veil, fear not that I mean to profane the sanctuary: tarry until this paper shall have been perused to its close; nor will it fall from your grasp without leaving behind it a conviction that its contents were traced by no unfriendly hand, and by no *unwarranted* biographer: for if a bald spot were to be found on the head of Jonathan Swift, the hand of Andrew Prout should be the first to cover it with laurels.

There is a something sacred about insanity: the traditions of every country agree in flinging a halo of mysterious distinction around the unhappy mortal stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The poet who most studied from nature, and least from books, the immortal Shakespeare, has never made our souls thrill with more intense sympathy than when his personages are brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason. The grey hairs of King Lear are silvered over with additional veneration when he raves; and the wild flower of insanity is the tenderest that decks the pure garland of Ophelia. The story of Orestes has furnished Greek tragedy with its most powerful emotions; and never did the mighty Talma sway with more irresistible dominion the assembled men of France, than when he personated the fury-driven maniac of Euripides, revived on the French stage by the muse of Voltaire. We know that among rude and unfutored nations madness is of rare occurrence, and its instances few indeed. But though its frequency in more refined and civilized society has taken away much of the deferential homage paid to it in primitive times, still, in the palmiest days of Greek and Roman illumination, the oracles of Delphi found their fitting organ in the frenzy of the Pythoness; and through such channels does the Latin lyrist represent the Deity communicating with man:

> ——— "quatit
> Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius."

But let us look into our own breasts, and acknowledge that, with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruin of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that gaze, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features, still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to our eye, strike us with that awe which the obelisk of the desert, with its insculptured riddles, inspires into the Arabian shepherd. An oriental opinion makes such beings

* Prout supposes Swift to have been a natural son of Sir William Temple. We believe him in error here.—O. Y.

the favourites of Heaven: and the strong tincture of eastern ideas, so discernible on many points in Ireland, is here also perceptible; for a born idiot among the offspring of an Irish cabin is prized as a family *palladium*.

To contemplate what was once great and resplendent in the eyes of man slowly mouldering in decay, has never been an unprofitable exercise of thought; and to muse over reason itself fallen and prostrate, cannot fail to teach us our complete deficiency. If to dwell among ruins and amid sepulchres—to explore the pillared grandeur of the tenantless Palmyra, or the crumbling wreck of that Roman amphitheatre once manned with applauding thousands and rife with joy, now overgrown with shrubs and haunted by the owl—if to soliloquize in the valley where autumnal leaves are thickly strewn, ever reminding us by their incessant rustle, as we tread the path, "that all that's bright must fade;"—if these things beget that mood of soul in which the suggestions of Heaven find readiest adoption,—how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the mournful aberrations of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, humble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration! It is in truth a sad bereavement, a dissevering of ties long cherished, a parting scene melancholy to witness, when the ethereal companion of this clay takes its departure, an outcast from the earthly coil that it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless and friendless, beyond the picturings of poetry to describe;—a picture realized in Swift, who, more than Adrian, was entitled to exclaim;

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!"

"Wee soul, fond rambler, whither, say,
Whither, boon comrade, fleest away?
Ill canst thou bear the bitter blast—
Houseless, unclad, affright, aghast;
Jocund no more! and hush'd the mirth
That gladden'd oft the sons of earth!"

Nor unloth am I to confess that such contemplations have won upon me in the decline of years. Youth has its appropriate pursuits; and to him who stands on the threshold of life, with all its gaieties and festive hours spread in alluring blandishment before him, such musings may come amiss, and such studies may offer no attraction. We are then eager to mingle in the crowd of active existence, and to mix with those who swarm and jostle each other on the molehill of this world—

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men!"

But to me, numbering fourscore years, and full tired of the frivolities of modern wisdom, metaphysical inquiry returns with all its charms, fresh as when first I courted, in the halls of Sorbonne, the science of the soul. On this barren hill where my lot is fallen, in that "sunset of life" which is said to "bring mystical lore," I love to investigate subjects such as these.

"And may my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
Seeking, with Plato, to unfold
What realms or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal soul that hath forsook
Its mansion in this fleshy nook!
And may, at length, my weary age
Find out some peaceful hermitage,
Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain!"

To fix the precise limits where sober reason's well-regulated dominions end and at what bourne the wild region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness until it joins the remote and volcanic territory of downright insanity,—were a task which the most deeply-read

psychologist might attempt in vain. Hopeless would be the endeavour to settle the exact confines; for nowhere is there so much debatable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary. The degrees of longitude and latitude have never been laid down, nor, that I learn, ever calculated at all, for want of a really sensible solid man to act the part of a first meridian. The same remark is applicable to a congenial subject, viz. that state of the human frame akin to *insanity*, and called *intoxication*; for there are here also various degrees of intensity; and where on earth (except perhaps in the person of my friend Dick Dowden) will you find, κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον a SOBER man, according with the description in a hymn of our church liturgy?

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos levis afflat aurâ
Spiritus ignes."

Ex officio Brev. Rom. de communi Conf. non Pont. ad vesperas.

I remember well, when in 1815 the present Lord Chancellor (then simple Harry Brougham) came to this part of the country (attracted hither by the fame of our Blarney-stone), having had the pleasure of his society one summer evening in this humble dwelling, and conversing with him long and loudly on the topic of inebriation. He had certainly taken a drop extra, but perhaps was therefore better qualified for debating the subject, viz. *at what precise point drunkenness sets in, and what is the exact low water-mark.* He first advocated *a three-bottle system*, but enlarged his view of the question as he went on, until he reminded me of those spirits described by Milton, who sat apart on a hill retired, discussing *freewill, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute,*

"And found no end, in wandering mazes lost!"

My idea of the matter was very simple, although I had some trouble in bringing him round to the true understanding of things; for he is obstinate by nature, and, like the village schoolmaster, whom he has sent "abroad,"

"Even though vanquish'd, he can argue still."

I showed him that the poet Lucretius, in his elaborate work "De Naturâ Rerum," had long since established a criterion, or standard—a sort of clepsydra, to ascertain the final departure of sobriety,—being the well-known phenomenon of reduplication in the visual orb, that sort of second-sight common among the Scotch:

"Bina lucernarum flagrantia lumina flammis,
Et duplices hominum vultus et corpora bina!"

LUCRETIUS, lib. iv. 452.

But, unfortunately, just as I thought I had placed my opinions in their most luminous point of view, I found that poor Harry was completely fuddled, so as to be unconscious of all I could urge during the rest of the evening; for, as Tom Moore says in "Lalla Rookh,"

——"the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, could not clear again."

It has long ago been laid down as a maxim by Seneca, that "nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ insaniæ." Newton was decidedly mad when he wrote his comment on Revelations; so, I think, was Napier of the

logarithms, when he achieved a similar exploit; Burns was more than once labouring under delirium, of the kind called *tremens;* Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a madhouse; Nathaniel Lee,* the dramatist, when a tenant of Bedlam, wrote a tragedy twenty-five acts long; and Sophocles was accused before the tribunal of the φρατρια, and only acquitted of insanity by the recitation of his *Œdip. Colon.* Pascal was a miserable hypochondriac; the poet Cowper and the philosopher Rousseau were subject to lunacy; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon; and, in an hospital at Madrid, the same fate, with the same attendant madness, closed the career of the author of "Don Quixote," the immortal Miguel Cervantes. Shelley was mad outright; and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion. His uncle, the eighth lord, had been the homicide of his kindred, and hid his remorse in the dismal cloisters of Newstead. He himself enumerates three of his maternal ancestors who died by their own hands. Last February (1830), Miss Milbanke, in the books he has put forth to the world, states her belief and that of her advisers, that "the Lord Byron was actually insane." And in Dr. Millingen's book (the Surgeon of the Suliote brigade) we find these words attributed to the *Childe:* "I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days, like Swift, a grinning idiot." —*Anecdotes of Lord Byron's Illness and Death, by* JULIUS MILLINGEN, p. 120.—*London.*

Strange to say, few men have been more exempt from the usual exciting causes of insanity than Swift. If ambition, vanity, avarice, intemperance, and the fury of sexual passion, be the ordinary determining agents of lunacy, then should he have proudly defied the approaches of the evil spirit, and withstood his attacks. As for ambitious cravings, it is well known that he sought not the smiles of the court, nor ever sighed for ecclesiastical dignities. Though a churchman, he had none of the crafty, aspiring, and intriguing mania of a Wolsey or a Mazarin. By the boldness and candour of his writings, he effectually put a stop to that ecclesiastical preferment which the low-minded, the cunning, and the hypocrite, are sure to obtain: and of him it might be truly said, that the doors of clerical promotion closed while the gates of glory opened.

But even *glory* (mystic word!), has it not its fascinations, too powerful at times even for the eagle eye of genius, and capable of dimming for ever the intellectual orb that gazes too fixedly on its irradiance? How often has splendid talent been its own executioner, and the best gift of Heaven supplied the dart that bereft its possessor of all that maketh existence valuable! The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has it not been found to operate the work of ruin?

> "'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
> And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.

* This fact concerning Lee I stumbled on in that *olla podrida*, the "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder D'Israeli. In his chapter on the "Medicine of the Mind" (vol. i. second series; Murray, 1823), I find a passage which tells for my theory; and I therefore insert it here, on the principle of *je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve:* "Plutarch says, in one of his essays, that should the body sue the mind in a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a most ruinous tenant to its landlord." This idea seemed to me so ingenious, that I searched for it through all the metaphysical writings of the Bœotian sage; and I find that Democritus, the laughing philosopher, first made the assertion about the Greek law of landlord and tenant retailed by him of Cheronæa: Οιμαι μαλιστα τον Δημοκριτον ειπειν, ὡς ει το σωμα δικασαιτο τῃ ψυχῃ, κακωσεως ουκ αν αυτην αποφυγειν. Theophrastus enlarges on the same topic: Θεοφραστος αληθες ειπεν, πολυ τῳ σωματι τελειν ενοικιον την ψυχην. Πλειονα μεντοι το σωμα της ψυχης απολλυνει κακα, μη κατα λογον αυτῳ χρωμενος. See the magnificent edition of Plutarch's Moral Treatises, from the Clarendon press of Oxford, 1795, being ΠΑΘΥΤ. ΤΑ ΗΘΙΚΑ, tom. i. p. 375.—PROUT.

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Views his own feather on the fatal dart
Which wing'd the shaft that quivers in his heart.
Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drinks the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

So Byron sings in his happiest mood; and so had sung before him a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour:

"Oui, l'homme ici bas aux talents condamné,
Sur la terre en passant sublime infortuné,
Ne peut impunément achever une vie
Que le Ciel surchargea du fardeau du genie!
Souvent il meurt brûlé de ces célestes feux . . .
Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du souverain des dieux,
L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
Brûlé du foudre ardent qu'il portait sous ses ailes!"

CHENEDOLLÉ.

I am fully aware that in Swift's case there was a common rumour among his countrymen in Ireland at the time, that over-study and too much learning had disturbed the equilibrium of the doctor's brain, and unsettled the equipoise of his cerebellum. The "most noble" Festus, who was a well-bred Italian gentleman, fell into the same vulgar error long ago with respect to St. Paul, and opined that much literature had made of him a madman! But surely such a sad confusion of materialism and spiritualism as that misconception implies will not require refutation. The villagers in Goldsmith's beautiful poem may have been excusable for adopting so unscientific a theory; but beyond the sphere of rustic sages the hypothesis is intolerable:

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

How can the ethereal and incorporate stores of knowledge become a physical weight, and turn out an incumbrance, exercising undue pressure on the human brain?—how can mental acquirement be described as a body ponderous? What folly to liken the crevices of the cerebral gland to the fissures in an old barn bursting with the riches of a collected harvest!—*ruperunt horrea messes*—or to the crazy bark of old Charon, when, being only fitted for the light waftage of ghosts, it received the bulky personage of the Æneid:

"Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, ac multam accepit rimosa paludem."—Lib. vi.

Away with such fantasies! The more learned we grow, the better organized is our mind, the more prejudices we shake off; and the stupid error which I combat is but a pretext and consolation for ignorance.

The delusions of love swayed not the stern mind of the Dean of St. Patrick's, nor could the frenzy of passion ever overshadow his clear understanding. Like a bark gliding along a beautiful and regular canal, the soft hand of woman could, with a single riband, draw him onward in a fair and well-ordered channel; but to drag him out of his course into any devious path, it was not in nature nor the most potent fascination to accomplish. Stella, the cherished companion of his life, his secretly wedded bride, ever exercised a mild influence over his affections—

"And rose, where'er he turn'd his eye,
The morning star of memory."

But his acquaintanceship with Vanessa (Mrs. Vanhomrigg) was purely of that description supposed to have been introduced by Plato. For my part, having

embraced celibacy, I am perhaps little qualified for the discussion of these delicate matters; but I candidly confess, that never did Goldsmith so win upon my good opinion, by his superior knowledge of those recondite touches that ennoble the favourite character of a respectable divine, as when he attributes severe and uncompromising tenets of *monogamy* to Dr. Primrose, vicar of Wakefield; that being the next best state to the one which I have adopted myself, in accordance with the Platonic philosophy of Virgil, and the example of Paul:

> "*Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;*
> Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
> Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ!"
>
> *Æneid. VI.*

The covetousness of this world had no place in the breast of Swift, and never, consequently, was his mind liable to be shaken from its basis by the inroads of that overwhelming vice, avarice. Broad lands and manorial possessions he never sighed for; and, as Providence had granted him a competency, he could well adopt the resignation of the poet, and exclaim, "Nil amplius oro." Nothing amused him more than the attempt of his friend Doctor Delany to excite his jealousy by the ostentatious display of his celebrated villa, which, as soon as purchased, he invited the Dean to come and admire. We have the humorous lines of descriptive poetry which were composed by Swift on the occasion, and were well calculated to destroy the doctor's vanity. The estate our satirist represents as liable to suffer "an eclipse of the sun" wherever "a crow" or other small opaque body should pass between it and that luminary. The plantations "might possibly supply a toothpick;"

> "And the stream that's call'd '*Meander*'
> Might be suck'd up by a gander!"

Such were the sentiments of utter derision with which he contemplated the territorial aggrandizement so dear to the votaries of Mammon; nor is it foreign from this topic to remark, that the contrary extreme of hopeless poverty not having ever fallen to his lot, one main cause of insanity in high minds was removed. Tasso went mad through sheer distress and its concomitant shame; the fictions of his romantic love for a princess of the Court of Ferrara are all fudge: he had at one time neither fire nor a decent coat to his back; and he tells us that, having no lamp in his garret, he resorted to his cat to lend him the glare of her eyes:

> "Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!"

Intemperance and debauchery never interfered with the quiet tenour of the Dean's domestic habits; and hence the medical and constitutional causes of derangement flowing from these sources must be considered as null in this case. I have attentively perused the best record extant of his private life—his own "Journal to Stella," detailing his sojourn in London; and I find his diet to have been such as I could have wished.

"London, Oct. 1711.—Mrs. Vanhomrigg has changed her lodgings—I dined with her to-day. I am growing a mighty lover of *herrings;* but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and ate six *oysters*."—*Letter* 32, p. 384, *in Scott's edition of Swift.*

"I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigg, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but *herrings*."—*Same Letter*, p. 388.

"Oct. 23, 1711.—I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lost my dinner. So I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me *three herrings*, which I am very fond of. And they are a light *victuals*" (*sic. in orig.*).—*Letter* 33, p. 400.

He further shows the lively interest he always evinced for fish diet by the following passage, which occurs in a publication of his printed in Dublin, 1732, and entitled "An Examination of Certain Abuses, Corruptions, and Enormities in this City of Dublin. By Dr. Jonathan Swift, D.D."

"The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of *Herrings!* is against all truth, viz. 'Herrings alive, ho!' The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of a neighbour for whom the bell tolls, 'He is dead as a herring!' And pray, how is it possible that a herring, which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into twenty hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?"

The sense of loneliness consequent on the loss of friends, and the withdrawal of those whose companionship made life pleasant, is not unfrequently the cause of melancholy monomania; but it could not have affected Swift, whose residence in Dublin had estranged him long previously from those who at that period died away. Gay, his bosom friend, had died in December, 1732; Bolingbroke had retired to France in 1734; Pope was become a hypochondriac from bodily infirmities; Dr. Arbuthnot was extinct; and he, the admirer and the admired of Swift, John of Blenheim, the illustrious Marlborough, had preceded him in a madhouse!

"Down Marlborough's cheeks the tears of dotage flow."

A lunatic asylum was the last refuge of the warrior—if, indeed, he and his fellows of the conquering fraternity were not candidates for it all along intrinsically and professionally,

"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

Thus, although the Dean might have truly felt like one who treads alone some deserted banquet-hall (according to the beautiful simile of the Melodist), still we cannot, with the slightest semblance of probability, trace the outbreak of his madness to any sympathies of severed friendship.

If Swift ever nourished a predominant affection—if he was ever really under the dominion of a ruling passion, it was that of pure and disinterested love of country; and were he ever liable to be hurried into insane excess by an overpowering enthusiasm, it was the patriot's madness that had the best chance of prostrating his mighty soul. His works are the imperishable proofs of the sincere and enlightened attachment which he bore an island connected with him by no hereditary recollections, but merely by the accident of his birth at Cashel.

We read in the sacred Scriptures (Eccles. vii. 7), that the sense of "oppression maketh a man mad;" and whosoever will peruse those splendid effusions of a patriotic soul, "The Story of an Injured Lady" (Dublin, 1725), "Maxims controlled in Ireland" (Dublin, 1724), "Miserable State of Ireland" (Dublin, 1727), must arise from the perusal impressed with the integrity and fervour of the Dean's love of his oppressed country. The "Maxims controlled" develop, according to that highly competent authority, Edmund Burke, the deepest and most statesmanlike views ever taken of the mischievous mismanagement that has constantly marked England's conduct towards her sister island. In the "Miserable State, &c.," we have evidence that the wretched peasantry at that time was at just the same stage of civilization and comfort as they are at the present day; for we find the Dean thus depicting a state of things which none but an Irish landlord could read without blushing for human nature—"There are thousands of poor creatures who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and a piece of ground for potato-plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America, starving in the midst of plenty." Further on, he informs us of a singular item

of the then traffic of the Irish :—"Our fraudulent trade in wool to France is the best branch of our commerce."

And in his "Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures," which was prosecuted by the Government of the day, and described by the learned judge who sent the case to the jury as a plot to bring in the Pretender! we have this wool-traffic again alluded to: "Our beneficial export of wool to France has been our only support for several years: we convey our wool there, in spite of all the harpies of the custom-house." In this tract, he introduces the story of Pallas and the nymph Arachne, whom the goddess, jealous of her spinning, changed into a spider; and beautifully applies the allegory to the commercial restrictions imposed by the sister-country on Ireland. "Arachne was allowed still to spin; but Britain will take our bowels, and convert them into the web and warp of her own exclusive and intolerant industry."

Of the "Drapier's Letters," and the signal discomfiture of the base-currency scheme attempted by William Woods, it were superfluous to speak. Never was there a more barefaced attempt to swindle the natives than the copper imposition of that notorious hardwareman; and the only thing that in modern times can be placed in juxtaposition, is the begging-box of O'Connell. O for a Drapier to expose that second and most impudent scheme for victimizing a deluded and starving peasantry!

The Scotch rebellion of 1745 found the Dean an inmate of his last sad dwelling—his own hospital; but the crisis awakened all his energies, and he found an interval to publish that address to his fellow-countrymen which some attributed to the Lord-Lieutenant Chesterfield, but which bears intrinsic evidence of his pen. It is printed by Sir W. Scott, in the appendix of the "Drapier's Letters." There is a certain chemical preparation called *sympathetic* ink, which leaves no trace on the paper; but if applied to the heat of a fire, the characters will become at once legible. Such was the state of Swift's soul—a universal blank; but when brought near the sacred flame that burnt on the altar of his country, his mind recovered for a time its clearness, and found means to communicate its patriotism. Touch but the interests of Ireland, and the madman was sane again; such was the mysterious nature of the visitation.

> "O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
> When least we look for it, thy broken clue;
> Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
> The intellectual daybeam bursts again!
> Enough to show the maze in which the sense
> Wander'd about, but not to guide thee hence—
> Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
> But not to point the harbour which might save!"

When Richard Cœur de Lion lay dormant in a dungeon, the voice of a song which he had known in better days came upon his ear, and was the means of leading him forth to light and freedom; but, alas! Swift was not led forth from his lonely dwelling by the note of long-remembered music, the anthem of fatherland. Gloomy insanity had taken too permanent possession of his mind; and right well did he know that he should die a maniac. For this, a few years before his death, did he build unto himself an asylum, where his own lunacy might dwell protected from the vulgar gaze of mankind. He felt the approach of madness, and, like Cæsar, when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity even in that melancholy downfall. The Pharaohs, we are told in Scripture, built unto themselves gorgeous sepulchres: their pyramids still encumber the earth. Sardanapalus erected a pyre of cedar-wood and odoriferous spices when death was inevitable, and perished in a blaze of voluptuousness. The asylum of Swift will remain a more characteristic memorial than the sepulchres of Egypt, and a more honourable funeral pyre than that heaped up by the Assyrian king.

He died mad, among fellow-creatures similarly visited, but sheltered by his munificence; and it now devolves on me to reveal to the world the unknown cause of that sad calamity.

I have stated that his affections were centred in that accomplished woman, the refined and gentle Stella, to whom he had been secretly married. The reasons for such secrecy, though perfectly familiar to me, may not be divulged; but enough to know that the Dean acted in this matter with his usual sagacity. An infant son was born of that marriage after many a lengthened year, and in this child were concentrated all the energies of the father's affection, and all the sensibilities of the mother's heart. In him did the Dean fondly hope to live on when his allotted days should fail, like unto the self-promised immortality of the bard—"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam!" How vain are the hopes of man! That child most unaccountably, most mysteriously disappeared; no trace, no clue, no shadow of conjecture, could point out what had become its destiny, and who were the contrivers of this sorrowful bereavement. The babe was gone! and no comfort remained to a desponding father in this most poignant of human afflictions.

In a copy of *Verses* composed *on his own Death*, the Dean indulges in a humorous anticipation of the motives that would not fail to be ascribed, as determining his mind to make the singular disposal of his property which (after the loss of his only child) he resolved on:

> "He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a house for people mad,
> To show, by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted it so much."

But this bitter pleasantry only argued the sad inroads which grief was making in his heart. The love of offspring, which the Greeks call στοργη (and which is said to be strongest in the stork), was eminently perceptible in the diagnosis of the Dean's constitution. Sorrow for the loss of his child bowed down his head eventually to the grave, and unsettled a mind the most clear and well-regulated that philosophy and Christianity could form.

THESE PAPERS WILL NOT MEET THE PUBLIC EYE UNTIL I TOO AM NO MORE; BUT WHEN THAT DAY SHALL COME—WHEN THE PASTOR OF THIS OBSCURE UPLAND SHALL, IN A GOOD OLD AGE, BE LAID IN THE EARTH—WHEN NEITHER PRIDE OF BIRTH NOR HUMAN APPLAUSE CAN MOVE THE COLD EAR OF THE DEAD, THE SECRET OF THAT CHILD'S HISTORY, OF SWIFT'S LONG-LOST CHILD, SHALL BE TOLD; AND THE OLD MAN WHO HAS DEPARTED FROM THIS WORLD, OF WOE IN PEACE, WILL BE FOUND TO HAVE BEEN THAT LONG-SOUGHT SON, WHOM WILLIAM WOODS, IN THE BASENESS OF A VILE VINDICTIVENESS, FILCHED FROM A FATHER'S AFFECTIONS.

Baffled in his wicked contrivances by my venerable father, and foiled in every attempt to brazen out his notorious scheme of bad halfpence, this vile tinker, nourishing an implacable resentment in his soul,

> "Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,"

resolved to wreak his vengeance on the Dean; and sought out craftily the most sensitive part to inflict the contemplated wound. In the evening of October, 1741, he kidnapped me, Swift's innocent child, from my nurse at Glendalough, and fraudulently hurried off his capture to the extremity of Munster; where he left me exposed as a foundling on the bleak summit of Watergrasshill. The reader will easily imagine all the hardships I had to encounter in this my first and most awkward introduction to my future parishioners. Often have I told the sorrowful tale to my college companion in France, the

kind-hearted and sensitive Gresset, who thus alludes to me in the well-known lines of his "Lutrin Vivant:"

"Et puis, d'ailleurs, le petit malheureux,
Ouvrage né d'un auteur anonyme,
Ne connaissant parens, ni légitime,
N'avait, en tout dans ce stérile lieu,
Pour se chauffer que la grace de Dieu!"

Some are born, says the philosophic Goldsmith, with a silver spoon in their mouth, some with a wooden ladle; but wretched I was not left by Woods even that miserable implement as a stock-in-trade to begin the world. Moses lay ensconced in a snug cradle of bulrushes when he was sent adrift; but I was cast on the flood of life with no equipage or outfit whatever; and found myself, to use the solemn language of my Lord Byron,

"Sent afloat
With nothing but the sky for a great coat."

But stop, I mistake. I *had* an appendage round my neck—a trinket, which I still cherish, and by which I eventually found a clue to my real parentage. It was a small locket of my mother Stella's hair, of raven black (a distinctive feature in her beauty, which had especially captivated the Dean): around this locket was a Latin motto of my gifted father's composition, three simple words, but beautiful in their simplicity—"PROUT STELLA REFULGES!" So that, when I was taken into the "Cork Foundling Hospital," I was at once christened "Prout," from the adverb that begins the sentence, and which, being the shortest word of the three, it pleased the chaplain to make my future patronymic.

Of all the singular institutions in Great Britain, philanthropic, astronomic, Hunterian, ophthalmic, obstetric, or zoological, the "Royal Cork Foundling Hospital," where I had the honour of matriculating, was then, and is now, decidedly the oddest in principle and the most comical in practice. Until the happy and eventful day when I managed, by mother-wit, to accomplish my deliverance from its walls (having escaped in a *churn*, as I will recount presently), it was my unhappy lot to witness and to endure all the varieties of human misery. The prince of Latin song, when he wishes to convey to his readers an idea of the lower regions, and the abodes of Erebus, begins his affecting picture by placing in the foreground the souls of infants taken by the mischievous policy of such institutions from the mother's breast, and perishing by myriads under the infliction of a mistaken philanthropy:

"Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et *ab ubere raptos*,
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo."

The inimitable and philosophic Scarron's translation of this passage in the Æneid is too much in my father's own style not to give it insertion:

"Lors il entend, en ce lieu sombre,
Les cris aigus d'enfants sans nombre.
Pauvres bambins! ils font grand bruit,
Et braillent de jour et de nuit—
Peut-être faute de nourrice?" &c., &c.
Eneid travest. 6.

But if I had leisure to dwell on the melancholy subject, I could a tale unfold that would startle the Legislature, and perhaps arouse the Irish secretary to examine into an evil crying aloud for redress and suppression. Had my persecutor, the hard-hearted coppersmith, Woods, had any notion of the sufferings he entailed on Swift's luckless infant, he would never have exposed me as an *enfant trouvé*; he would have been satisfied with plunging my father into a

madhouse, without handing over his child to the mercies of a foundling hospital. Could he but hear my woful story, I would engage to draw "copper" tears down the villain's cheek.

Darkness and mystery have for the last half century hung over this establishment; and although certain returns have been moved for in the House of Commons, the public knows as little as ever about the fifteen hundred young foundlings that there nestle until supplanted, as Death collects them under his wings, by a fresh supply of victims offered to the Moloch of ψευδο-philanthropy. Horace tells us, that certain proceedings are best not exhibited to the general gaze—

"Nec natos coram populo Medea trucidet."

Such would appear to be the policy of these institutions, the only provision which the Legislature has made for Irish pauperism.

Some steps, however, have been taken latterly by Government; and from a paper laid before Parliament last month (May 1830), it appears that, in consequence of the Act of 1822, the annual admissions in Dublin have fallen from 2,000 to 400. But who will restore to society the myriads whom the system has butchered? who will recall the slain? When the flower of Roman chivalry, under improvident guidance, fell in the German forests, "Varus, give back my legions!" was the frantic cry wrung from the bitterness of patriotic sorrow.

My illustrious father has written, among other bitter sarcasms on the cruel conduct of Government towards the Irish poor, a treatise, which was printed in 1729, and which he entitled "A Modest Proposal for preventing Poor Children from being a Burden to their Parents." He recommends, in sober sadness, that they should be made into salt provisions for the navy, the colonies, and for exportation; or eaten fresh and spitted, like roasting-pigs, by the aldermen of Cork and Dublin, at their civic banquets. A quotation from that powerful pamphlet may not be unacceptable here:

"Infant's flesh (quoth the Dean) will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, or a little before; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season. Therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in the kingdom; and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists amongst us."

These lines were clearly penned in the very gall and bitterness of his soul; and while the Irish peasant is still considered by the miscreant landlords of the country as less worthy of his food than the beasts of the field, and less entitled to a legal support in the land that bore him; while the selfish demagogue of the island joins in the common hostility to the claims of that pauper who makes a stock-purse for him out of the scrapings of want and penury; the proposal of Swift should be reprinted, and a copy sent to every callous and shallow-pated disciple of modern political economy. Poor-laws, forsooth, they cannot reconcile to their clear-sighted views of Irish legislation: *fever hospitals* and *gaols* they admire; *grammar-schools* they will advocate, where half-starved urchins may drink the physic of the soul, and forget the cravings of hunger; and they will provide in the *two great foundling hospitals* a receptacle for troublesome infants, who, in those "white-washed sepulchres," soon cease to be a burden on the community. The great agitator, meantime (God wot!) will bring in "a bill" for *a grand national cemetery in Dublin*:* such is the provision he deigns to seek for his starving fellow-countrymen!

"The great have still some favour in reserve—
They help to bury whom they help to starve."

* Historical fact. Vide Parl. proceedings.—O. Y.

The Dublin Hospital, being supported out of the consolidated fund, has, by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, at last attracted the suspicions of Government, and is placed under a course of gradual reduction; but the Cork nursery is upheld by a compulsory local tax on *coal*, amounting to the incredible sum of £6,000 a year, and levied on the unfortunate Corkonians for the support of children brought into their city from Wales, Connaught, and the four winds of heaven! Three hundred bantlings are thus annually saddled on the beautiful city, with a never-failing succession of continuous supply:

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!"

By the Irish Act of Parliament, these young settlers are entitled, on coming of age (which few do), to claim as a right the freedom of that ancient and loyal corporation; so that, although of the great bulk of them it may be said that we had "no hand in their birth," they have the benefit of their coming—"a place in the commonwealth" (*ita Shakespeare*).

My sagacious father used to exhort his countrymen to burn every article that came from England, except coals; and in 1729 he addressed to the *Dublin Weekly Journal* a series of letters *on the use of Irish coals* exclusively. But it strikes me that, as confessedly we cannot do without the English article in the present state of trade and manufactures, the most mischievous tax that any Irish seaport could be visited with would be a tonnage on so vital a commodity to the productive interests of the community. Were this vile impost withdrawn from Cork, every class of manufacture would hail the boon; the iron foundry would supply us at home with what is now brought across the Channel; the glassblower's furnace would glow with inextinguishable fires; the steam-engine, that giant power, as yet so feebly developed among us, would delight to wield on our behalf its energies unfettered, and toil unimpeded for the national prosperity; new enterprise would inspirit the capitalist; while the humble artificer at the forge would learn the tidings with satisfaction,—

"Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear."

Something too much of this. But I have felt it incumbent on me to place on record my honest conviction of the impolicy of the tax itself, and of the still greater enormity of the evil which it goes to support. To return to my own history.

In this "hospital," which was the first *alma mater* of my juvenile days, I graduated in all the science of the young gipsies who swarmed around me. My health, which was naturally robust, bore up against the fearful odds of mortality by which I was beset; and although I should have ultimately, no doubt, perished with the crowd of infant sufferers that shared my evil destiny, still, like that favoured Grecian who won the good graces of Polyphemus in his anthropophagous cavern, a signal privilege would perhaps have been granted me: Prout would have been the last to be devoured.

But a ray of light broke into my prison-house. The idea of escape, a bold thought! took possession of my soul. Yet how to accomplish so daring an enterprise? how elude the vigilance of the fat door-keeper, and the keen eye of the chaplain? Right well did they know the muster-roll of their stock of urchins, and often verified the same:

"Bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et hædos."

Heaven, however, soon granted what the porter denied. The milkman from Watergrasshill, who brought the supplies every morn and eve, prided himself particularly on the size and beauty of his churn,—a capacious wooden recipient which my young eye admired with more than superficial curiosity. Having accidentally got on the waggon, and explored the capacious hollow of the machine,

a bright angel whispered in my ear to secrete myself in the cavity. I did so; and, shortly after, the gates of the hospital were flung wide for my egress, and I found myself jogging onward on the high road to light and freedom! Judge of my sensations! Milton has sung of one who, "long in populous city pent," makes a visit to Highgate, and, snuffing the rural breeze, blesses the country air: my rapture was of a nature that defies description. To be sure, it was one of the most boisterous days of storm and tempest that ever vexed the heavens; but secure in the churn I chuckled with joy, and towards evening fell fast asleep. In my subsequent life I have often dwelt with pleasure on that joyous escape; and when in my course of studies I met with the following beautiful elegy of Simonides, I could not help applying it to myself, and translated it accordingly. There have been versions by Denman, the *Queen's* solicitor;* by Elton, by W. Hay, and by Doctor Jortin; but I prefer my own, as more literal and more conformable to genuine Greek simplicity.

THE LAMENT OF DANÆ.

By Simonides, the Elegiac Poet of Cos.

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαιδαλεᾳ, ανεμος
Βρεμε πνεων, κινηθεισα τε λιμνα
Δειματι ηριπεν, ουδ' αδιαντοισι
Παρειαις, αμφι δε Περσει βαλε
Φιλαν χερα, ειπεν τε· Ω τεκος,
Οιον εχω πονον· συ δ' αωτεις, γαλαθηνῳ τ'
Ητορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
Χαλκεογομφῳ δε νυκτιλαμπει
Κυανεῳ τε δνοφῳ· συ δ' αναλεαν
Ὑπερθε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν
Παριοντος κυματος ουκ αλεγεις,
Ουδ' ανεμου φθογγων, πορφυρεᾳ
Κειμενος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον.
Ει δε τοι δεινον τογε δεινον ην,
Και κεν εμων ρηματων λεπτου
Ὑπειχες ουας· κελομαι, εὐδε βρεφος,
Εὐδετο δε πουτος, εὐδετο αμετρον κακον.
Ματαιοβουλια δε τις φανειη,
Ζεῦ πατερ, εκ θεο· ὀ τι δη θαρσαλεου
Επος, ευχομαι τεκνοφι δικας μοι.

THE LAMENT OF STELLA.

By Father Prout.

While round the churn, 'mid sleet and rain,
It blew a perfect hurricane,
Wrapt in slight garment to protect her,
Methought I saw my mother's spectre,
Who took her infant to her breast—
Me, the small tenant of that chest—

* We never employed him.—REGINA. 'Twas Caroline of Brunswick.

While thus she lull'd her babe : "How cruel
Have been the Fates to thee, my jewel !
But caring nought for foe or scoffer,
Thou sleepest in this milky coffer,
Cooper'd with brass hoops weather-tight,
Impervious to the dim moonlight.
The shower cannot get in to soak
Thy hair or little purple cloak ;
Heedless of gloom, in dark sojourn,
Thy face illuminates the churn !
Small is thine ear, wee babe, for hearing,
But grant my prayer, ye gods of Erin !
And may folks find that this young fellow
Does credit to his mother *Stella.*"

V.

The Rogueries of Tom Moore.

(*Fraser's Magazine, August*, 1834.)

—o—

[In several respects this paper must be regarded as the most remarkable of all the Reliques. For one thing, it gave to the world towards its conclusion the most delicious copy of verses ever penned by Mahony—his exquisite poem of "The Bells of Shandon." It illustrated, besides, in a more marvellous way than ever, his capacity, whenever he so pleased, to deal with his scholarship as freely as a juggler does with the golden balls and daggers which he sets at any moment, *ad libitum*, in bewildering gyration. The "Melody to the Beautiful Milkmaid" thus reappeared Latinized in his magic as "Lesbia Semper hinc et inde," "The Shamrock" in its Gallic reflection, and "Wreathe the Bowl" in Greek anacreontics as Στεψωμεν ουν κυπελλον. The Literary Portrait contained in the number of *Regina* to which these and other similar Rogueries were contributed was that of Thomas Hill, who—though, judging from his *likeness*, he certainly locked not in the least like it—was author of the "Mirror of Fashion." Two of Maclise's happiest embellishments adorned this paper in the original edition of 1836, one of them revealing Moore in the sanctum at Watergrasshill listening, chin on fist, to Father Prout carolling one of *his* Rogueries; while the other delineates, starkly under its winding-sheet, the dead body of Henry O'Brien, author of "The Round Towers of Ireland," a patriotic archæologist, but very recently deceased before the first publication of this paper in the magazine. Yet another of Croquis' sketches associated with this instalment of the Reliques prettily portrayed L. E. L.—otherwise Letitia Elizabeth Landon—in the then fashionable attire of a cottage bonnet and preposterous gigot sleeves, standing in front of a trellised bower, like the lady who sat in Thackeray's cane-bottomed chair, "with a smile on her face and a rose in her hair!"]

"Grata carpendo thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa *nemus** uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa PARVUS
Carmina *fingo*."

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

"By taking time, and some advice from Prout,
A polish'd book of songs I hammer'd out;
But still my Muse, for she the fact confesses,
Haunts that sweet hill, renown'd for water-cresses."

THOMAS L. MOORE.

WHEN the star of Father Prout (a genuine son of the accomplished Stella, and in himself the most eccentric luminary that has of late adorned our planetary system) first rose in the firmament of literature, it deservedly attracted the gaze of the learned, and riveted the eye of the sage. We know not what may have been the sensation its appearance created in foreign countries,—at the Observatoire Royal of Paris, in the Val d'Arno, or at Fesolé, where, in Milton's

* *i.e.*, Blarneum nemus.

time, the sons of Galileo plied the untiring telescope to descry new heavenly phenomena, "rivers or mountains in the shadowy moon"—but we can vouch for the impression made on the London University; for all Stinkomalee hath been perplexed at the apparition. The learned Chaldeans of Gower Street opine that it forbodes nothing good to the cause of "useful knowledge," and they watch the "transit" of Prout, devoutly wishing for his "exit." With throbbing anxiety, night after night has Dr. Lardner gazed on the sinister planet, seeking, with the aid of Dr. Babbage's calculating machine, to ascertain the probable period of its final eclipse, and often muttering its name, "to tell how he hates its beams." He has seen it last April shining conspicuously in the constellation of *Pisces*, when he duly conned over the "Apology for Lent," and the Doctor has reported to the University Board, that, "advancing with retrograde movement in the zodiac," this disastrous orb was last perceived in the *milky way*, entering the sign of "Amphora," or "the churn." But what do the public care, while the general eye is delighted by its irradiance, that a few owls and dunces are scared by its effulgency? The Georgium Sidus, the Astrium Julium, the Soleil d'Austerlitz, the Star at Vauxhall, the Nose of Lord Chancellor Vaux,* and the grand Roman Girandola shot off from the mole of Adrian, to the annual delight of modern "Quirites," are all fine things and rubicund in their generation; but nothing to the star of Watergrasshill. Nor is astronomical science or pyrotechnics the only department of philosophy that has been influenced by this extraordinary meteor—the kindred study of GASTRONomy has derived the hint of a new combination from its inspiring ray; and, after a rapid perusal of "Prout's Apology for Fish," the celebrated Monsieur Ude, whom Croquis has so exquisitely delineated in the gallery of REGINA, has invented on the spot an original sauce, a novel *obsonium*, more especially adapted to cod and turbot, to which he has given the reverend father's name; so that Sir William Curtis will be found eating his "turbot à la Prout" as constantly as his "cotelette à la Maintenon." The fascinating Miss Landon has had her fair name affixed to a frozen lake in the map of Captain Ross's discoveries; and if Prout be not equally fortunate in winning terraqueous renown with his pen ("Nititur pennâ vitreo daturus nomina ponto"), he will at least figure on the "carte" at Verey's, opposite our neighbour.

Who can tell what posthumous destinies await the late incumbent of Watergrasshill? In truth, his celebrity (to use an expression of Edmund Burke) is as yet but a "speck in the horizon—a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body;" and when, in the disemboguing of the chest, in the evolving of his MSS., he shall be unfolded to the view in all his dimensions, developing his proportions in a gorgeous shape of matchless originality and grandeur, then will be the hour for the admirers of the beautiful and the votaries of the sublime to hail him with becoming veneration, and welcome him with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music.—(Dan. viii. 15.)

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,

* The following song was a favourite with the celebrated Chancellor d'Aguesseau. It is occasionally sung, in our own times, by a modern performer on the woolsack, in the intervals of business:

"Sitôt que la lumière
Redore nos côteaux,
Je commence ma carrière
Par visiter mes tonneaux.

Ravi de revoir l'aurore,
Le verre en main, je lui dis,
Vois-tu donc plus, chez le Maure,
Que sur mon nez, de rubis?"

Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!!!
Then, too, your prophet from his angel-brow
Shall cast the veil that hides its splendour now,
And gladden'd earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of his countenance!"

The title of this second paper taken from the Prout Collection is enough to indicate that we are only firing off the small arms—the pop-guns of this stupendous arsenal, and that we reserve the heavy metal for a grander occasion, when the Whig ministry and the dog-days shall be over, and a merry autumn and a Wellington administration shall mellow our October cups. To talk of Tom Moore is but small talk—"in tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria;" for Prout's great art is to magnify what is little, and to fling a dash of the sublime into a twopenny-post communication. To use Tommy's own phraseology, Prout could, with great ease and comfort to himself,

"Teach an old cow pater-noster,
And whistle Moll Roe to a pig."

But we have another reason for selecting this "Essay on Moore" from the papers of the deceased divine. We have seen with regret an effort made to crush and annihilate the young author of a book on the "Round Towers of Ireland," with whom we are not personally acquainted, but whose production gave earnest of an ardent mind bent on abstruse and recondite studies; and who, leaving the frivolous boudoir and the drawing-room coterie to lisp their ballads and retail their Epicurean gossip unmolested, trod alone the craggy steeps of venturous discovery in the regions of Oriental learning; whence, returning to the isle of the west, the "Iran of the fire-worshipper," he trimmed his lamp, well fed with the fragrant oil of these sunny lands, and penned a work which will one day rank among the most extraordinary of modern times. The *Edinburgh Review* attempted, long ago, to stifle the unfledged muse of Byron; these truculent northerns would gladly have bruised in the very shell the young eagle that afterwards tore with his lordly talons both Jeffery and his colleague Moore (of the leadless pistol), who were glad to wax subservient slaves, after being impotent bullies. The same review undertook to cry down Wordsworth and Coleridge; they shouted their vulgar "crucifigatur" against Robert Southey; and seemed to have adopted the motto of the French club of witlings,

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit que nous et nos amis."

But in the present case they will find themselves equally impotent for evil: O'Brien may defy them. He may defy his own *alma mater*, the silent and unproductive Trin. Coll. Dub.; he may defy the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly, which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned; and may rest secure of the applause which sterling merit challenges from every freeborn inhabitant of these islands,—

"Save where, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of those who, venturing near her silent bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Moore—(we beg his pardon)—the reviewer, asserts that O'Brien is a plagiary, and pilfered his discovery from "Nimrod." Now we venture to offer a copy of the commentaries of Cornelius a Lapide (which we find in Prout's chest) to Tom, if he will show us a single passage in "Nimrod" (which we are confident he never read) warranting his assertion. But, *apropos* of plagiarisms; let us hear the prophet of Watergrasshill, who enters largely on the subject.

OLIVER YORKE.

Regent Street, 1st August, 1834.

Watergrasshill, Feb. 1834.

THAT notorious tinker, William Woods, who, as I have recorded among the papers in my coffer somewhere, to spite my illustrious father, kidnapped me in my childhood, little dreamt that the infant Prout would one day emerge from the Royal Cork Foundling Hospital as safe and unscathed as the children from Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, to hold up his villany to the execration of mankind:

"Non sine Dis animosus infans!"

Among the Romans, whoever stole a child was liable by law to get a sound flogging; and as *plaga* in Latin means a *stripe* or *lash*, kidnappers in Cicero's time were called *plagiarii*, or *cat-o'-nine-tail-villains*. I approve highly of this law of the twelve tables; but perhaps my judgment is biassed, and I should be an unfair juror to give a verdict in a case which comes home to my own feelings so poignantly. The term *plagiary* has since been applied metaphorically to literary shop-lifters and book-robbers, who stuff their pages with other men's goods, and thrive on indiscriminate pillage. This is justly considered a high misdemeanour in the republic of letters, and the lash of criticism is unsparingly dealt on pickpockets of this description. Among the Latins, Martial is the only classic author by whom the term *plagiarius* is used in the metaphorical sense, as applied to literature; but surely it was not because the practice only began in his time that the word had not been used even in the Augustan age of Rome. Be that as it may, we first find the term in Martial's Epigrams (lib. i. epigr. 53): talking of his verses, he says,

"Dicas esse meos, manuque missos:
Hoc si terque quaterque clamitâris,
Impones *plagiario* pudorem."

Cicero himself was accused by the Greeks of pilfering whole passages, for his philosophical works, from the scrolls of Athens, and cooking up the fragments and broken meat of Greek orations to feed the hungry barbarians of the Roman forum. My authority is that excellent critic St. Jerome, who, in the "Proemium in qu. Heb. lib. Genesis," distinctly says, "Cicero repetundarum accusatur à Græcis," &c., &c.; and in the same passage he adds, that Virgil being accused of taking whole similes from Homer, gloried in the theft, exclaiming, "Think ye it nothing to wrest his club from Hercules?" (*it. ibidem.*) Vide Scti Hieronymi Opera, tom. iv. fol. 90. But what shall we say when we find Jerome accusing another *holy father* of plagiarism? Verily the temptation must have been very great to have shaken the probity of St. Ambrose, when he pillaged his learned brother in the faith, Origen of Alexandria, by wholesale. "Nuper Sanctus Ambrosius Hexaemeron illius compilavit" (Scti Hieronymi Opera, tom. iii. fol. 87, *in epistolâ ad Pammach*). It is well known that Menander and Aristophanes were mercilessly pillaged by Terence and Plautus; and the Latin freebooters thought nothing of stopping the *Thespian waggon* on the highways of Parnassus. The French dramatists are similarly waylaid by our scouts from the green-room,—and the plunder is awful! What is Talleyrand about, that he cannot protect the property of the French? Perhaps he is better employed?

I am an old man, and have read a great deal in my time—being of a quiet disposition, and having always had a taste for books, which I consider a great blessing; but latterly I find that I may dispense with further perusal of printed volumes, as, unfortunately, memory serves me but too well; and all I read now strikes me as but a new version of what I had read somewhere before. Plagiarism is so barefaced and so universal, that I can stand it no longer: I have shut up shop, and will be taken in no more. *Quære peregrinum? clamo.* I'm sick of hashed-up works, and loathe the *baked meats* of antiquity served in a fricassee. Give me a solid joint, in which no knife has been ever fleshed,

and I will share your intellectual banquet most willingly, were it but a mountain kid, or a limb of Welsh mutton. Alas! whither shall I turn? Let me open the reviews, and lo! the critics are but repeating old criticisms; let me fly to the poets, 'tis but the old lyre with catgut strings; let me hear the orators, —"that's my thunder!" says the ghost of Sheridan or the spectre of Burke; let me listen to the sayers of good things, and alas for the injured shade of Joe Miller! I could go through the whole range of modern authors (save Scott, and a few of that kidney), and exclaim, with more truth than the chieftain of the crusaders in Tasso—

> "Di chi di voi non so la patria e 'l seme?
> Qual spada m' è ignota? e qual saetta,
> Benchè per l' aria ancor sospesa treme,
> Non saprei dir s' è Franca, o s' è d'Irlanda,
> E quale appunto il braccio è che la manda?"
>
> *Gerusal. Liber.* canto xx. st. 18.

To state the simple truth, such as I feel it in my own conviction, I declare that the whole mass of contemporary scribblement might be bound up in one tremendous volume, and entitled "Elegant Extracts;" for, if you except the form and style, the varnish and colour, all the rest is what I have known in a different shape forty years ago; and there is more philosophy than meets the vulgar eye in that excellent song on the transmutation of things here below, which perpetually offer the same intrinsic substance, albeit under a different name:

> "Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
> Was once Toby Philpot, a merry old soul," &c., &c.

This transmigration of intellect, this metempsychosis of literature, goes on silently reproducing and reconstructing what had gone to pieces. But those whose memory, like mine, is unfortunately over-tenacious of its young impressions, cannot enjoy the zest of a twice-told tale, and consequently are greatly to be pitied.

It has lately come out that "Childe Harolde" (like other naughty children whom we daily read of as terminating their "life in London" by being sent to the "Euryalus hulk,") was given to picking pockets. Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and the builder of Fonthill Abbey, has been a serious sufferer by the Childe's depredations, and is now determined to publish his case in the shape of "Travel, in 1787, through Portugal, up the Rhine, and through Italy;" and it also appears that Saml. Rogers, in his "Italy," has learned a thing or two from the "Bandits of Terracina," and has *dévalisé* Mr. Beckford aforesaid on more than one occasion in the Apennines. I am not surprised at all this: murder will out; and a stolen dog will naturally nose out his original and primitive master among a thousand on a race-course.

These matters may be sometimes exaggerated, and (honour bright!) far be it from me to pull the stool from under every poor devil that sits down to write a book, and sweep away, with unsparing besom, all the cobwebs so industriously woven across Paternoster Row. I don't wish to imitate Father Hardouin, the celebrated Jesuit, who gained great renown among the wits of Louis XIVth's time by his paradoxes. A favourite maggot hatched in his prolific brain was, that the Odes of Horace never were written by the friend of Mecænas, but were an imposture of some old Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who, to amuse his cloistered leisure, personated Flaccus, and under his name strung together those lyrical effusions. This is maintained in a large folio, printed at Amsterdam in 1733, viz., "Harduini Opera Varia, ψευδο-Horatius." One of his arguments is drawn from the *Christian allusions* which, he asserts, occur so frequently in these Odes: *ex. gratiâ*, the "praise of celibacy;"

"Platanusque cœlebs
Evincit ulmos;"
Lib. ii. ode 15.

for the elm-tree used to be *married* to the vine; not so the sycamore, as any one who has been in Italy must know. The rebuilding of the temple by Julian the Apostate is, according to the Jesuit, thus denounced:

"Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hâc lege dico, ne nimiùm pii,
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ."
Lib. iii. ode 3.

Again, the sacred mysteries of the Lord's Supper, and the *concealed* nature of *the bread* that was broken among the primitive Christians:

——— "Vetabo, qui *Cereris sacrum*
Vulgârit *arcanæ*, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum" (*i.e., the bark of Peter*).
Lib. iii. ode 2.

And the patriarch Joseph, quoth Hardouin, is clearly pointed out under the strange and un-Roman name of Proculeius, of whom Pagan history says naught:

"Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus *in fratres animi paterni!*"
Lib. ii. ode 2.

For the rest of Hardouin's discoveries I must refer to the work itself, as quoted above; and I must in fairness add, that his other literary efforts, and deep erudition reflect the highest credit on the celebrated order to which he belonged —the Jesuits, and I may add, the Benedictines being as distinct and as superior bodies of monastic men to the remaining tribes of cowled cœnobites as the Brahmins in India are to the begging Parias.*

There is among the lyric poems of the lower Irish a very remarkable ode, the authorship of which has been ascribed to the very Rev. Robert Burrowes, the mild, tolerant, and exemplary Dean of St. Finbarr's Cathedral, Cork, whom I am proud to call my friend: it refers to the last tragic scene in the comic or melodramatic life of a Dublin gentleman, whom the above-mentioned excellent divine accompanied in his ministerial capacity to the gallows; and nothing half so characteristic of the genuine Irish recklessness of death was ever penned by any national Labruyère as that incomparable elegy, beginning—

"The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit," &c.

Now, were not this fact of the clerical authorship of a most sublime Pindaric composition chronicled in these papers, some future Hardouin would arise to unsettle the belief of posterity, and the claim of my friend Dean Burrowes would be overlooked; while the songster of Turpin the highwayman, the illus-

* Father Hardouin, who died at Paris 3rd Sept., 1729, was one of the many high ornaments of the society and of the century to which he belonged. His "Collection of the Councils" ranks among the most elaborate efforts of theological toil, "Concil. Collect. Regia," 15 vols. folio, Paris, 1715. The best edition extant of the naturalist Pliny is his (*in usum Delphini*), and displays a wondrous range of reading. He was one of the witty and honest crew of Jesuits who conducted that model of periodical criticism, the *Journal de Trévoux*. Bishop Atterbury of Rochester has written his epitaph:

Hic jacet Petrus Harduinus,
Hominum paradoxotatos, vir summæ *memoriæ*,
Judicium expectans." PROUT.

trious author of "Rookwood,"* would infallibly be set down as the writer of "Larry's" last hornpipe. But let me remark, *en passant*, that in that interesting department of literature "slang songs," Ireland enjoys a proud and lofty pre-eminence over every European country: her *musa pedestris*, or "*footpad poetry*," being unrivalled; and, as it is observed by Tacitus (in his admirable work "De Moribus Germanorum") of the barbarians on the Rhine—the native Irish find an impulse for valorous deeds, and a comfort for all their tribulations, in a song.

Many folks like to write anonymously, others posthumously, others under an assumed name; and for each of these methods of conveying thought to our fellow-men there may be assigned sundry solid reasons. But a man should never be ashamed to avow his writings, if called on by an injured party, and I, for one, will never shrink from that avowal. If, as my friend O'Brien of the Round Towers tells me, Tom Moore tried to run him down in the *Edinburgh Review*, after holding an unsuccessful negotiation with him for his services in compiling a joint-stock history of Ireland, why did not the man of the *paper bullet* fire a fair shot in his own name, and court the publicity of a dirty job, which done in the dark can lose nothing of its infamy? Dr. Johnson tells us that Bolingbroke wrote in his old age a work against Christianity, which he hadn't the courage to avow or publish in his lifetime; but left a sum of money in his will to a hungry Scotchman, Mallet, on condition of printing in his own name this precious production. "He loaded the pistol," says the pious and learned lexicographer, "but made Sawney pull the trigger." Such appear to be the tactics of Tommy in the present instance: but I trust the attempt will fail, and that this insidious missile darted against the towers of O'Brien will prove a "telum imbelle, sine ictu."

The two most original writers of the day, and also the two most ill-treated by the press, are decidedly Miss Harriet Martineau and Henry O'Brien. Of Miss Martineau I shall say little, as she can defend herself against all her foes, and give them an effectual check when hard-pressed in literary encounters. Her fame can be comprised in one brief pentameter, which I would recommend as a motto for the title-page of all her treatises:

"Fœmina tractavit 'propria quæ maribus.'"

But over Henry O'Brien, as he is young and artless, I must throw the shield of my fostering protection. It is now some time since he called at Watergrasshill; it was in the summer after I had a visit from Sir Walter Scott. The young man was then well versed in the Oriental languages and the Celtic: he had read the "Coran" and the "Psalter of Cashil," the "Zendavesta" and the "Ogygia," Lalla Rookh" and "Rock's Memoirs," besides other books that treat of Phœnician antiquities. From these authentic sources of Irish and Hindoo mythology he had derived much internal comfort and spiritual consolation; at the same time that he had picked up a rude (and perhaps a crude) notion that the Persians and the boys of Tipperary were first cousins after all. This might seem a startling theory at first sight; but then the story of the fire-worshippers in Arabia so corresponded with the exploits of General Decimus Rock in Mononia, and the camel-driver of Mecca was so forcibly associated in his mind with the bog-trotter of Derrynane, both having deluded an untutored tribe of savages, and the *flight* of the one being as celebrated as the *vicarious imprisonment* of the other, he was sure he should find some grand feature of this striking consanguinity, some landmark indicative of former relationship:

* Prout must have enjoyed the gift of prophecy, for "Rookwood" was not published till four months after his death at Watergrasshill. Perhaps Mr. Ainsworth submitted his embryo romance to the priest's inspection when *he* went to kiss the stone.—O. Y.

Journeying with that intent, he eyed these TOWERS;
And, Heaven-directed, came this way to find
The noble truth that gilds his humble name.

Being a tolerable Greek scholar (for he is a Kerryman), with Lucian, of course, at his fingers' ends, he probably bethought himself of the two great phallic towers which that author describes as having been long ago erected in the countries of the East ("ante Syriæ Deæ templum stare *phallos* duos miræ altitudinis; sacerdotem per funes ascendere, ibi orare, sacra facere, tinnitumque ciere," &c., &c.); a ray of light darted through the diaphanous casement of O'Brien's brain—'twas a most *eurêkish* moment,—'twas a *coup de soleil*, a manifestation of the spirit—'twas a *divinæ particula auræ*,—'twas what a Frenchman would call *l'heure du berger;* and on the spot the whole theory of "Round Towers" was developed in his mind. The dormant chrysalis burst into a butterfly. And this is the bright thing of surpassing brilliancy that Tom Moore would extinguish with his flimsy foolscap pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Forbid it, Heaven! Though all the mercenary or time-serving scribes of the periodical press should combine to slander and burke thee, O'B.! though all the world betray thee, one pen at least thy right shall guard, and vindicate thy renown: here, on the summit of a bleak Irish hill—here, to the child of genius and enthusiasm my door is still open; and though the support which I can give thee is but a scanty portion of patronage indeed, I give it with good will, and assuredly with good humour. O'Brien! historian of round towers, has sorrow thy young days faded?

Does Moore with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither—
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

When O'Brien consulted me as to his future plans and prospects, and the development of his theory, in the first instance confidentially to Tom Moore, I remember distinctly that in the course of our conversation (over a red herring), I cautioned the young and fervent enthusiast against the tricks and rogueries of Tommy. No man was better able to give advice on this subject—Moore and I having had many mutual transactions, the reciprocity of which was all on one side. We know each other *intus et in cute*, as the reader of this posthumous paper will not fail to learn before he has laid down the document; and if the ballad-monger comes off second best, I can't help him. I warned O'B. against confiding his secret to the man of melody, or else he would surely repent of his simplicity, and to his cost find himself some day the dupe of his credulous reliance: while he would have the untoward prospect of seeing his discovery swamped, and of beholding, through the medium of a deep and overwhelming flood of treachery,

"His round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining."

For, to illustrate by a practical example the man's way of doing business, I gave, as a striking instance, his "Travels in Search of Religion." Now, since my witty father's celebrated book of "Gulliver's Travels," I ask, was there ever a more clever, or in every way so well got up a performance as this Irish gentleman's "steeple-chase?" But unfortunately memory supplies me with the FACT that this very same identical Tommy, who in that work quotes the "Fathers" so accurately, and, I may add (without going into polemics), so felicitously and triumphantly, has written the most abusive, scurrilous, and profane article that ever sullied the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*,—the whole scope of which is to cry down the Fathers, and to turn the highest and most cherished ornaments of the primitive church into ridicule. See the 24th volume of the *Edinburgh*

Review,* p. 65, Nov. 1814, where you will learn with amazement that the most accomplished Christian writer of the second century, that most eloquent churchman, Africa's glorious son, was nothing more in Tommy's eye than the "harsh, muddy, and unintelligible Tertullian!" Further on you will hear this Anacreontic little chap talk of "the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom;" and soon after you are equally edified by hearing him descant on the "antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzene"—of Gregory, whose elegant mind was the result and the index of pure unsullied virtue, ever most attractive when adorned with the graces of scholarship—Gregory, the friend of St. Basil, and his schoolfellow at Athens, where those two vigorous champions of Christianity were associated in their youthful studies with that Julian who was afterwards an emperor, a sophist, and an apostate—a disturber of oriental provinces, and a fellow who perished deservedly by the javelin of some young patriot admirer of round towers in Persia. In the article alluded to, this incredulous Thomas goes on to say, that these same Fathers, to whom he afterwards refers his Irish gentleman in the catch-penny travels, are totally "*unfit to be guides either in faith or morals.*" (*it. ib.*) The prurient rogue dares to talk of their "*pagan imaginations!*" and, having turned up his ascetic nose at these saintly men, because, forsooth, they appear to him to be but "*indifferent Christians*," he pronounces them to be also "elephants in battle," and, chuckling over this old simile, concludes with a complacent smirk quite self-satisfactory. O for the proboscis of the royal animal in the Surrey Menagerie, to give this poet's carcase a sound drubbing! O most theological, and zoological, and supereminently logical Tommy! 'tis you that are fit to travel in search of religion!

If there is one plain truth that oozes forth from the feculent heap of trash which the reviewer accumulates on the merits of the Fathers, it is the conviction in every observant mind, drawn from the simple perusal of his article, that he never read three consecutive pages of their works in his life. No one that ever did—no one who had banqueted with the gorgeous and magnificent Chrysostom, or drained the true Athenian cup of Gregory Nazianzene, or dwelt with the eloquent and feelingly devout Bernard in the cloistered shades of Clairvaux, or mused with the powerful, rich, and scrutinizing mind of Jerome in his hermitage of Palestine,—could write an article so contemptible, so low, so little. He states, truly with characteristic audacity, that he has mounted to the most inaccessible shelves of the library in Trin. Coll. Dublin, as if he had scaled the "heights of Abraham," to get at the original editions; but believe him not: for the old folios would have become instinct with life at the approach of the dwarf—they would have awakened from their slumber at his touch, and, tumbling their goodly volumes on their diminutive assailant, would have overwhelmed him, like Tarpeia, on the very threshold of his sacrilegious invasion.

Towards my young friend O'Brien *of the towers* he acts the same part, appearing in his favourite character—that of an anonymous reviewer, a veiled prophet of Khorassan. Having first negotiated by letter with him to extract his brains, and make use of him for his meditated "*History of Ireland*"—(the correspondence lies before me)—he winds up the confidential intercourse by an Edinburgh volley of canister shot, "quite in a friendly way." He has the ineffable impudence to accuse O'B. of *plagiarism*, and to state that this grand and unparalleled discovery had been previously made by the author of "Nimrod;"† a book which Tommy read not, neither did he care, so he plucked the

* The book *reviewed* by Moore is entitled "Select Passages from the Fathers," by Hugh Boyd, Esq. Dublin, 1814.

† "Nimrod," by the Hon. Reginald Herbert. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1826. Priestley. A work of uncommon erudition; but the leading idea of which is, that these towers were *fire-altars*. O'B.'s theory is not to be found *in any page of it having the remotest*

laurel from the brow of merit. But to accuse a writer of plagiarism, he should be himself immaculate; and while he dwells in a glass house, he should not throw stones at a man in a tower.

The Blarney stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the "Irish Melodies." Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot-tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called ὑστερον προτερον; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; "for, d'ye see, old Prout," the rogue would say,

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our *lays*,
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, 'my dear.'"

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these "Melodies" have obtained for him; but his last treachery to my round-tower friend has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies.

"Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ
Cœlo ostendentur."

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his "Bard's Legacy." Even on his dying bed this "dying bard" cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his "heart" to his "mistress dear," and recommending her to "*borrow*" balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marôt, who thus disposes of *his* remains:

"Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entère
Dans la cave où est le vin;
Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,
Et la bouche sous le robin."

But I won't strain at a gnat, when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered soil; for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

"Go where glory waits thee,"

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting "ladye," Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favourite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her: indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

reference to Ireland; and we are astonished at the unfairness of *giving* (as Moore has done) a pretended *quotation from "Nimrod"* without indicating *where* it is to be met with in the volume.—O. Y.

CHANSON	TOM MOORE'S
de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand à Francois I.	*Translation of this Song in the Irish Melodies.*
Va où la gloire t'invite ; Et quand d'orgueil palpite Ce Cœur, qu'il pense à moi ! Quand l'éloge enflamme Toute l'ardeur de ton âme, Pense encore à moi ! Autres charmes peut-être Tu voudras connaître, Autre amour en maître Regnera sur toi ; Mais quand ta lèvre presse Celle qui te caresse, Méchant, pense à moi !	Go where glory waits thee ; But while fame elates thee, Oh, still remember me ! When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh, then remember me ! Other arms may press thee, Dearer friends caress thee— All the joys that bless thee Dearer far may be : But when friends are dearest, And when joys are nearest, Oh, then remember me !
Quand au soir tu erres Sous l'astre des bergères, Pense aux doux instans Lorsque cette étoile, Qu'un beau ciel dévoile, Guida deux amans ! Quand la fleur, symbole D'été qui s'envole, Penche sa tête molle, S'exhalant à l'air, Pense à la guirlande, De ta mie l'offrande— Don qui fut si cher !	When at eve thou rovest By the star thou lovest, Oh, then remember me ! Think, when home returning, Bright we've seen it burning— Oh, then remember me ! Oft as summer closes, When thine eye reposes On its lingering roses, Once so loved by thee, Think of her who wove them— Her who made thee love them, Oh, then remember me !
Quand la feuille d'automne Sous tes pas resonne, Pense alors à moi ! Quand de la famille L'antique foyer brille, Pense encore à moi ! Et si de la chanteuse La voix melodieuse Berce ton âme heureuse Et ravit tes sens, Pense à l'air que chante Pour toi ton amante— Tant aimés accens !	When around thee, dying, Autumn leaves are lying, Oh, then remember me ! And at night, when gazing On the gay hearth blazing, Oh, still remember me ! Then, should music, stealing All the soul of feeling, To thy heart appealing, Draw one tear from thee ; Then let memory bring thee Strains I used to sing thee— Oh, then remember me !

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognize the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love-song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marôt and Maître Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly admixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a loving heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitively beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Chateaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I.

The following pathetic strain is the only literary relic which has been preserved of the unfortunate Marquis de Cinqmars, who was disappointed in a love affair, and who, "to fling forgetfulness around him," mixed in politics, conspired against Cardinal Richelieu, was betrayed by an accomplice, and perished on the scaffold. Moore has transplanted it entire into his "National

Melodies;" but is very careful not to give the nation or writer whence he translated it.

LE MARQUIS DE CINQMARS.

Tu n'as fait, ô mon cœur! qu'un beau songe,
Qui te fut, hélas! ravi trop tôt;
Ce doux rêve, ah dieux! qu'il se prolonge,
Je consens à n'aspirer plus haut.
Faut-il que d'avance
Jeune espérance
Le destin détruise ton avenir?
Faut-il que la rose
La première éclose
Soit celle qu'il se plaise à flétrir?
Tu n'as fait, &c.

Que de fois tu trompas notre attente,
Amitié, sœur de l'amour trompeur!
De l'amour la coupe encore enchante
A l'ami on livre encor' son cœur:
L'insecte qui file
Sa trame inutile
Voit périr cent fois le frêle tissu;
Tel, amour ensorcele
L'homme qui renouvelle
Des liens qui l'ont cent fois deçu!
Tu n'as fait, &c.

THOMAS MOORE.

O! 'twas all but a dream at the best—
And still when happiest, soonest o'er:
But e'en in a dream to be blest
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more!
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
Like flowers that first
In spring-time burst,
The soonest whither too!
Oh, 'twas all but, &c.

By friendship we've oft been deceived,
And love, even love, too soon is past;
But friendship will still be believed,
And love trusted on to the last;
Like the web in the leaves
The spider weaves
Is the charm that hangs o'er men—
Tho' oft as he sees
It broke by the breeze,
He weaves the bright line again!
O! 'twas all but, &c.

Every thing was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill, he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill, all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the *hedge-school* occasionally, and who used to distract my attention from "Corderius" and "Erasmi Colloquia." I have often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape in his "Irish Melodies." Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

IN PULCHRAM LACTIFERAM.

Carmen, Auctore Prout.

Lesbia semper hinc et indè
Oculorum tela movit;
Captat omnes, sed deindè
Quis ametur nemo novit.
Palpebrarum, Nora cara,
Lux tuarum non est foris,
Flamma micat ibi rara,
Sed sinceri lux amoris.
Nora Creina sit regina,
Vultu, gressu tam modesto!
Hæc, puellas inter bellas,
Jure omnium dux esto!

Lesbia vestes auro graves
Fert, et gemmis, juxta norham;
Gratiæ sed, eheu! suaves
Cinctam reliquêre formam.

TO A BEAUTIFUL MILKMAID.

A Melody, by Thomas Moore.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at, no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Norah's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.
O, my Norah Creina dear!
My gentle, bashful Norah Creina!
Beauty lies
In many eyes—
But love's in thine, my Norah Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold;
But all so tight the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.

Noræ tunicam præferres,
Flante zephyro volantem;
Oculis et raptis erres
Contemplando ambulantem!
Vesta Nora tâm decorâ
Semper indui memento,
Semper puræ sic naturæ
Ibis tecta vestimento.

O, my Norah's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Norah Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Norah Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Norah Creina!

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen,
Quod coruscat perlibenter;
Sed quis optet hoc acumen,
Quando acupuncta dentur?
Noræ sinu cum recliner,
Dormio luxuriosè
Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,
Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.
Nora blanda, lux amanda,
Expers usque tenebrarum,
Tu cor mulces per tot dulces
Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Norah's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace, whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O, my Norah Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Norah Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Norah Creina!

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad; and indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius: so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terseness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves. He has not been half so lucky in hitting off Anacreon; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow;" since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, viz., the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle; and I am afraid that he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries—"Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri"—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of "Lalla Rookh"—

"O! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the *Mogul* language over the audience-chamber of the King of Delhi:* in fact, to examine and overhaul his "Lalla Rookh" would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe—"spoliis Orientis onustum."

But the favourite field in which Tommy has carried on his depredations, to an almost incredible extent, is that of the early French troubadours, whose property he has thought fair game, availing himself thereof without scruple. In his *soi-disant* "Irish" Melodies, and indeed in all his effusions of more refined gallantry, he has poured in a large infusion of the spirit and the letter

* See the *Asiatic Journal* for May, 1834, p. 2.

of southern France. To be sure, he has mixed up with the pure, simple, and genuine inspirations of these primitive hearts, who loved, in the olden time, after nature's fashion, much of his own overstrained fancy, strange conceits, and forced metaphors; but the initiated can easily distinguish when it is he speaketh *in propriâ personâ*, and when it is that he uses the pathetic and soul-stirring language of the *ménéstrels* of Gaul, those legitimate laureates of love. There has been a squib fired off by some wag of the sixteenth century against an old astrologer, who practised many rogueries in his generation, and which I think not inapplicable to Moore:

"Nostra damus cùm falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est:
Et cùm falsa damus, non nisi *Nostra damus.*"

And, only it were a profanation to place two such personages in juxtaposition, I would say that Moore might use the affecting, the soul-rending appeal of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, addressed to that land of song and civilization which she was quitting for ever, when she exclaimed, as the Gallic shore receded from her view, that "half of her heart would still be found on the loved plains of France, and even the other half pined to rejoin it in its primitive abodes of pleasantness and joy." The song of the unfortunate queen is too exquisitely beautiful not to be given here by me, such as she sang it on the deck of the vessel that wafted her away from the scenes of her youth and the blessings of friendship, to seek the dismal regions of bleak barbarity and murderous fanaticism. I also give it because Tommy has modelled on it his melody, "As slow our ship its foamy track," and Byron his "Native land, good night!"

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
Oh, ma patrie la plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance—
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours
N'a ici de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste, elle est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié—
Pour que de l'autre, il te souvienne!"

I now come to a more serious charge against the gentleman of "Sloperton Cottage, Wiltshire," and it will require more mother-wit than he is known to possess to bamboozle the public into a satisfactory belief in his innocence. To plunder the French is all right; but to rob his own countrymen is what the late Lord Liverpool would call "*too bad.*" I admit the claims of the poet on the gratitude of the aboriginal Irish; for glorious Dan might have exerted his leathern lungs during a century in haranguing the native *sans culottes* on this side of the Channel; but had not the "Melodies" made *emancipation* palatable to the thinking and generous portion of Britain's free-born sons—had not his poetry spoken to the hearts of the great and the good, and enlisted the fair daughters of England, the spouters would have been but objects of scorn and contempt. The "Melodies" won the cause silently, imperceptibly, effectually; and if there be a tribute due from that class of the native, it is to the child of song. Poets, however, are always destined to be poor; and such used to be the case with patriots too, until the *rint* opened the eyes of the public, and aught them that even that sacred and exalted passion, love of country, could resolve itself, through an Irish alembic, into an ardent love for the copper currency of one's native land. The dagger of Harmodius, which used to be concealed under a wreath of myrtle, is now-a-days hidden within the cavity of a church-door begging-box: and Tom Moore can only claim the second part of the celebrated line of Virgil, as the first evidently refers to Mr. O'Connell;

"*Æra* ciere viros—Martemque accendere *cantu.*"

But I am digressing from the serious charge I mean to bring against the author

of that beautiful melody, "The Shamrock." Does not Tom Moore know that there was such a thing in France as the Irish brigade? and does he not fear and tremble lest the ghosts of that valiant crew, whom he has robbed of their due honours, should, "in the stilly night, when slumber's chains have bound him," drag his small carcase to the Styx, and give him a well-merited sousing? For why should he exhibit as his production *their* favourite song? and what ineffable audacity to palm off on modern drawing-rooms as *his own* that glorious carol which made the tents of Fontenoy ring with its exhilarating music, and which old General Stack, who lately died at Calais, used to sing so gallantly?

LE TREFLE D'IRLANDE.

Chanson de la Brigade, 1748.

Un jour en Hybernie,
D'AMOUR le beau génie
Et le dieu de la VALEUR firent rencontre
Avec le "BEL ESPRIT,"
Ce drôle qui se rit
De tout ce qui lui vient à l'encontre;
Partout leur pas reveille*
Une herbe à triple feuille,
Que la nuit humecta de ses pleurs,
Et que la douce aurore
Fraichement fait éclorre,
De l'emeraude elle a les couleurs.
Vive le tréfle!
Vive le vert gazon!
De la patrie, terre chérie!
L'emblème est bel et bon!

VALEUR d'un ton superbe,
S'écrie, "Pour moi cette herbe
Crôit sitôt qu'elle me voit ici paraître;"
AMOUR lui dit, "Non, non,
C'est moi que le gazon
Honore en ces bijoux qu'il fait naître:"
Mais BEL ESPRIT dirige
Sur l'herbe à triple tige
Un œil observateur, à son tour,
"Pourquoi," dit-il, "défaire
Un nœud si beau, qui serre
En ce type ESPRIT, VALEUR, et AMOUR!"
Vive le tréfle!
Vive le vert gazon!
De la patrie, terre chérie!
L'emblème est bel et bon!

Prions le Ciel qu'il dure
Ce nœud, où la nature
Voudrait voir une éternelle alliance;
Que nul vénin jamais
N'empoisonne les traits
Qu'à l'entour si gaiement l'ESPRIT lance!
Que nul tyran ne rêve
D'user le noble glaive
De la VALEUR contre la liberté;
Et que l'AMOUR suspende
Sa plus belle guirlande
Sur l'autel de la fidélité!
Vive le tréfle!
Vive le vert gazon!
De la patrie, terre chérie!
L'emblème est bel et bon!

THE SHAMROCK.

A "Melody" of Tom Moore's, 1813.

Through Erin's isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd
With Wit the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd:
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the shamrock!
The green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

Says Valour, "See!
They spring for me—
Those leafy gems of morning;"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "O, do not sever
A type that blends
Three god-like friends—
Wit, Valour, Love, for ever!"
O the shamrock!
The green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

So firm and fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together;
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as shoot
His flowers and fruit,
Of thorny falsehood weed them;
Let Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of freedom,
Or of the shamrock,
The green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock!

* Alia lectio: *partout leur main recueille.*

Molière has written a pleasant and instructive comedy entitled the *Fourberies de Scapin*, which I recommend to Tom's perusal; and in the "spelling-book" which I used to con over when at the hedge-school with my foster-brother George Knapp, who has since risen to eminence as mayor of Cork, but with whom I used then to share the reading of the "Universal Spelling-Book" (having but one between us), there is an awful story about "Tommy and Harry," very capable of deterring youthful minds from evil practices, especially the large wood-cut representing a lion tearing the stomach of the luckless wight who led a career of wickedness. Had Tommy Moore been brought up properly (as Knapp and I were) he would not have committed so many depredations, which he ought to know would be discovered on him at last, and cause him bitterly to repent his "rogueries."

With all my sense of indignation, unabated and unmitigated at the unfairness with which O'Brien "of the round towers" has been treated, and which has prompted me to make disclosures which would have otherwise slept with me in the grave, I must do Moore the justice to applaud his accurate, spirited, and sometimes exquisite translations from recondite MSS. and other totally unexplored writings of antiquity. I felt it my duty, in the course of these strictures, to denounce the version of Anacreon as a total failure, only to be accounted for by the extreme youth and inexperience of the subsequently matured and polished melodist; but there is an obscure Greek poet, called Στακκος Μορφιδης, whose ode on whisky, or negus, composed about the sixteenth olympiad, according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher, he has splendidly and most literally rendered into English Anacreontic verse, thus:

Στακκου Μορφιδεος ισχυς.

(*Stat nominis umbra.*)

Στεψωμεν ουν κυπελλον
Τοις ανθεμοισι ψυχης,
Τοις φερτατοις φρενες γ' α
Ἡμιν δυναιντ' εφευρειν.
Ταυτῃ γαρ ουρανονδε
Τῃ νυκτι δει πετᾶσθαι,
Ταυτην λιποντες αιαν.
Ει γ' ουν Ερως λαθοιτο
Τοις στεμματεσσ' ἁ Τερψις
Ἡμιν μαγος διδωσιν,
Ουπω φοβος γενοιτο,
Ὡς γαρ παρεστιν οινος,
Βαψωμεν ειγε κεντεῖ.

Ὡς μοι λεγουσι, νεκταρ
Παλαι επινον Ἡραι
Και ΖΗΝΕΣ ηδε ΦΟΙΒΟΙ.
Ἐξεστι και βροτοισιν
Ἡμιν ποιειν το νεκταρ·
Ποιητεον γαρ ὡδε·
Τουτον λαβοντες οινον,
Του χαρματος προσωποις
Αμφι σκυφος στεφοντες,
Τοτε φρενων φαεινην
Ποτῳ χεοντες ανγην,
Ἰδου, παρεστι νεκταρ.

Τιπτ' ουν Χρονος γε ψαμμῳ
Την κλεψυδραν επλησε
Την αγλαην αεικει;
Ευ μεν γαρ οιδεν οινον
Ταχυτερον διαρρειν,
Στιλπνωτερον τε λαμπειν·

ON WHISKY OR NEGUS.

By Moore.

Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreath be hid,
That joy th' enchanter brings us;
No danger fear
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreathe the bowl, &c., &c.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too—
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream—
And there's your nectar splendid.
Then wreathe the bowl, &c., &c.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?

Δος συν, δος ἡμιν αυτην,	O lend it us,
Και μειδιωντες ουτως	And, smiling, thus
Την κλεψυδραν σχισαντες,	The glass in two we'd sever,
Ποιησομεν γε διπλω	Make pleasure glide
Ρειν ἡδονην ρεεθρῳ	In double tide,
Εμπλησομεν δ' ἑταιροι	And fill both ends for ever.
Αμφω κυτη ες αιει.	Then wreathe the bowl, &c., &c.

Such carefully finished translations as this from Στακκος, in which not an idea or beauty of the Greek is lost in the English version, must necessarily do Tommy infinite credit; and the only drawback on the abundant praise which I should otherwise feel inclined to bestow on the Anacreontic versifier, is the fatal neglect, or perhaps wilful treachery, which has led him to deny or suppress the sources of his inspiration, and induced him to appear in the discreditable fashion of an Irish jackdaw in the borrowed plumage of a Grecian peacock. The splendour of poesy, like "Malachy's collar of gold," is round his neck, but he won it from a stranger: the green glories of the emerald adorn his glowing crest—or, as Phædrus says,

"Nitor smaragdi collo refulget tuo—"

but if you ruffle his feathers a little, you will find that his literary toilette is composed of what the French *coiffeurs* call *des ornemens postiches;* and that there was never a more called-for declaration than the avowal which he himself makes in one of his Melodies, when, talking of the wild strains of the Irish harp, he admits, he "*was but the wind passing heedlessly over*" its chords, and that the music was by no means his own.

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his muse at work; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in *imitation* of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatized; but it is a sort of *quasi*-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his "National Melody," or jingle, called, in the early edition of his poems, "Those Evening Bells," a "*Petersburg air;*" of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this:—In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its *mirabilia;* of which he seemed quite enamoured. The view from the tower of the central church, Notre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on some feast-day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the "Hunchback Quasimodo;" and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description: "In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the day-time is the *talking* of the city; at night, it is the *breathing* of the city; in this case, it is the *singing* of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from *flutes of stone three hundred feet high*—than that city which is but one orchestra—than tha symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest." All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known

and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple: and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the "Groves."

THE SHANDON BELLS.*

SABBATA PANGO,
FUNERA PLANGO,
SOLEMNIA CLANGO.
Inscrip. on an old Bell.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

* The church and spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle (for which see the plates in "Pacata Hybernia"), is a prominent object, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. There exists a pathetic ballad, composed by some exile when "eastward darkly going," in which he begins his adieux to the sweet spot thus: "Farewell to thee, Cork, and thy sugar-loaf steeple," &c., &c. But as nothing is done in Ireland in the ordinary routine of sublunary things, this belfry is built on a novel and rather droll principle of architecture, *viz.*, one side is all of grey stone, and the other all red,—like the Prussian soldier's uniform trousers, one leg blue, the other green.—*Note by* CROFTON CROKER.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly;—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his "Evening Bells, a *Petersburg air.*" But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

I do not feel so much hurt at this nefarious "belle's stratagem" regarding me, as at his wickedness towards the man of the round towers; and to this matter I turn in conclusion.

"O blame not the bard!" some folks will no doubt exclaim, and perhaps think that I have been over-severe on Tommy, in my vindication of O'B.; I can only say, that if the *poet of all circles and the idol of his own,* as soon as this posthumous rebuke shall meet his eye, begins to repent him of his wicked attack on my young friend, and, turning him from his evil ways, betakes him to his proper trade of ballad-making, then shall he experience the comfort of living at peace with all mankind, and old Prout's blessing shall fall as a precious ointment on his head. In that contingency if (as I understand it to be his intention) he should happen to publish a *fresh* number of his "Melodies," may it be eminently successful; and may Power of the Strand, by some more sterling sounds than the echoes of fame, be convinced of the power of song—

For it is not the magic of streamlet or hill:
O no! it is something that sounds in the "*till!*"

My humble patronage, it is true, cannot do much for him in fashionable circles; for I never mixed much in the *beau monde* (at least in Ireland), during my lifetime, and can be of no service, of course, when I'm dead; nor will his "Melodies," I fear, though well adapted to mortal pianofortes, answer the purposes of that celestial choir in which I shall then be an obscure but cheerful vocalist. But as I have touched on this great topic of mortality, let Moore recollect that his course here below, however harmonious in the abstract, must have a finale; and at his last hour let him not treasure up for himself the unpleasant retrospect of young genius nipped in the bud by the frost of his criticism, or glad enthusiasm's early promise damped by inconsiderate sneers. O'Brien's book can, and will, no doubt, afford much matter for witticism and merriment to the superficial, the unthinking, and the profane; but to the eye of candour it ought to have presented a page richly fraught with wondrous research—redolent with

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all the perfumes of Hindostan; its leaves, if they failed to convince, should, like those of the mysterious *lotus*, have inculcated silence; and if the finger of meditation did not rest on every line, and pause on every period, the volume, at least, should not be indicated to the vulgar by the finger of scorn. Even granting that there were in the book some errors of fancy, of judgment, or of style, which of us is without reproach in our *juvenile* productions? and though I myself am old, I am the more inclined to forgive the inaccuracies of youth. Again, when all is dark, who would object to a ray of light, merely because of the faulty or flickering medium by which it is transmitted? And if these round towers have been hitherto a dark puzzle and a mystery, must we scare away O'Brien because he approaches with a rude and unpolished but serviceable lantern? No; forbid it, Diogenes: and though Tommy may attempt to put his extinguisher on the *towers* and their *historian*, there is enough of good sense in the British public to make common cause with O'Brien the enlightener. Moore should recollect, that knowledge conveyed in any shape will ever find a welcome among us; and that, as he himself beautifully observes in his "Loves of the Angels"—

> "Sunshine broken in the rill,
> Though turn'd aside, is sunshine still."

For my own part, I protest to Heaven, that were I, while wandering in a gloomy forest, to meet on my dreary path the small, faint, glimmering light even of a glow-worm, I should shudder at the thought of crushing with my foot that dim speck of brilliancy; and were it only for its being akin to brighter rays, honouring it for its relationship to the stars, I would not harm the little lamplighter as I passed along in the woodland shade.

If Tommy is rabidly bent on satire, why does he not fall foul of Doctor Lardner, who has got the clumsy machinery of a whole Cyclopædia at work, grinding that nonsense which he calls "Useful Knowledge?" Let the poet mount his Pegasus, or his Rosinante, and go tilt a lance against the doctor's windmill. It was unworthy of him to turn on O'Brien, after the intimacy of private correspondence; and if he was inclined for battle, he might have found a seemlier foe. Surely my young friend was not the quarry on which the vulture should delight to pounce, when there are so many literary reptiles to tempt his beak and glut his maw! Heaven knows, there is fair game and plentiful carrion on the plains of Bœotia. In the poet's picture of the pursuits of a royal bird, we find such sports alluded to—

> "In reluctantes dracones
> Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ."

Let Moore, then, vent his indignation and satiate his voracity on the proper objects of a volatile of prey; but he will find in his own province of imaginative poetry a kindlier element, a purer atmosphere, for his winged excursions. Long, long may we behold the gorgeous bird soaring through the regions of inspiration, distinguished in his loftier as in his gentler flights, and combining, by a singular miracle of ornithology, the voice of the turtle-dove, the eagle's eye and wing, with the plumage of the "bird of Paradise."

MEM.—*On the 28th of June*, 1835, *died, at the Hermitage, Hanwell, "Henry O'Brien, author of the Round Towers of Ireland."* His portrait was hung up in the Gallery of REGINA on the 1st of August following; and the functionary who exhibits the "Literary Characters" dwelt thus on his merits:

In the village graveyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab urbe lapidem*) sleeps the original of yonder sketch, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar. That "original" was no stranger to us.

Some time back we had our misgivings that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon dry up; still, we were not prepared to hear of his light being thus abruptly extinguished. "One morn we missed him" from the accustomed table at the library of the British Museum, where the page of antiquity awaited his perusal; "another came—nor yet" was he to be seen behind the pile of "Asiatic Researches," poring over his favourite Herodotus, or deep in the Zendavesta. "The next" brought tidings of his death.

"Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs:
Je meurs, et sur la tombe où, jeune encor, j'arrive
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

His book on the "Round Towers" has thrown more light on the early history of Ireland, and on the freemasonry of these gigantic puzzles, than will ever shine from the cracked pitchers of the "Royal Irish Academy," or the farthing candle of Tommy Moore. And it was quite natural that he should have received from them, during his lifetime, such tokens of malignant hostility as might sufficiently "tell how they hated his beams." The "Royal Irish" twaddlers must surely feel some compunction now, when they look back on their paltry transactions in the matter of the "prize essay;" and though we do not expect much from "Tom Brown the younger," or "Tom Little," the author of sundry Tomfudgeries and Tomfooleries, still it would not surprise us if he now felt the necessity of atoning for his individual misconduct by doing appropriate penance in a white sheet or a "blue and yellow" blanket when next he walks abroad in that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage, the *Edinburgh Review*.

While Cicero was *quæstor* in Sicily, he discovered in the suburbs of Syracuse the neglected grave of Archimedes, from the circumstance of a symbolical cylinder indicating the pursuits and favourite theories of the illustrious dead. Great was his joy at the recognition. No emblem will mark the sequestered spot where lies the Œdipus of the Round Tower riddle—no hieroglyphic,

"Save daisies on the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date."

But ye who wish for monuments to his memory, go to his native land, and there—*circumspicite!*—Glendalough, Devenish, Clondalkin, Inniscattery, rear their architectural cylinders; and each, through those mystic apertures that face the cardinal points, proclaims to the four winds of heaven, trumpet-tongued, the name of him who solved the problem of 3,000 years, and who first disclosed the drift of these erections!

Fame, in the Latin poet's celebrated personification, is described as perched

"Sublimi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis."
Æneid IV.

That of O'B. is pre-eminently so circumstanced. From these proud pinnacles nothing can dislodge his renown. Moore, in the recent pitiful compilation meant for "a history," talks of these monuments as being so many "astronomical indexes." He might as well have said they were tubes for the purposes of gastronomy. 'Tis plain *he* knew as little about their origin as he may be supposed to know of the "Hanging Tower of Pisa," or the "Torre degli Asinelli," or how the nose of the beloved resembled the tower of Damascus.

Concerning the subject of this memoir, suffice it to add that he was born in the kingdom of Iveragh, graduated in T.C.D. (having been classically "brought up at the feet of" the Rev. Charles Boyton); and fell a victim here to the intense ardour with which he pursued the antiquarian researches that he loved.

"Kerria me genuit; studia, heu! rapuêre; tenet nunc
Anglia: sed patriam turrigeram cecini."

REGENT STREET, *August 1*, 1835.

VI.

Literature and the Jesuits.

(*Fraser's Magazine, September* 1834.)

—o—

[This, in many ways, noble evidence of Mahony's gratitude to the great and learned Order to the fathers of which he owed so much of his ripe scholarship, appeared in the number of *Fraser* containing the portrait of the Rev. George Robert Gleig, author of "The Subaltern," twelve years afterwards appointed Chaplain-General of the Forces, the clerical novelist as portrayed by Maclise's pencil, hat in hand, and with his hands clasped before him, all but walking out of the picture as we examine his likeness. Rather incongruously, at the close of so loyal a tribute to his old masters, the Jesuits, Mahony, by appending to it his version of Jean Baptiste Louis Gresset's wonderfully humorous poem of "Vert-Vert," affords Croquis' wicked pencil the opportunity of introducing as a tailpiece to it in the 1836 edition his profane illustration of the scare in the cloisters, "Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde." Conspicuous, by the way, among the finest specimens of our author's graver Latin poetry, his Ode in celebration of the Vigil of Saint Ignatius Loyola, incidentally given in this sixth of the Prout Papers, is entitled to the reader's closest consideration.]

"Alii spem gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus: alii purissima mella
Stipant, et liquido distendunt nectare cellas."

VIRG. *Georgic IV.*

"Through flowery paths
Skill'd to guide youth, in haunts where learning dwells,
They fill'd with honey'd lore their cloister'd cells."

PROUT.

THE recent massacre by a brutal populace in Madrid of fourteen Jesuits, in the hall of their college of St. Isidoro, has drawn somewhat of notice, if not of sympathy, to this singular order of literati, whom we never fail, for the last three hundred years, to find mixed up with every political disturbance. There is a certain species of bird well known to ornithologists, but better still to mariners, which is sure to make its appearance in stormy weather—so constantly, indeed, as to induce among the sailors (*durum genus*) a belief that it is *the fowl* that has raised the tempest. Leaving this knotty point to be settled by Dr. Lardner in his "Cyclopædia," at the article of "Mother Carey's Chickens," we cannot help observing, meantime, that since the days of the French League under Henri Trois, to the late final expulsion of the *branche aînée* (an event which has marked the commencement of REGINA'S accession to the throne of literature), as well in the revolutions of Portugal as in the vicissitudes of Venice, in the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in the expulsion of James II., in the severance of the Low Countries from Spain, in the invasion of Africa by Don Sebastian, in the Scotch Rebellion of '45, in the conquest of

China by the Tartars, in all the Irish rebellions, from Father Salmeron in 1561, and Father Archer (for whom see "Pacata Hibernia"), to that *anonymous* Jesuit who (according to Sir Harcourt Lees) threw *the bottle* at the Lord-Lieutenant in the Dublin Theatre some years ago,—there is always one of this ill-fated society found in the thick of the confusion—

"And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day!

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale *moonshine*
He walks from hall to hall."

BYRON.

However, notwithstanding the various and manifold commotions which these Jesuits have confessedly kicked up in the kingdoms of Europe and the commonwealth of Christendom, we, OLIVER YORKE, must admit that they have not deserved ill of the *Republic of Letters;* and therefore do we decidedly set our face against the Madrid process of knocking out their brains; for, in our view of things, the *pineal gland* and the *cerebellum* are not kept in such a high state of cultivation in Spain as to render superfluous a few colleges and professors of the *literæ humaniores.* George Knapp, the vigilant mayor of Cork, was, no doubt, greatly to be applauded for demolishing with his civic club the mad dogs which invested his native town; and he would have won immortal laurels if he had furthermore cleared that beautiful city of the idlers, gossips, and cynics, who therein abound; but it was a great mistake of the Madrid folks to apply the club to the learned skulls of the few literati they possessed. We are inclined to think (though full of respect for Robert Southey's opinion) that, after all, Roderick was *not* the last of the Goths in Spain.

When the Cossacks got into Paris in 1814, their first exploit was to eat up all the tallow-candles of the conquered metropolis, and to drink the train oil out of the lamps, so as to leave the "Boulevards" in Cimmerian darkness. By murdering the schoolmasters, it would seem that the partisans of Queen Christina would have no great objection to a similar municipal arrangement for Madrid. But all this is a matter of national taste; and as *our* gracious REGINA is no party to "the quadruple alliance," she has determined to adhere to her fixed system of non-intervention.

Meantime the public will peruse with some curiosity a paper from Father Prout, concerning his old masters in literature. We suspect that on this occasion sentimental gratitude has begotten a sort of "drop serene" in his eye, for he only winks at the rogueries of the Jesuits; nor does he redden for them the gridiron on which he gently roasts Dr. Lardner and Tom Moore. But the great merit of the essay is, that the composer evidently had opportunities of a thorough knowledge of his subject—a matter of rare occurrence, and therefore quite refreshing. He appears, indeed, to be fully aware of his vantage-ground: hence the tone of confidence, and the firm, unhesitating tenour of his assertions. This is what we like to see. A chancellor of England who rarely got drunk, Sir Thomas More, has left this bit of advice to folks in general:

Wise men alwaye
affirme and say
that tis best for a man
diligently
for to apply
to the business he can,

and in no wyse
to enterprise
another facultie.
A simple hatter
should not go smatter
in philosophie;
nor ought a peddlar
become a meddlar
in theologie.*

Acting on this principle, how gladly would we open our columns to a treatise by our particular friend, Marie Taglioni, on the philosophy of *hops!*—how cheerfully would we welcome an essay on *heavy wet* from the pen of Dr. Wade, or of Jack Reeve, or any other similarly qualified Chevalier de Malte! We should not object to a tract on gin from Charley Pearson; nor would we exclude Lord Althorp's thick notions on "*flummery*," or Lord Brougham's XXX. ideas on that mild alcohol which, for the sake of peace and quietness, we shall call "*tea*." Who would not listen with attention to Irving on a matter of "unknown tongues," or to O'Brien on "Round Towers?" Verily it belongeth to old Benjamin Franklin to write scientifically on the *paratonnère;* and his contemporary, Talleyrand, has a paramount claim to lecture on the *weather-cock.*

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus."

Turning finally to thee, O Prout! truly great was thy love of frolic, but still more remarkable thy wisdom. Thou wert a most rare combination of Socrates and Sancho Panza, of Scarron and the venerable Bede! What would we not have given to have cracked a bottle with thee in thy hut on Watergrasshill, partaking of thy hospitable "herring," and imbibing thy deep flood of knowledge with the plenitude of thy "Medoc?" Nothing gloomy, narrow, or pharisaical, ever entered into thy composition—"In wit, a man; simplicity, a child." The wrinkled brow of antiquity softened into smiles for thee; and the Muses must have marked thee in thy cradle for their own. Such is the perfume that breathes from thy chest of posthumous elucubrations, conveying a sweet fragrance to the keen nostrils of criticism, and recalling the funeral oration of the old woman in Phædrus over her emptied flagon—

"O suavis anima! quale te dicam bonum
Antehàc fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ."

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *1st Sept.* 1834.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Dec.* 1833.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, after the vigorous arm of an Augustinian monk had sounded on the banks of the Rhine that loud tocsin of

* See this excellent didactic poem printed at length in the elaborate preface to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. [Mahony should rather have said in the sequel to the famous preface entitled "The History of the English Language."] It is entitled "A merrie Jest, how a Sarjeant would learn to play ye Frere; by Maister Thomas More, in hys youthe." [The last six lines as printed by the Doctor run—

Whan an hatter
Wyll go smatter
In philosophy,
Or a pedlar
Ware a medlar
In theology.]

reform that found such responsive echo among the Gothic steeples of Germany, there arose in southern Europe, as if to meet the exigency of the time, a body of popish men, who have been called (assuredly by no friendly nomenclator) the Janissaries of the Vatican. Professor Robertson, in his admirable "History of Charles V.," introduces a special episode concerning the said "janissaries;" and, sinking for a time the affairs of the belligerent continent, turns his grave attention to the operations of the children of Loyola. The essay forms an agreeable interlude in the melodrama of contemporary warfare, and is exquisitely adapted to the purpose of the professor; whose object was, I presume, to furnish his readers with a light *divertimento*. For surely and soberly (*pace tanti viri dixerim*) he did not expect that *his* theories on the origin, development, and mysterious organization of that celebrated society would pass current with any save the uninitiated and the profane; nor did he ever contemplate the adoption of his speculations by any but the careless and unreflecting portion of mankind. It was a capital peg on which to hang the flimsy mantle of a superficial philosophy; it was a pleasant race-ground over which to canter on the gentle back of a metaphysical hobby-horse: but what could a Presbyterian of Edinburgh, even though a pillar of the kirk, know about the inmost and most recondite workings of Catholic freemasonry? What could *he* tell of Jerusalem, he being a Samaritan? Truly, friend Robertson, Father Prout would have taken the liberty, had he been in the historical workshop where thou didst indite that ilk, of acting the unceremonious part of "Cynthius" in the eclogue:

> "Aurem
> Vellit et admonuit, 'Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
> Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.'"

What could have possessed the professor? Did *he* ever go through the course of "*spiritual exercises?*" Did *he* ever eat a peck of salt with Loyola's intellectual and highly disciplined sons? "Had *he* ever *manifested his conscience?*" Did his venturous foot ever cross the threshold of the Jesuitical sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the "*ratio studiorum?*" Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta?* No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bonzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gipsies? or the "ancient order of Druids"? or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius à Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?

I am the more surprised at the learned historian's thus indulging in the Homeric luxury of a transient nap, as he generally is broad awake, and scans with scrutinizing eye the doings of his fellow-men through several centuries of interest. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, never occurs (except in this case) to his comprehensive habit of thought: and it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration. The more ignorance, the more audacity. "Prince Puckler Muskaw" and "Lady Morgan" furnish the *beau idéal* of this class of scribblers. Let them get but a peep at the "toe of Hercules," and they will produce forthwith an accurate mezzotinto drawing of his entire godship. Let them get a footing in any country in the habitable globe for twenty-four hours, and their volume of "France," "England," "Italy," or "Belgium" is ready for the press.

> "Oh give but a *glance*, let a vista but gleam,
> *Of any given country*, and mark how they'll feel!"

It is not necessary that they should know the common idiom of the natives,

or even their own language grammatically; for Lady Morgan (aforesaid) stands convicted, in her printed rhapsodies, of being very little acquainted with French, and not at all with Italian: while her *English*, of which every one can judge, is poor enough. The Austrian authorities shut the gates of Germany against her impostures, not relishing the idea of such audacious humbug: in truth, what could she have done at Vienna, not knowing German; though perhaps her obstetric spouse, Sir Charles, can play on the German flute?

"Lasciami por' nella terra il piede
E vider' questi inconosciuti lidi,
Vider' le gente, e il colto di lor fede,
E tutto quello onde uom saggio m' invidi,
Quando *mi* gioverà narrare altrui
Le novità vedute, e dire, '*io fui!*'"

TASSO, *Gerus. Lib.* cant. 15, st. 38.

There is in the county of Kildare a veritable Jesuits' college (of whose existence Sir Harcourt Lees is well satisfied, having often denounced it): it is called "Clongowes Wood;" and even the sacred "Groves of Blarney" do not so well deserve the honours of a pilgrimage as this haunt of classic leisure and studious retirement. Now Lady Morgan wanted to explore the learned cave of these literary cœnobites, and no doubt would have written a book, entitled "Jesuitism in all its Branches," on her return to Dublin; but the sons of Loyola smelt a rat, and acted on the principle inculcated in the legend of St. Senanus (Colgan. Acta SS. Hyb.):

"*Quid fœminis*
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittamus in insulam."

For which Prout's blessing on 'em! Amen.

In glaring contrast and striking opposition to this system of forwardness and effrontery practised by the "lady" and the "prince," stands the exemplary conduct of Denny Mullins. Denny is a patriot and a breeches-maker in the town of Cork, the oracle of the "Chamber of Commerce," and looked up to with great reverence by the radicals and *sans culottes* who swarm in that beautiful city. The excellence of his leather hunting unmentionables is admitted by the Mac-room fox-hunters; while his leather gaiters and his other *straps* are approved of by John Cotter of the branch bank of Ireland. But this is a mere parenthesis. Now when the boys in the Morea were kicking against the Sublime Porte, to the great delight of Joe Hume and other Corinthians, a grand political dinner occurred in the beautiful capital of Munster; at which, after the usual flummery about Marathon and the Peloponnesus, the health of Prince Ypsilanti and "Success to the Greeks" was given from the chair. There was a general call for Mullins to speak on this toast; though why *he* should be selected none could tell, unless for the reason which caused the Athenians to banish Aristides, viz. his being "too honest." Denny rose and rebuked their waggery by protesting, that, "though he was a plain man, he could always give a reason for what he was about. As to the modern Greeks, he would think twice before he either trusted them or refused them credit. He knew little about their forefathers, except what he had read in an author called Pope's 'Homer,' who says they were 'well-gaitered;' and he had learned to respect *them*. But latterly, to call a man a 'Greek' was, in his experience of the world, as bad as to call him '*a Jesuit*;' though, in both cases, few people had ever any personal knowledge of a *real* Jesuit or a *bonâ fide* Grecian." Such was the wisdom of the Aristides of Cork.

Nevertheless, it is not my intention to enter on the debatable ground of "the order's" moral or political character. Cerutti, the secretary of Mirabeau (whose

funeral oration he was chosen to pronounce in the church of St. Eustache, April 4, 1791), has written most eloquently on that topic; and in the whole range of French polemics I know nothing so full of manly logic and genuine energy of style as his celebrated "Apologie des Jésuites" (8vo. Soleure, 1778). He afterwards conducted, with Rabaud St. Etienne, that firebrand newspaper, *La Feuille Villageoise*, in which there was red-hot enthusiasm enough to get all the *châteaux* round Paris burnt: but the work of his youth remains an imperishable performance. My object is simply to consider "the Jesuits" in connection with *literature*. None would be more opposed than I to the introduction of polemics into the domain of the "*belles lettres*," or to let angry disputation find its way into the peaceful vale of Tempé,

> "Pour changer en champ-clos l'harmonieux vallon!"
>
> MILLEVOYE.

The precincts of Parnassus form a "city of refuge," where political and religious differences can have no access, where the angry passions subside, and the wicked cease from troubling. Wherefore to the devil, its inventor, I bequeath the Gunpowder Plot; and I shall not attempt to rake up the bones of Guy Faux, or disturb the ashes of Doctor Titus:—not that Titus, "the delight of the human race," who considered a day as lost when not signalized by some benefaction; but Titus Oates, who could not sleep quiet on his pillow at night unless he had hanged a Jesuit in the morning.

I have often in the course of these papers introduced quotations from the works of the Jesuit Gresset, the kind and enlightened friend of my early years; and to that pure fountain of the most limpid poetry of France I shall again have occasion to return: but nothing more evinces the sterling excellence of this illustrious poet's mind than his conduct towards the "order," of which he had been an ornament until matters connected with the press caused his withdrawal from that society. His "Adieux aux Jésuites" are on record, and deserve the admiration which they excited at that period. A single passage will indicate the spirit of this celebrated composition:

> "Je dois tous mes regrets aux sages que je quitte!
> J'en perds avec douleur l'entretien vertueux;
> Et si dans leurs foyers désormais je n'habite,
> Mon cœur me survit auprès d'eux.
> Car ne les crois point tels que la main de l'envie
> Les peint à des yeux prévenus:
> Si tu ne les connais que sur ce qu'en publie
> La ténébreuse calomnie,
> Ils te sont encore inconnus!"
>
> To the sages I leave here's a heartfelt farewell!
> 'Twas a blessing within their loved cloisters to dwell,
> And my dearest affections shall cling round them still:
> Full gladly I mix'd their blessed circles among.
> And oh! heed not the *whisper of Envy's foul tongue*;
> If you list but to her, you must know them but ill.

But to come at once to the pith and substance of the present inquiry, viz. the influence of the Jesuits on the *belles lettres*. It is one of the striking facts we meet with in tracing the history of this "order," and which D'Israeli may do well to insert in the next edition of his "Curiosities of Literature," that the founder of the most learned, and by far the most distinguished literary corporation that ever arose in the world, was an *old soldier* who took up his "Latin Grammar" when past the age of thirty; at which time of life Don Ignacio de Loyola had his leg shattered by an eighteen-pounder, while defending the citadel of Pampeluna against the French. The knowledge of this interesting truth may encourage the great captain of the age, whom I do not yet despair of beholding in a new capacity, covering his laurelled brow

with a doctor's cap, and filling the chancellor's chair to the great joy of the public and the special delight of Oxford. I have seen more improbable events than this take place in my experience of the world. Be that as it may, this lieutenant in the Caçadores of his imperial majesty Charles V., called into existence by the vigour of his mind a race of highly educated followers. He was the parent-stock (or, if you will, the primitive block) from which so many illustrious chips were hewn during the XVIIth century. If he had not intellect for his own portion, he most undeniably created it around him: he gathered to his standard men of genius and ardent spirits; he knew how to turn their talents to the best advantage (no ordinary knowledge), and, like Archimedes at Syracuse, by the juxtaposition of reflectors, and the skilful combination of mirrors, so as to converge into a focus and concentrate the borrowed rays of the sun, he contrived to damage the enemy's fleet and fire the galleys of Marcellus. Other founders of monastic orders enlisted the prejudices, the outward senses, and not unfrequently the fanaticism of mankind; their appeal was to that love for the marvellous inherent to the human breast, and that latent pride which lurked long ago under the torn blanket of Diogenes, and which would have tempted Alexander to set up a rival tub. But Loyola's quarry was the *cultivated mind*; and he scorned to work his purpose by any meaner instrumentality. When in the romantic hermitage of our Lady of Montserrat he suspended for ever over the altar his helmet and his sword, and in the spirit of most exalted chivalry resolved to devote himself to holier pursuits—one eagle glance at the state of Europe, just fresh from the revival of letters under Leo X., taught him how and with what weapons to encounter the rebel Augustinian monk, and check the progress of disaffection. A short poem by an old schoolfellow of mine, who entered the order in 1754, and died a missionary in Cochin China, may illustrate these views. The Latin shows excellent scholarship; and my attempt at translation can give but a feeble idea of the original.

PERVIGILIUM LOYOLÆ

In Mariæ Sacello, 1522.

Cùm bellicosus Cantaber è tholo
Suspendit ensem, "Non ego lugubri
Defuncta bello," dixit, "arma
Degener aut timidus perire

Miles resigno. Me nova buccina,
Me non profani tessera prælii
Deposcit; et sacras secutus
Auspicio meliore partes,

Non indecorus transfuga, gloriæ
Signis relictis, nil cupientium
Succedo castris, jam futurus
Splendidior sine clade victor.

Domare MENTES, stringere fervidis
Sacro catenis INGENIUM throno,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Corda Deo dare gestit ardor:

Fraudis magistros artibus æmulis
Depræliando sternere; sed magis
Loyola Lutheri triumphos
Orbe novo reparabit ultor!"

Tellus gigantis sentit iter: simul
Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
Christi triumphantis trophæum,
Cruxque novos numerat clientes.

DON IGNACIO LOYOLA'S VIGIL

In the Chapel of our Lady of Montserrat.

When at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmed brow—
Not that he fear'd war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow;

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now:
To track *thy* footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod:
Hear and record my vow.

Yes, THOU shalt reign! Chain'd to thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped,
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

Vidêre gentes *Xaverii* jubar
Igni corusco nubila dividens:
Cœpitque mirans Christianos
Per medios fluitare Ganges.

India repair'd half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And, from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory!

Professor Robertson gravely opines that Ignatius was a mere fanatic, who never contemplated the subsequent glories of his order; and that, were he to have revisited the earth a century after his decease, when his institute was making such a noise in the world, he would have started back,

"Scared at the sound himself had made."

Never did the historian adopt a more egregious blunder. Had he had leisure or patience to con over the original code, called INSTITUTVM SOC. JESV, he would have found in every paragraph of that profound and crafty volume the germs of wondrous future development; he would have discovered the long-hidden but most precious "soul of the licentiate Garcias" under the inscription that adorns the title-page. Yes, the mind of Loyola lies embalmed in the leaves of that mystic tome; and the ark of cedar-wood, borne by the children of Israel along the sands of the desert, was not more essential to their happy progress unto the land of promise than that grand depository of the founder's wisdom was to the march of intellect among the Jesuits.

Before his death, this old veteran of Charles V., this illiterate lieutenant, this crippled Spaniard from the "imminent and deadly breach" of Pampeluna (for he too was lame, like Tyrtæus, Talleyrand, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, Tamerlane, and Appius *Claudius*), had the satisfaction of counting twelve "provinces" of his order established in Europe, Asia, Brazils, and Ethiopia. The members of the society amounted at that epoch (31st July, 1556), sixteen years after its foundation, to seven thousand educated men. Upwards of one hundred colleges had been opened. Xavier had blown the trumpet of the Gospel over India; Bobadilla had made a noise in Germany; Gaspar Nunes had gone to Egypt; Alphonso Salmeron to Ireland. Meantime the schools of the new professors were attracting, in every part of Europe, crowds of eager pupils: industry and zeal were reaping their best reward in the visible progress of religion as well as literature:

"Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella!"

At the suppression of the order, it numbered within a fraction of twenty thousand well-trained, well-disciplined, and well-taught members.

There is an instinct in great minds that tells them of their sublime destinies, and gives them secret but certain warning of their ultimate grandeur: like Brutus, they have seen a spirit of prophetic import, whether for good or evil, who will meet them at Philippi: like Plato, they keep correspondence with a familiar δαιμων: like Napoleon, they read their meridian glories of successful warfare in the morning sun;—sure as fate, Loyola saw the future laurels of his order, and placed full reliance on the anticipated energy of his followers yet unborn: the same reliance which that giant fowl of Arabia, the ostrich, must entertain, when, depositing its monstrous egg on the sands, it departs for ever, leaving to the god of day the care of hatching into life its vigorous young.

Industry, untiring ardour, immortal energy were the characteristics of these learned enthusiasts. Some cleared away the accumulated rubbish of the friars, their ignorant predecessors; and these were the *pioneers* of literature. Some gave editions of the Fathers or the Classics, hitherto pent up in the womb of MS.; these were the *accoucheurs* of knowledge. Others, for the use of schools, carefully expurgated the received authors of antiquity, and

suppressed every prurient passage, performing, *in usum Delphini*, a very meritorious task. I need not say to what class of operators in surgery *these* worthy fathers belonged. Some wrote "commentaries" on Scripture, which Junius undervalues; but with all *his* acquirements, I would sooner take the guidance of Cornelius à Lapide in matters of theology. Finally, some wrote original works; and the shelves of every European library groan under the folios of the Jesuits.

There is not, perhaps, a more instructive and interesting subject of inquiry in the history of the human mind than the origin, progress, and workings of what are called *monastic institutions*. It is a matter on which I have bestowed not a little thought, and I may one day plunge into the depths thereof in a special dissertation. But I cannot help adverting here to some causes that raised the order of the Jesuits so far above all the numerous and fantastical fraternities to which the middle ages had previously given birth. Loyola saw the vile abuses which had crept into these institutions, and had the sagacity to eschew the blunders of his predecessors. Idleness was the most glaring evil under which monks and friars laboured in those days; and hence incessant activity was the watchword of *his* sons. The rules of other "orders" begot a grovelling and vulgar debasement of mind, and were calculated to mar and cripple the energies of genius, if it ever happened exceptionally to lurk under "the weeds of Francis or of Dominick:" but all the regulations of the Jesuits had a tendency to develop the aspirings of intellect, and to expand the scope and widen the career of talent. The system of *mendicancy* adopted by each holy brotherhood as the ground-work of its operations, did not strike Loyola as much calculated to give dignity or manliness to the human character; hence he left his elder brethren in quiet possession of that interesting department. When cities, provinces, or kings founded a Jesuits' college, they were sure of getting value in return; hence most of their collegiate halls were truly magnificent, and they ought to have been so. When of old a prince wished to engage Zeno as tutor to his son, and sought to lower the terms of the philosopher by stating, that with such a sum he could purchase a slave, "Do so, by all means, and you will have a pair of them," was the pithy reply of the indignant Stoic.

I do not undervalue the real services of some "orders" of earlier institution. I have visited with feelings of deep respect the gorgeous cradle of the Benedictine institute at Monte Cassino; and no traveller has explored Italy's proud monuments of Roman grandeur with more awe than I did that splendid creation of laborious and persevering men. I have seen with less pleasure the work of Bruno, *la Grande Chartreuse*, near Grenoble; he excluded learning from the solitude to which he drew his followers: but I have hailed with enthusiasm the sons of Bernard on the Alps ministering to the wants of the pilgrim; and I knew, that while *they* prowled with their mountain-dogs in quest of wayworn travellers, their brethren were occupied far off in the mines of Mexico and Peru, soothing the toils of the encaverned slave. But while I acknowledged these benefactions, I could not forget the crowds of lazy drones whom the system has fostered in Europe: the humorous lines of Berchoux, in his clever poem "La Gastronomie," involuntarily crossed my mind:

"Oui, j'avais un bon oncle en votre ordre, élevé
D'un mérite éclatant, gastronome achevé;
Souvent il m'étalait son brillant réfectoire,
C'était là du couvent la véritable gloire!
Garni des biens exquis qu'enfante l'univers,
Vins d'un bouquet céleste, et mets d'un goût divers!

"Cloîtres majestueux! fortunés monastères!
Retraite du repos des vertus solitaires,

Je vous ai vu tomber, le cœur gros des soupirs ;
Mais je vous ai gardé d'éternels souvenirs !—
Je sçais qu'on a prouvé que vous aviez grand tort,
Mais que ne prouve-t-on pas quand on est le plus fort ?"

This last verse is a capital hit, in its way.

But to return to the Jesuits. Their method of study, or *ratio studiorum*, compiled by a select quorum of the order, under the guidance of the profound and original Father Maldonatus,* totally broke up the old machinery of the schools, and demolished for ever the monkish fooleries of contemporary pedagogues. Before the arrival of the Jesuits in the field of collegiate exercises, the only skill applauded or recognized in that department consisted in a minute and servile adherence to the deep-worn tracks left by the passage of Aristotle's cumbrous waggon over the plains of learning. The well-known fable of Gay, concerning

"A Grecian youth of talents rare,"

whom he describes as excelling in the hippodrome of Athens by the fidelity with which he could drive his chariot-wheels within an inch of the exact circle left on the race-course by those who had preceded, was the type and model of scholastic excellence. The Jesuits, in every university to which they could get access, broke new ground. Various and fierce were the struggles against those invaders of the territory and privileges of Bœotia; dulness opposed his old bulwark, the *vis inertiæ*, in vain. Indefatigable in their pursuit, the new professors made incessant inroads into the domains of ignorance and sloth; awfully ludicrous were the dying convulsions of the old universitarian system, that had squatted like an incubus for so many centuries on Paris, Prague, Alcala, Valladolid, Padua, Cracow, and Coimbra. But it was in the halls of their own private colleges that they unfolded all their excellence, and toiled unimpeded for the revival of classic studies. "*Consule scholas Jesuitarum*," exclaims the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who was neither a quack nor a swiper, but "spoke the words of sobriety and truth." (Vide *Opus de Dignit. Scient.* lib. vii.) And Cardinal Richelieu has left on record, in that celebrated document the "Testament Politique," part i. chap. 2, sect. 10, his admiration of the rivalry in the race of science which the order created in France.

Forth from their new college of Lafléche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics, and start new and unexampled inquiries. Science until then had wandered a captive in the labyrinth of the schools; but the Cartesian Dædalus fashioned wings for himself and for her, and boldly soared among the clouds. Tutored in their college of Fayenza (near Rimini), the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his intelligent instructors by the invention of the *barometer*, A.D. 1620. Of the education of Tasso they may well be proud. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did good service to the cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of the commentators and grammarians. Soon after, Cassini rose from the benches of their tuition to preside over the newly established *Observatoire* in the metropolis of France; while the illustrious Tournefort issued from their halls to carry a searching scrutiny into the department of botanical science, then in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher† meantime astonished his contemporaries by his untiring energy and sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime as in its trifling efforts, whether he predicted with precision the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything the "Magic Lantern." Father Boscovich‡ shone subsequently with equal lustre:

* See Bayle's Dict., *art.* Maldonat.

† Mundus Subterraneus, *Amst.* 1664, 2 vols. fol. China Illustrat., *ibid.* 1667, folio. De Usu Obeliscor. *Romæ*, 1666, folio. Museum Kircher, *ibid.* 1709, folio.

‡ Born at Ragusa, on the Adriatic; taught by the Jesuits, in their college in that

and it was a novel scene, in 1759, to find a London Royal Society preparing to send out *a Jesuit* to observe the transit of Venus in California. His panegyric, from the pen of the great Lalande, fills the *Journal des Savans*, February 1792. To Fathers Riccioli and De Billy science is also deeply indebted.

Forth from their college of Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory among a crowd of elegant voluptuaries. Meantime the tragic muse of Corneille was cradled in their college of Rouen; and, under the classic guidance of the fathers who taught at the *Collège de Clermont*, in Paris, Molière grew up to be the most exquisite of comic writers. The lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their college of Louis le Grand. And in that college the wondrous talent of young "François Arouet" was also cultivated by these holy men, who little dreamt to what purpose the subsequent "Voltaire" would convert his abilities—

"Non hos quæsitum munus in usus."
Æneid. IV.

D'Olivet, Fontenelle, Crebillon, Le Franc de Pompignan—there is scarcely a name known to literature during the seventeenth century which does not bear testimony to their prowess in the province of education—no profession for which they did not adapt their scholars. For the bar they tutored the illustrious Lamoignon (the Mæcenas of Racine and Boileau). It was they who taught the vigorous ideas of D'Argenson how to shoot; they who breathed into the young Montesquieu his "Esprit;" they who reared those ornaments of French jurisprudence, Nicolâi, Molé, Seguier, and Amelot.

Their disciples could wield the sword. Was the great Condé deficient in warlike spirit for having studied among them? was Maréchal Villars a discreditable pupil? Need I give the list of their other belligerent scholars?—De Grammont, De Boufflers, De Rohan, De Brissac, De Etrées, De Soubise, De Crequi, De Luxembourg,—in France alone.

Great names these, no doubt; but *literature* is the title of this paper, and to that I would principally advert as the favourite and peculiar department of their excellence. True, the Society devoted itself most to church history and ecclesiastical learning, such being the proper pursuit of a sacerdotal body; and success in this, as in every study, waited on their industry. The archaiologist is familiar with the works of Father Petavius, whom Grotius calls his friend; with the labours of Fathers Sirmond, Bolland, Hardouin, Labbe, Parennin, and Tourhemine. The admirer of polemics (if there be any such at this time of day) is acquainted with Bellarmin, Menochius, Suarez, Tolet, Becan, Sheffmaker, and (last, though not least) O! Cornelius à Lapide, with thee? But in classic lore, as well as in legendary, the Jesuits excelled. Who can pretend to the character of a literary man that has not read Tiraboschi and his "Storia della Letteratura d'Italia," Bouhours on the "Mannière de bien penser," Brumoy on the "Théâtre des Grecs," Vavassour "de Ludicrâ Dictione," Rapin's

town; entered the order at the age of sixteen; was sent to Rome, and forthwith was made professor of mathematics in the Archigymn. Rom.; was employed by the Papal Government in the measurement of the arc of meridian, which he traced from Rome to Rimini, assisted by an English Jesuit, Mayer; in 1750, employed by the Republic of Lucca in a matter relating to their marshes; subsequently by the Emperor of Austria; and was elected, in 1760, a fellow of the London Royal Society, to whom he dedicated his poem on the "Eclipses," a clever manual of astronomy. His grand work on the properties of matter (*Lex Continuitatis*) was printed at Rome, 4to. 1754. We have also from his pen, Dioptrica, *Vind.* 1767; Mathesis Universa, *Venetiis*, 1757; Lens et Telescop., *Rom.* 1755; Theoria Philos. Natur., *Viennæ*, 1758. The French Government invited him to Paris, where he died in 1792, in the sentiments of unfeigned piety which he ever displayed.

poem on the "Art of Gardening" (the model of those by Dr. Darwin and Abbé Delille), Vaniere's "Prædium Rusticum," Tursellin "de Particulis Latini Sermonis," and Casimir Sarbievi's Latin Odes, the nearest approach to Horace in modern times? What shall I say of Porée (Voltaire's master), of Sanadon, of Desbillons, Sidronius, Jouvency, and the "journalistes de Trevoux?"

They have won in France, Italy, and Spain, the palm of pulpit eloquence. Logic, reason, wisdom, and piety, dwelt in the soul of Bourdaloue, and flowed copiously from his lips. Lingendes, Cheminais, De la Rue, were at the head of their profession among the French; while the pathetic and unrivalled Segneri took the lead among the eloquent orators of Italy. In Spain, a Jesuit has done more to purify the *pulpit* of that fantastic country than Cervantes to clear the brains of its *chivalry;* for the comic romance of "Fray Gerundio" (Friar Gerund), by the Jesuit Isla, exhibiting the ludicrous ranting of the cowled fraternity of that day, has had the effect, if not of giving eloquence to clods of the valley, at least of putting down absurdity and presumption.

They wooed and won the muse of history, sacred and profane. Strada* in Flanders, Maffei† at Genoa, Mariana‡ in Seville. In France, Maimbourg,§ Daniel, ‖ Boujeant,¶ Charlevoix,** Berruyer,†† D'Orleans,‡‡ Ducerceau,§§ and Du Halde,‖‖ shed light on the paths of historical inquiry which they severally trod. I purposely omit the ex-Jesuit Raynal.

They shone in art as well as in science. Father Pozzi was one of Rome's best painters. A Jesuit was employed in the drainage of the Pontine marshes; another to devise plans for sustaining the dome of St. Peter's, when it threatened to crush its massive supports. In *naval tactics* (a subject estranged from sacerdotal researches) the earliest work on the strategy proper to ships of the line was written by Père le Hoste, known to middies as "the Jesuits' book," its French title being "Traité des Evolutions Navales." The first hint of *aërial* navigation came from Padre Lana, in his work *de Arte Prodromo*, Milan. Newton acknowledges his debt to Father Grimaldi, *de Lumine Coloribus et Iride*, Bononiæ, 1665, for his notions on the inflexion of light. The best edition of Newton's *Principia* was brought out at Geneva, 1739–60, by the Jesuits Lesueur and Jaquier, in 3 vols. In their missions through Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago, they were the best antiquaries, botanists, and mineralogists. They became watchmakers, as well as mandarins, in China; they were astronomers on the "plateau" of Thibet; they taught husbandry and mechanics in Canada; while in their own celebrated and peculiar conquest (since fallen into the hands of Doctor Francia) on the plains of PARAGUAY, they taught the theory and practice of civil architecture, civil economy, farming, tailoring, and all the trades of civilized life. They played on the fiddle and on the flute, to draw the South American Indians from the forests into their villages; and the story of Thebes rising to the sound of Amphion's lyre ceased to be a fable.

We find them in Europe and at the antipodes, in Siam and at St. Omer's, in

* "De Bello Belgico."
† "Rerum Indicar. Hist."
‡ "Histor. di Espana." De Regis Institutione, Toledo, 1599.
§ "Histoire de l'Arianisme, des Iconoclastes, des Croisades, du Calvinism, de la Ligue."
‖ "Hist. de France." "De la Milice Française."
¶ "Hist. du Traité de Westphalie." "Ame des Bêtes," &c.
** "Hist. du Paraguay, du Japon, de St. Domingue."
†† "Du Peuple de Dieu."
‡‡ "Révolutions d'Angleterre."
§§ "Conjuration de Rienzi," &c., &c.
‖‖ "Description Géogr. Histor. Politic. et Physique de la Chine." *Lond.* 1742, 2 vols. folio.

1540 and in 1830—everywhere the same. Lainéz preached before the Council of Trent in 1560; Rev. Peter Kenney was admired by the North American Congress not many years ago. Tiraboschi was librarian of the Brera in 1750: Angelo Maï (ex-Jesuit) is librarian of the Vatican in 1833. By the bye, they were also capital apothecaries. Who has not heard of Jesuits' *bark*, Jesuits' *drops*, Jesuits' *powders*, Jesuits' *cephalic snuff?*

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"
Æneid. I.

And, alas! must I add, who has not heard of the cuffs and buffetings, the kicks and halters, which they have met with in return:

"Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?"
Hor. lib. ii. ode 1.

For, of course, no set of men on the face of God's earth have been more abused. 'Tis the fate of every mortal who raises himself by mother-wit above the common level of fools and dunces, to be hated by the whole tribe most cordially:

"Urit enim fulgore suo," &c.
Hor. lib. ii. ep. 1.

The friars were the first to raise a hue and cry against the Jesuits, with one Melchior Cano, a Dominican, for their trumpeter. Ignatius had been taken up by "the Inquisition" three several times. Then came the pedants of the university at Paris, whom these new professors threw into the shade. The "order" was next at loggerheads with that suspicious gang of intriguers, the council and doge of Venice; the Jesuits were expelled the republic.* Twice they were expelled from France; but, thrust out of the door, they came back through the window. They encountered, like Paul, "stripes, perils, and prisons," in Poland, in Germany, in Portugal, and Hungary. They were hanged by dozens in England. Their march for two centuries through Europe was only to be compared to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon.

A remarkable energy, a constant discipline, a steady perseverance, and a dignified self-respect, were their characteristics from the beginning. They did not notice the pasquinades of crazy Pascal, whose "Provincial Letters," made up of the raspings of antiquated theology and the scrapings of forgotten casuistry, none who knew *them* ever thought much of. The sermons of Bourdaloue were the only answer such calumnies required; and the order confined itself to giving a new edition of the "Lettres édifiantes et curieuses, écrites par nos Missionaires du Levant, de la Chine, du Canada, et du Malabar." When a flimsy accusation was preferred against him of Africa,

"Hunc qui
Duxit ab eversâ meritum Carthagine nomen,"

he acted in a similar manner, and silenced his miserable adversaries.

If ever there was an occasion on which the comparative merits of the Jesuits and Jansenists could be brought to the test, it was at the outbreak of the pestilential visitation that smote the city of Marseilles; and which history, poetry, and piety, will never allow to be forgotten:

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?"
POPE'S *Essay on Man*, ep. 4.

For while the Pharisees of that school fled from their clerical functions, and sneaked off under some paltry pretext, the Jesuits came from the neighbouring town of Aix to attend the sick and the dying; and, under the orders of that

* In Bayle's Dictionary, among the notes appended to the article on Abelard, will be found the real cause of their expulsion; they may be proud of it.

gallant and disinterested bishop, worked, while life was spared them, in the cause of humanity. Seven of them perished in the exercise of this noblest duty, amid the blessings of their fellow-men. The bishop himself, De Belzunce, had not only studied under the Jesuits, but had been a *member of the order* during the early part of his ecclesiastical career at Aix, in 1691.

Long ago, that noblest emanation of Christian chivalry—an order in which valorous deeds were familiar as the "matin song" or the "vesper hymn"—the Templars, fell the victims of calumny, and were immolated amid the shouts of a vulgar triumph; but history, keen and scrutinizing, has revealed the true character of the conspiracy by which the vices of a few were made to swamp and overwhelm, in the public eye, the great mass of virtue and heroism which constituted that refined and gentlemanly association; and a tardy justice has been rendered to Jacques Molay and his illustrious brethren. The day may yet come when isolated instances and unauthenticated misdeeds will cease to create an unfounded antipathy to a society which will be found, taking it all in all, to have deserved well of mankind. This, at least, is Father Prout's honest opinion; and why should he hide it under a bushel?

The most convincing proof of their sterling virtue is to be found in the docility and forbearance they evinced in promptly submitting to the decree of their suppression, issued *ex cathedrâ* by one Ganganelli, a Franciscan friar, who had got enthroned, Heaven knows how! on the pontific chair. In every part of Europe they had powerful friends, and could have "shown fight" and "died game," if their respect for the successor of "the fisherman" had not been all along a distinctive characteristic, even to the death. In Paraguay they could have decidedly spurned the mandate of the Escurial, backed by an army of 60,000 Indians, devoted to their spiritual and temporal benefactors, taught the tactics of Europe, and possessing, in 1750, a well-appointed train of artillery. That portion of South America has since relapsed into barbarism; and the results of their withdrawal from the interior of that vast peninsula have fully justified the opinion of Muratori, in his celebrated work on Paraguay, "Il Christianesimo felice." It was a dismal day for literature in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, when their colleges were shut up; and in France they alone could have stayed the avalanche of irreligion; for, by presenting Christianity to its enemies clad in the panoply of Science, they would have awed the scoffer, and confounded the *philosophe*. But the Vatican had spoken. They bowed; and quietly dispersing through the cities of the continent, were welcomed and admired by every friend of science and of piety. The body did not cease to do good even after its dissolution in 1763, and, like the bones of the prophet, worked miracles of usefulness even in the grave.*

Contrast their exemplary submissiveness with the frenzy and violence of their old enemies the Jansenists (of which sour and pharisaical sect Pascal was the mouthpiece), when the celebrated bull *Unigenitus* was issued against *them*. Never did those unfortunate wights, whom the tyrant Phalaris used to enclose in his brazen cow, roar so lustily as the clique of Port Royal on the occasion alluded to. It was, in fact, a most melancholy exhibition of the wildest fanaticism, combined, as usual, with the most pertinacious obstinacy. The followers of Pascal were also the votaries of a certain vagabond yclept *le Diacre Paris*, whose life was a tissue of rascality, and whose remains were said by the Jansenists to operate wondrous cures in the churchyard of St. Medard, in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital. The devotees of Port Royal flocked to the tomb of *the deacon*, and became forthwith *hysterical* and *inspired*. The wags of Louis

* "And it came to pass, as they were burying a man, behold they spied a band of robbers; and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man touched the bones of Elisha he came to life, and stood upon his feet."—2 Kings, chap. xiii. ver. 21.

the Fifteenth's time called them "*Les Convulsionnaires.*" Things rose to such a height of dangerous absurdity at last that the cemetery was shut up by the police; and a wit had an opportunity of writing on the gates of the aforesaid churchyard this pointed epigram:

"De par le roy, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracles en ce lieu."

And I here conclude this very inadequate tribute of long-remembered gratitude towards the men who took such pains to drill my infant mind, and who formed with plastic power whatever good or valuable quality it may possess. "Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quàm sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere."—(CICERO *pro Archiâ poet.*) And as for the friend of my youth, the accomplished Gresset, whose sincerity and kindness will be ever embalmed in my memory, I cannot show my sense of his varied excellencies in a more substantial way than by making an effort—a feeble one, but the best I can command—to bring him before the English public in his most agreeable production, the best specimen of graceful and harmless humour in the literature of France. I shall upset *Vert-Vert* into English verse, for the use of the intelligent inhabitants of these islands; though I much fear, that to transplant so delicate an exotic into this frigid climate may prove an unsuccessful experiment.

VERT-VERT, THE PARROT.

A POEM BY THE JESUIT GRESSET.

Hys Original Innocence.

ALAS! what evils I discern in
Too great an aptitude for learning!
And fain would all the ills unravel
That aye ensue from foreign travel;
Far happier is the man who tarries
Quiet within his household "Lares:"
Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
Proved in the underwritten Odyssey.

In old Nevers, so famous for its
Dark narrow streets and Gothic turrets,
Close on the brink of Loire's young flood,
Flourished a convent sisterhood
Of *Ursulines*. Now in this order
A parrot lived as parlour-boarder;
Brought in his childhood from the *Antilles*,
And sheltered under convent mantles:
Green were his feathers, green his pinions,
And greener still were his opinions:
For vice had not yet sought to pervert
This bird, who had been christened *Vert-Vert*;
Nor could the wicked world defile him,
Safe from its snares in this asylum.
Fresh, in his teens, frank, gay, and gracious,
And, to crown all, somewhat loquacious;
If we examine close, not one, or he,
Had a vocation for a nunnery.*

* "Par son caquet digne d'être en couvent."

The convent's kindness need I mention?
Need I detail each fond attention,
Or count the tit-bits which *in Lent* he
Swallowed remorseless and in plenty?
Plump was his carcase; no, not higher
Fed was their confessor the friar;
And some even say that our young Hector
Was far more loved than the "Director."*
Dear to each novice and each nun—
He was the life and soul of fun;
Though, to be sure, some hags censorious
Would sometimes find him too uproarious.
What did the parrot care for those old
Dames, while he had for him the household?
He had not yet made his "profession,"
Nor come to years called "of discretion;"
Therefore, unblamed, he ogled, flirted,
And romped like any unconverted;
Nay sometimes, too, by the Lord Harry!
He'd pull their caps and "scapulary."
But what in all his tricks seemed oddest,
Was that at times he'd turn so modest,
That to all bystanders the wight
Appeared a finished hypocrite.
In accent he did not resemble
Kean, though he had the tones of Kemble
But fain to do the sisters' biddings,
He left the stage to Mrs. Siddons.
Poet, historian, judge, financier,
Four problems at a time he'd answer—
He had a faculty like Cæsar's.
Lord Althorp, baffling all his teazers,
Could not surpass Vert-Vert in puzzling;
"Goodrich" to him was but a gosling.†

Placed when at table near some vestal,
His fare, be sure, was of the best all,—
For every sister would endeavour
To keep for him some sweet *hors d'œuvre.*
Kindly at heart, in spite of vows and
Cloisters, a nun is worth a thousand!
And aye, if Heaven would only lend her,
I'd have a nun for a nurse tender!‡

Then, when the shades of night would come on,
And to their cells the sisters summon,
Happy the favoured one whose grotto
This sultan of a bird would trot to:
Mostly the young ones' cells he toyed in
(The aged sisterhood avoiding),
Sure among all to find kind offices,—
Still he was partial to the novices,
And in *their* cells our anchorite
Mostly cast anchor for the night;
Perched on the box that held the relics, he
Slept without notion of indelicacy.
Rare was his luck; nor did he spoil it
By flying from the morning toilet:

* "Souvent l'oiseau l'emporta sur le Père."

† *Q.* Wherefore was Lord Goodrich styled a goose when a Chancellor?
A. Because honourable members in him were sure of an *anser.*

MART. SCRIBL.

‡ "Les petits soins, les attentions fines,
Sont nés, dit on, chez les Ursulines."

Not that I can admit the fitness
Of (at the toilet) a male witness;
But that I scruple in this history
To shroud a single fact in mystery.

Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
That best accomplishment, called chit-chat;
For, though brought up within the cloister,
His beak was not closed like an oyster,
But, trippingly, without a stutter,
The longest sentences would utter;
Pious withal, and moralizing,
His conversation was surprising;
None of your equivoques, no slander—
To such vile tastes he scorned to pander;
But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
"Deo sit laus" and "Kyrie eleison;"
The maxims he gave with best emphasis
Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis's;
In Christmas carols he was famous,
"Orate, fratres," and "OREMUS;"
If in good humour, he was wont
To give a stave from "*Think well on't;*" *
Or, by particular desire, he
Would chant the hymn of "Dies iræ."
Then in the choir he would amaze all
By copying the tone so nasal
In which the sainted sisters chanted,—
(At least that pious nun my aunt did.)

Hys Fatall Renowne.

The public soon began to ferret
The hidden nest of so much merit,
And, spite of all the nuns' endeavours,
The fame of Vert-Vert filled all Nevers;
Nay, from Moulines folks came to stare at
The wondrous talent of this parrot;
And to fresh visitors *ad libitum*
Sister Sophie had to exhibit him.
Drest in her tidiest robes, the virgin,
Forth from the convent cells emerging,
Brings the bright bird, and for his plumage
First challenges unstinted homage;
Then to his eloquence adverts,—
"What preacher's can surpass Vert-Vert's?
Truly in oratory few men
Equal this learned catechumen;
Fraught with the convent's choicest lessons,
And stuffed with piety's quintessence;
A bird most quick of apprehension,
With gifts and graces hard to mention:
Say in what pulpit can you meet
A Chrysostom half so discreet,
Who'd follow in his ghostly mission
So close the 'Fathers and tradition?'"
Silent meantime, the feathered hermit
Waits for the sister's gracious permit,
When, at a signal from his mentor,
Quick on a course of speech he'll enter;
Not that he cares for human glory,
Bent but to save his auditory;

* "Pensez-y-bien," or "*Think well on't,*" as translated by the titular bishop, Richard Challoner, is the most generally adopted devotional tract among the Catholics of these islands.—PROUT.

Hence he pours forth with so much unction
That all his hearers feel compunction.

Thus for a time did Vert-Vert dwell
Safe in his holy citadelle:
Scholared like any well-bred abbé,
And loved by many a cloistered Hebé;
You'd swear that he had crossed the same bridge
As any youth brought up in Cambridge.*
Other monks starve themselves; but his skin
Was sleek like that of a Franciscan,
And far more clean; for this grave Solon
Bathed every day in *eau de Cologne.*
Thus he indulged each guiltless gambol,
Blest had he ne'er been doomed to ramble!

For in his life there came a crisis
Such as for all great men arises,—
Such as what NAP to Russia led,
Such as the "FLIGHT" of Mahomed;
O town of Nantz! yes, to thy bosom
We let him go, alas! to lose him!
Edicts, O town famed for *revoking*,
Still was Vert-Vert's loss more provoking!
Dark be the day when our bright Don went
From this to a far-distant convent!
Two words comprised that awful era—
Words big with fate and woe—"IL IRA!"
Yes, "he shall go;" but, sisters, mourn ye
The dismal fruits of that sad journey,—
Ills on which Nantz's nuns ne'er reckoned,
When for the beauteous bird they beckoned.

Fame, O Vert-Vert! in evil humour,
One day to Nantz had brought the rumour
Of thy accomplishments,—"acumen,"
"Nous," and "*esprit*," quite superhuman:
All these reports but served to enhance
Thy merits with the nuns of Nantz.
How did a matter so unsuited
For convent ears get hither bruited?
Some may inquire. But "nuns are knowing,"
And first to hear what gossip's going.†
Forthwith they taxed their wits to elicit
From the famed bird a friendly visit.
Girls' wishes run in a brisk current,
But a nun's fancy is a torrent;‡
To get this bird they'd pawn the missal:
Quick they indite a long epistle,
Careful with softest things to fill it,
And then with musk perfume the billet;
Thus, to obtain their darling purpose,
They send a writ of *habeas corpus.*

Off goes the post. When will the answer
Free them from doubt's corroding cancer?
Nothing can equal their anxiety,
Except, of course, their well-known piety.
Things at Nevers *meantime* went harder
Than well would suit such pious ardour;
It was no easy job to coax
This parrot from the Nevers folks.

* Quære—Pons Asinorum?

† "Les révérendes mères
A tout savoir ne sont pas les dernières."

‡ "Désir de fille est un feu qui dévore,
Désir de nonne est cent fois pis encore."

What, take their toy from convent belles?
Make Russia yield the Dardanelles!
Filch his good rifle from a "Suliote,"
Or drag her "Romeo" from a "Juliet!"
Make an attempt to take Gibraltar,
Or try the old corn laws to alter!
This seemed to them, and eke to us,
"Most wasteful and ridiculous."
Long did the "chapter" sit in state,
And on this point deliberate;
The junior members of the senate
Set their fair faces quite again' it;
Refuse to yield a point so tender,
And urge the motto—No surrender.
The elder nuns feel no great scruple
In parting with the charming pupil;
And as each grave affair of state runs
Most on the verdict of the matrons,
Small odds, I ween, and poor the chance
Of keeping the dear bird from Nantz.
Nor in my surmise am I far out,—
For by *their* vote off goes the parrot.

Hys Evil Voyage.

En ce tems là, a small canal-boat,
Called by most chroniclers the *Talbot*,
(Talbot, a name well known in France!)
Travelled between Nevers and Nantz.
Vert-Vert took shipping in this craft,
'Tis not said whether fore or aft;
But in a book as old as Massinger's
We find a statement of the passengers;
These were—two Gascons and a piper,
A sexton (a notorious swiper),
A brace of children, and a nurse;
But what was infinitely worse,
A dashing Cyprian; while by her
Sat a most jolly-looking friar.*

For a poor bird brought up in purity
'Twas a sad augur for futurity
To meet, just free from his indentures,
And in the first of his adventures,
Such company as formed his hansel,—
Two rogues! a friar!! and a damsel!!!
Birds the above were of a feather;
But to Vert-Vert 'twas altogether
Such a strange aggregate of scandals
As to be met but among Vandals;
Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
And calculated to demolish
All the fine notions and good-breeding
Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.
No Billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
And all the rest indulged in curses;
Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
The nautic cell of any cabin.
Silent and sad, the pensive bird,
Shocked at their guilt, said not a word.†

* "Une nourrice, un moine, deux Gascons;
Pour un enfant qui sort du monastère
C'était échoir en dignes compagnons."

† This canal-boat, it would seem, was not a very refined or fashionable conveyance it:

Now he "of orders grey," accosting
The parrot green, who seemed quite lost in
The contemplation of man's wickedness,
And the bright river's gliding liquidness,
"Tip us a stave (quoth Tuck), my darling,
Ain't you a parrot or a starling?
If you don't talk, by the holy poker,
I'll give that neck of yours a choker!"
Scared by this threat from his propriety,
Our pilgrim thinking with sobriety,
That if he did not speak they'd make him,
Answered the friar, "PAX SIT TECUM!"
Here our reporter marks down after
Poll's maiden-speech—"loud roars of laughter;"
And sure enough the bird so affable
Could hardly use a phrase more laughable.

Talking of such, there are some rum ones
That oft amuse the House of Commons:
And since we lost "*Sir Joseph Yorke*,"
We've got great "*Feargus*" fresh from Cork,—
A fellow honest, droll, and funny,
Who would not sell for love or money
His native land: nor, like vile Daniel,
Fawn on Lord Althorp like a spaniel;
Flatter the mob, while the old fox
Keeps an eye to the begging-box.
Now 'tis a shame that such brave fellows,
When they blow "*agitation's*" bellows,
Should only meet with heartless scoffers,
While cunning Daniel fills his coffers.
But Kerrymen will e'er be apter
At the conclusion of the chapter,
While others bear the battle's brunt,
To reap the spoil and *fob the blunt.*
This is an *episode* concerning
The parrot's want of worldly learning,
In squandering his tropes and figures
On a vile crew of heartless niggers.
The "house" heard once with more decorum
Phil. Howard on "the Roman forum."*

Poll's brief address met lots of cavillers;
Badgered by all his fellow-travellers,
He tried to mend a speech so ominous
By striking up with "DIXIT DOMINUS!"
But louder shouts of laughter follow,—
This last roar beats the former hollow,
And shows that it was bad economy
To give a stave from Deuteronomy.

Posed, not abashed, the bird refused to
Indulge a scene he was not used to;
And, pondering on his strange reception,
"There must," he thought, "be some deception
In the nuns' views of things rhetorical,
And sister Rose is not an oracle:

rather remindeth of Horace's voyage to Brundusium, and of that line so applicable to the parrot's company—

"Repletum nautis, cauponibus, atque malignis."

O. Y.

* See "Mirror of Parliament" for this ingenious person's maiden speech on Joe Hume's motion to alter and enlarge the old House of Commons. "*Sir, the Romans* (a laugh)—*I say the Romans* (loud laughter) *never altered their Forum*" (roars of ditto). But Heaven soon granted what Joe Hume desired, and the old rookery was burnt shortly after.

True wit, perhaps, lies not in '*mattins*,'
Nor is *their* school a school of Athens."

Thus in this villanous receptacle
The simple bird at once grew sceptical.
Doubts lead to hell. The arch-deceiver
Soon made of Poll an unbeliever;
And mixing thus in bad society,
He took French leave of all his piety.

His austere maxims soon he mollified,
And all his old opinions qualified;
For he had learned to substitute
For pious lore things more astute;
Nor was his conduct unimpeachable,
For youth, alas! is but too teachable;
And in the progress of his madness
Soon he had reached the depths of badness.
Such were his *curses*, such his evil
Practices, that no ancient devil,*
Plunged to the chin when burning hot
Into a holy water-pot,
Could so blaspheme, or fire a volley
Of oaths so drear and melancholy.

Must the bright blossoms, ripe and ruddy,
And the fair fruits of early study,
Thus in their summer season crossed,
Meet a sad blight—a killing frost?
Must that vile demon, Moloch, oust
Heaven from a young heart's holocaust?†
And the glad hope of life's young promise
Thus in the dawn of youth ebb from us?
Such is, alas! the sad and last trophy
Of the young rake's supreme catastrophe;
For of what use are learning's laurels
When a young man is without morals?
Bereft of virtue, and grown heinous,
What signifies a brilliant genius?
'Tis but a case for wail and mourning,—
'Tis but a brand fit for the burning!

Meantime the river wafts the barge,
Fraught with its miscellaneous charge,
Smoothly upon its broad expanse,
Up to the very quay of Nantz;
Fondly within the convent bowers
The sisters calculate the hours,
Chiding the breezes for their tardiness,
And, in the height of their fool-hardiness,
Picturing the bird as fancy painted—
Lovely, reserved, polite, and sainted—
Fit "*Ursuline*." And *this*, I trow, meant
Enriched with every endowment!
Sadly, alas! these nuns anointed
Will find their fancy disappointed;
When, to meet all those hopes they drew on,
They'll find a regular DON JUAN!

The Awfull Discoverie.

Scarce in the port was this small craft
On its arrival telegraphed,

* "Bientôt il scut jurer et mougréer
Mieux qu'un vieux diable au fond d'un bénitier."
† "Faut-il qu'ainsi l'exemple séducteur
Du ciel au diable emporte un jeune cœur?"

When, from the boat home to transfer him,
Came the nuns' portress, "sister Jerome."
Well did the parrot recognize
The walk demure and downcast eyes;
Nor aught such saintly guidance relished
A bird by worldly arts embellished;
Such was his taste for profane gaiety,
He'd rather much go with the laity.
Fast to the bark he clung; but plucked thence,
He showed dire symptoms of reluctance,
And, scandalizing each beholder,
Bit the nun's cheek, and eke her shoulder!*
Thus a black eagle once, 'tis said,
Bore off the struggling Ganymede.†
Thus was Vert-Vert, heart-sick and weary,
Brought to the heavenly monastery.
The bell and tidings both were tolled,
And the nuns crowded, young and old,
To feast their eyes with joy uncommon on
This wondrous talkative phenomenon.

Round the bright stranger, *so* amazing
And *so* renowned, the sisters gazing,
Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.
Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten,
Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
And none e'er dreamt of dole or harm in
A bird so brilliant and so charming.
Shade of Spurzheim! and thou, Lavater,
Or Gall, of "bumps" the great creator!
Can ye explain how our young hero,
With all the vices of a Nero,
Seemed such a model of good-breeding,
Thus quite astray the convent leading?
Where on *his* head appeared, I ask from ye,
The "nob" indicative of blasphemy?
Methinks 'twould puzzle your ability
To find *his* organ of scurrility.

Meantime the abbess, to "draw out"
A bird so modest and devout,
With soothing air and tongue caressing
The "pilgrim of the Loire" addressing,
Broached the most edifying topics,
To "start" this native of the tropics;
When, to their scandal and amaze, he
Broke forth—"*Morbleu! those nuns are crazy!*"
(Showing how well he learnt his task on
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon!)
"Fie! brother Poll!" with zeal outbursting,
Exclaimed the abbess, Dame Augustin.
But all the lady's sage rebukes
Brief answer got from Poll—"Gadzooks!"
Nay, 'tis supposed, he muttered, too,
A *word* folks write with W.
Scared at the sound,—"Sure as a gun,
The bird's a demon!" cried the nun.

* "Les uns disent au cou,
D'autres au bras; on ne sait pas bien où."

† "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.
Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagos
Commisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo."
HOR.

"O the vile wretch! the naughty dog!
He's surely Lucifer *incog.*
What! is the reprobate before us
That bird so pious and decorous—
So celebrated?"—Here the pilgrim,
Hearing sufficient to bewilder him,
Wound up the sermon of the beldame
By a conclusion heard but seldom—
"Ventre Saint Gris!" "Parbleu!" and "Sacre!"
Three oaths! and every one a *whacker!*

Still did the nuns, whose conscience tender
Was much shocked at the young offender,
Hoping he'd change his tone, and alter,
Hang breathless round the sad defaulter:
When, wrathful at their importunity,
And grown audacious from impunity,
He fired a broadside (holy Mary!)
Drawn from Hell's own vocabulary!
Forth like a Congreve rocket burst,
And stormed and swore, *flared up* and cursed!
Stunned at these sounds of import stygian,
The pious daughters of religion
Fled from a scene so dread, so horrid,
But with a cross first signed their forehead.
The younger sisters, mild and meek,
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
But the old matrons and "the bench"
Knew every word was genuine French;
And ran in all directions, pell-mell,
From a flood fit to overwhelm hell.
'Twas by a fall that Mother Ruth*
Then lost her last remaining tooth.

"Fine conduct this, and pretty guidance!"
Cried one of the most mortified ones;
"Pray, is such language and such ritual
Among the Nevers nuns habitual?
'Twas in our sisters most improper
To teach such curses—such a whopper!
He shan't by me, for one, be hindered
From being sent back to his kindred!"
This prompt decree of Poll's proscription
Was signed by general subscription.
Straight in a cage the nuns insert
The guilty person of Vert-Vert;
Some young ones wanted to detain him;
But the grim portress took "the paynim"
Back to the boat, close in his litter;
'Tis not said *this* time that he *bit* her.

Back to the convent of his youth,
Sojourn of innocence and truth,
Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
His heart with vice contaminated.
Must I tell how, on his return,
He scandalized his old sojourn?
And how the guardians of his infancy
Wept o'er their quondam child's delinquency?
What could be done? the elders often
Met to consult how best to soften

* "Toutes pensent être à la fin du monde,
Et sur son nez la mère Cunégonde
Se laissant cheoir, perd sa dernière dent!"

This obdurate and hardened sinner,
Finished in vice ere a beginner!*
One mother counselled "to denounce
And let the Inquisition pounce
On the vile heretic;" another
Thought "it was best the bird to smother!"
Or "send the convict for his felonies
Back to his native land—the colonies."
But milder views prevailed. His sentence
Was, that, until he showed repentance,
"A solemn fast and frugal diet,
Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
Should be his lot;" and, for a blister,
He got, as gaoler, a lay sister,
Ugly as sin, bad-tempered, jealous,
And in her scruples over-zealous.
A jug of water and a carrot
Was all the prog she'd give the parrot;
But every eve when vesper-bell
Called sister Rosalie from her cell,
She to Vert-Vert would gain admittance,
And bring of "comfits" a sweet pittance.
Comfits! alas! can sweet confections
Alter sour slavery's imperfections?
What are "preserves" to you or me,
When locked up in the Marshalsea?
The sternest virtue in the hulks,
Though crammed with richest sweetmeats, sulks.

Taught by his gaoler and adversity,
Poll saw the folly of perversity,
And by degrees his heart relented:
Duly, in fine, "the lad" repented.
His *Lent* passed on, and sister Bridget
Coaxed the old abbess to abridge it.

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine canary-birds,
Until his death. Which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster
Than they imagined. The transition
From a starved to a stuffed condition,
From penitence to jollification,
Brought on a fit of constipation.
Some think he would be living still
If given a "Vegetable Pill;"
But from a short life, and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

By tears from nuns' sweet eyelids wept,
Happy in death this parrot slept;
For him Elysium oped its portals,
And there he talks among immortals.
But I have read, that since that happy day
(So writes Cornelius à Lapide,†

* *Implicat in terminis.* There must have been a beginning, else how conceive a *finish* (see Kant), unless the proposition of Ocellus Lucanus be adopted, viz., αναρχον και ατελευταιον το παν. Gresset simply has it—

"Il fut un scélérat
Profès d'abord, et sans noviciat."

† This author appears to have been a favourite with Prout, who takes every opportunity of recording his predilection (vide pages 5 and 114). Had the *Order*, however, produced only such writers as Cornelius, we fear there would have been little mention of the *Jesuits* in connection with *literature*. Gresset's opinion on the matter is contained

Proving, with commentary droll,
The transmigration of the soul),
That still Vert-Vert this earth doth haunt,
Of convent bowers a visitant;
And that, gay novices among,
He dwells, transformed into a tongue!

in an epistle to his *confrère* P. Boujeant, author of the ingenious treatise "Sur l'Ame des Bêtes" (see p. 295):—

Moins révérend qu'aimable père,
Vous dont l'esprit, le caractère,
Et les airs, ne sont point montés
Sur le ton sottement austère
De cent tristes paternités,
Qui, manquant du talent de plaire,
Et de toute légéreté,
Pour dissimuler la misère
D'un esprit sans aménité,
Affichent la séverité;
Et ne sortant de leur tanière
Que sous la lugubre bannière
De la grave formalité,
Héritiers de la triste enclume
De quelque pédant ignoré,
Reforgent quelque lourd volume,
Aux antres Latins enterré.

VII.

The Songs of France.

ON WINE, WAR, WOMEN, WOODEN SHOES, PHILOSOPHY, FROGS AND FREE TRADE.

(*Fraser's Magazine, October*, 1834.)

—o—

[The *Fraser* which introduced this first of Prout's four batches of the "Songs of France" was the one containing Maclise's comical portrait of William Godwin, author of "Thoughts on Man," representing him as a very dwarf, bonneted by a disproportionately huge hat, and with his hands clasped high up behind him, apparently just between the shoulder-blades. The philosophic novelist who imagined Caleb Williams is further embellished in this grotesque limning with ponderous spectacles, a shapeless sack-coat, shortish trousers, and clumping Wellingtons—the latter so visibly as to be almost audibly walking. As further illustrative of the time at which this paper of Prout's first appeared, it may be mentioned here that next to it in that number of *Regina*, in the October of 1834, was an article on the "Dinner to Earl Grey" in the preceding month at Edinburgh, in going whither to assist in the taking down of the speeches at which, for the *Morning Chronicle*, Charles Dickens, then little more than a stripling, contributed to that journal his first morsel of descriptive reporting—a humorous fragment, not only identified as from the hand of "Boz" by the editor of the present volume, but reproduced by him *in extenso* and in stenographic characters in his monograph of "Charles Dickens as a Journalist." Maclise's pencillings for this seventh of the Prout Papers, when reprinted in the 1836 edition, were two in number; one of them being the vignette on the engraved title-page of the second volume, in celebration of "The Planting of the Vine in Gaul;" the other that sentimental sketch of "Meet me by Moonlight alone," in which the young draughtsman portrayed himself, as in an imaginary glimpse of Paradise, half reclining on one of the primrose paths of dalliance under green leaves at the feet of L. E. L., still in her gigot sleeves, the picture—all moonshine!]

CHAPTER I.—WINE AND WAR.

"Favete linguis! Carmina non priùs
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto."

HOR. *Carmen Sæculare.*

"With many a foreign author grappling,
Thus have I, Prout, the Muses' chaplain,
Traced on REGINA'S virgin pages
Songs for 'the boys' of after-ages."

PROUT'S *Trans. of Horace.*

THAT illustrious utilitarian, Dr. Bowring, the knight-errant of free trade, who is allowed to circulate just now without a keeper through the cities of France, will be in high glee at this October manifestation of Prout's wisdom. The Doctor hath found a kindred soul in the Priest. To promote the inter-

change of national commodities, to cause a blending and a chemical fusion of their mutual produce, and establish an equilibrium between *our* negative and *their* positive electricity; such appears to be the sublime aspiration of both these learned pundits. But the beneficial results attendant on the efforts of each are widely dissimilar. Both *Arcadians*, they are not equally successful in the rivalry of song. We have to record nothing of Dr. Bowring in the way of acquirement to this country; *we* have gained nothing by his labours; our *cottons*, our *iron*, our *woollens*, and our *coals*, are still without a passport to France; while in certain home-trades, brought by his calculations into direct competition with the emancipated French, we have encountered a loss on our side to the tune of a few millions. Not so with the exertions of Prout: he has enriched England at the expense of her rival, and engrafted on our literature the choicest productions of Gallic culture. Silently and unostentatiously, on the bleak top of Watergrasshill, he has succeeded in naturalizing these foreign vegetables, associating himself in the gratitude of posterity with the planter of the potato. The inhabitants of these islands may now, thanks to Prout! sing or whistle the "Songs of France," duty free, in their vernacular language; a vastly important acquisition! The beautiful tunes of the "Ça ira" and "Charmante Gabrielle" will become familiarized to our dull ears; instead of the vulgar "Peas upon a trencher," we shall enjoy that barrel-organ luxury of France, "Partant pour la Syrie;" and for "The Minstrel Boy to the wars is gone," we shall have the original, "Malbroock s'en va-t-en guerre." What can be imagined more calculated to establish an harmonious understanding between the two nations, than this attempt of a benevolent clergyman to join them in a hearty chorus of common melody? a grand "duo," composed of bass and tenor, the roaring of *the bull* and the croaking of *the frog*? Far less to be patronized was the late musical festival in Westminster Abbey, which "proved nothing."

To return to Dr. Bowring. We have been quietly observing (not without concern for our national pride) the ludicrous exhibition he has been making of himself in sundry places over the way. Palmerston is a good cotton-ball in the paw of the veteran grimalkin here at home; but to furnish a butt for the waggery of every provincial town in France in the person of a *documentary* doctor is somewhat galling to our national vanity. Commissions of inquiry are the order of the day; but some travelling "notes of interrogation" are so misshapen and grotesque, that the response or result is but a roar of laughter. This doctor, we perceive, is now the hero of every dinner of every "Chambre de Commerce;" his toasts and his speeches in Norman French are, we are told, the *ne plus ultra* of comic performance, towards the close of each banquet. He is now in Burgundy, an industrious labourer in the vineyard of his commission; and enjoys such particular advantages, that Brougham from his woolsack is said to cast a jealous eye on his missionary's department; "invidiâ rumpantur ut ilia Codri." The whole affair exhibits that sad mixture of imbecility and ostentation too perceptible in all the doings of Utilitarianism. Of whose *commissioners* Phædrus has long ago given the prototype:

> "Est ardelionum quædam Romæ natio
> Trepidè concursans, occupata in otio,
> Gratis anhelans, multùm agendo, nihil agens."

So no more on that topic. The publication of this paper on the "Songs of France" is intended by us, at this particular season, to counteract the prevalent epidemic which hurries away our population in crowds to Paris or Boulogne. By furnishing them here at home with Gallic *fricassee*, we hope to induce some, at least, to remain in the country, and forswear emigration. If our "preventive check" succeed, we shall have deserved well of our own

watering-places, which naturally look up to us for protection and patronage. Indeed, we are sorry to find the Parisian mania so visibly on the increase, in spite of the strong animadversions of Bombardinio, aided by the luminous notes of Sir Morgan. The girls will never listen to good advice—

> "Each pretty minx in her conscience thinks that nothing can improve her,
> Unless she sees the Tuileries, and trips along the Louvre."

No! never in the memory of REGINA has Regent Street suffered such complete depopulation. It hath emptied itself into the "Boulevards." Our city friends will keep an eye on the Monument, or it may elope from Pudding Lane to the "Place Vendôme:" but as to the Thames flowing into the Seine, we cannot yet anticipate so alarming a phenomenon, although Juvenal records a similar event as having occurred in his time—

> "Totus in Tyberim defluxit Orontes."

But there is still balm in Gilead, there is still corn in Egypt. The "chest" in which old Prout hath left a legacy of hoarded wisdom to the children of men is open to us, for comfort and instruction. It is rich in consolation, and fraught with goodly maxims adapted to every state and stage of sublunary vicissitude. The treatise of Boëthius, "de Consolatione Philosophiæ," worked wonders in its day, and assuaged the tribulations of the folks of the dark ages. The sibylline books were consulted in all cases of emergency. Prout's strong box rather resembleth the oracular portfolio of the Sibyl, inasmuch as it chiefly containeth matters written in verse; and even in prose it appeareth poetical. Versified apophthegms are always better attended to than mere prosaic crumbs of comfort; and we trust that the "Songs of France," which we are about to publish for the patriotic purpose above mentioned, may have the desired effect.

> "Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam;
> Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine manes:
> *Ducite ab urbe domum*, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim!"

When Saul went mad, the songs of the poet David were the only effectual sedatives; and in one of that admirable series of homilies on Job, St. Chrysostom, to fix the attention of his auditory, breaks out in fine style: *Φερε ουν, αγαπητε, της Δαβιδικης κιθαρας ανακρουσωμεν το ψαλμικον μελος, και την ανθρωπινην γοοντες ταλαιπωριαν ειπωμεν, και τ. λ.* (*Serm. III. in Job.*) These French Canticles are, in Prout's manuscript, given with accompaniment of introductory and explanatory observations, in which they swim like water-fowl on the bosom of a placid and pellucid lake; and to each song there is underwritten an English translation, like the liquid reflection of the floating bird in the water beneath, so as to recall the beautiful image of the swan, which, according to the father of "lake poetry,"

> "Floats double—swan and shadow."

Vale et fruere!

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *1st Oct.* 1834.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Oct.* 1833.

I HAVE lived among the French: in the freshest dawn of early youth, in the meridian hour of manhood's maturity, my lot was cast and my lines fell on the pleasant places of that once-happy land. Full gladly have I strayed among her gay hamlets and her hospitable châteaux, anon breaking the brown loaf of the peasant, and anon seated at the board of her noblemen and her

pontiffs. I have mixed industriously with every rank and every denomination of her people, tracing as I went along the peculiar indications of the Celt and the Frank, the Normand and the Breton, the *langue d'oui* and the *langue d'oc;* not at the same time overlooking the endemic features of unrivalled Gascony. The manufacturing industry of Lyons, the Gothic reminiscences of Tours, the historic associations of Orleans, the mercantile enterprise and opulence of Bordeaux, Marseilles, the emporium of the Levant, each claimed my wonder in its turn. It was a goodly scene! and, compared to the ignoble and debased generation that now usurps the soil, my recollections of ante-revolutionary France are like dreams of an antediluvian world. And in those days arose the voice of song. The characteristic cheerfulness of the country found a vent for its superabundant joy in jocund carols, and music was at once the offspring and the parent of gaiety. Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," had *seen* the peasantry whom he so graphically describes in that passage concerning a marriage-feast—a generous flagon, grace after meat, and a dance on the green turf under the canopy of approving Heaven. Nor did the Irish heart of Goldsmith (who, like myself, rambled on the banks of the Loire and the Garonne with true pedestrian philosophy) fail to enter into the spirit of joyous exuberance which animated the inhabitants of each village through which we passed, poor and penniless, but a poet; and he himself tells us that, with his flute in his pocket, he might not fear to quarter himself on any district in the south of France,—such was the charm of music to the ear of the natives in those happy days. It surely was not of France that the poetic tourist spoke when he opened his "Traveller," by those sweet verses that tell of a loneliness little experienced on the banks of the Loire, however felt elsewhere—

> "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow;
> Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po," &c.

For Goldy, the village maiden lit up her brightest smiles; for him the tidy housewife, "on hospitable cares intent," brought forth the wheaten loaf and the well-seasoned sausage: to welcome the foreign troubadour, the master of the cottage and of the vineyard produced his best can of wine, never loth for an excuse to drain a cheerful cup with an honest fellow; for,

> "Si benè commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
> Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis atque futura,
> Vel vini bonitas—vel quælibet altera causa."

All this buoyancy of spirits, all this plentiful gladness, found expression and utterance in the national music and songs of that period; which are animated and lively to excess, and bear testimony to the brisk current of feeling and the exhilarating influence from which they sprung. Each season of the happy year, each incident of primitive and rural life, each occurrence in village history, was chronicled in uncouth rhythm, and chanted with choral glee. The baptismal holyday, the marriage epoch, the soldier's return, the "patron saint," the harvest and the vintage, "le jour des rois," and "le jour de Noël," each was ushered in with the merry chime of parish bells and the extemporaneous outbreak of the rustic muse. And when mellow autumn gave place to hoary winter, the genial source of musical inspiration was not frozen up in the hearts of the young, nor was there any lack of traditionary ballads derived from the memory of the old.

> "Ici le chanvre préparé
> Tourne autour du fuseau Gothique,
> Et sur un banc mal assuré
> La bergère la plus antique
> Chante la mort du 'Balafré'
> D'une voix plaintive et tragique."

"While the merry fire-blocks kindle,
While the gudewife twirls her spindle,
Hark the song which, nigh the embers,
Singeth yonder withered crone;
Well I ween that hag remembers
Many a war-tale past and gone."

This characteristic of the inhabitants of Gaul, this constitutional attachment to music and melody, has been early noticed by the writers of the middle ages, and remarked on by her historians and philosophers. The eloquent Salvian of Marseilles (A.D. 440), in his book on Providence ("de Gubernatione Dei"), says that his fellow-countrymen had a habit of drowning care and banishing melancholy with songs: "Cantilenis infortunia sua solantur." In the old jurisprudence of the Gallic code we are told, by lawyer de Marchangy, in his work, "la Gaule Poétique," that all the goods and chattels of a debtor could be seized by the creditor, with the positive exception of any musical instrument, lyre, bagpipe, or flute, which happened to be in the house of misfortune; the lawgivers wisely and humanely providing a source of consolation for the poor devil when all was gone. We have still some enactments of Charlemagne interwoven in the labyrinthine intricacies of the capitularian law, having reference to the minstrels of that period; and the song of Roland, who fell at Roncesvaux with the flower of Gallic chivalry, is still sung by the grenadiers of France:

"Soldats François, chantons Roland,
L'honneur de la chevalerie," &c., &c.

Or, as Sir Walter Scott will have it, in his "Marmion" (a couplet which, by the way, he afterwards unconsciously repeated in his "Rob Roy"),

"O! for a blast of that wild horn,
On Fontarabia's echoes borne," &c.

During the crusades the minstrelsy of France attained a high degree of refinement, delicacy, and vigour. Never were love-adventures, broken hearts, and broken heads so plentiful. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of departure, the lover's farewell, the rapture of return, the pilgrim's tale, the jumble of war and devotion, laurels and palm-trees—all these matters inflamed the imagination of the troubadour, and ennobled the effusions of genius. Oriental landscape added a new charm to the creations of poetry, and the bard of chivalrous Europe, transported into the scenes of voluptuous Asia, acquired a new stock of imagery; an additional chord would vibrate on his lyre. Thiébault, comte de Champagne, who swayed the destinies of the kingdom under Queen Blanche, while St. Louis was in Palestine, distinguished himself not only by his patronage of the tuneful tribe, but by his own original compositions; many of which I have overhauled among the MSS. of the King's Library, when I was in Paris. Richard Cœur de Lion, whose language, habits, and character belonged to Normandy, was almost as clever at a ballad as at the battle-axe: his faithful troubadour, Blondel, acknowledges his master's competency in things poetical. But it was reserved for the immortal René d'Anjou, called by the people of Provence *le bon roy René*, to confer splendour and *éclat* on the gentle craft, during a reign of singular usefulness and popularity. He was, in truth, a rare personage, and well deserved to leave his memory embalmed in the recollection of his fellow-countrymen. After having fought in his youth under Joan of Arc, in rescuing the territory of France from the grasp of the invaders, and subsequently in the wars of Scander Beg and Ferdinand of Arragon, he spent the latter part of his eventful life in diffusing happiness among his subjects, and making his court the centre of refined and classic enjoyment. Aix in Provence was then the seat of civilization, and the haunt of the Muses. While to René is ascribed the introduction and culture of the mulberry, and the con-

sequent development of the silk-trade along the Rhone, to his fostering care the poetry of France is indebted for many of her best and simplest productions, the *rondeau*, the *madrigal*, the *triolet*, the *lay*, the *virelai*, and other measures equally melodious. His own ditties (chiefly church hymns) are preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in his own handwriting, adorned by his royal pencil with sundry curious enluminations and allegorical emblems.

A rival settlement for the "sacred sisters" was established at the neighbouring court of Avignon, where the temporary residence of the popes attracted the learning of Italy and of the ecclesiastical world. The combined talents of churchmen and of poets shone with concentrated effulgence in that most picturesque and romantic of cities, fit cradle for the muse of Petrarch, and the appropriate resort of every contemporary excellence. The pontific presence shed a lustre over this crowd of meritorious men, and excited a spirit of emulation in all the walks of science, unknown in any other European capital: and to Avignon in those days might be applied the observation of a Latin poet concerning that small town of Italy which the residence of a single important personage sufficed to illustrate:

"Veios habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit."

LUCAN.

The immortal sonnets of Laura's lover, written in the polished and elegant idiom of Lombardy, had a perceptible effect in softening what was harsh, and refining what was uncouth, in the love songs of the troubadours, whose language (not altogether obsolete in Provence at the present time) bears a close affinity to the Italian. But this "light of song," however gratifying to the lover of early literature, was but a sort of crepuscular brightening, to herald in that full dawn of true taste and knowledge which broke forth at the appearance of Francis I. and Leo X. Then it was that Europe's modern minstrels, forming their lyric effusions on the imperishable models of classical antiquity, produced, for the bower and the banquet, for the court and the camp, strains of unparalleled sweetness and power. I have already enriched my papers with a specimen of the love-ditties which the amour of Francis and the unfortunate Comtesse de Chateaubriand gave birth to. The royal lover has himself recorded his chivalrous attachment to that lady in a song which is preserved among the MSS. of the Duke of Buckingham, in the Bibliothèque du Roi. It begins thus:

"Ores que je la tiens sous ma loy,
Plus je regne amant que roy,
Adieu, visages de cour," &c., &c.

Of the songs of Henri Quatre, addressed to Gabrielle d'Etrées, and of the ballads of Mary Stuart, it were almost superfluous to say a word; but in a professed essay on so interesting a subject, it would be an unpardonable omission not to mention two such illustrious contributors to the minstrelsy of France.

From crowned heads the transition to Maître Adam (the poetic carpenter) is rather abrupt; but he deserves most honourable rank among the tuneful brotherhood. Without quitting his humble profession of a joiner, he published a volume of songs (Rheims, 1650) under the modest title of "Dry Chips and Oak Shavings from the Workshop of Adam Billaud." Many of his staves are right well put out of hand. But he had been preceded by Clement Marôt, a most cultivated poet, who had given the tone to French versification. Malherbe was also a capital lyric writer in the grandiose style, and at times pathetic. Then there was Ronsard and Panard. Jean de Meun, who, with Guillaume de Lorris, concocted the "Roman de la Rose:" Villon, Charles d'Orléans, Gringoire, Alain Chartier, Bertaut, and sundry others of the old school, deservedly

challenge the antiquary and critic's commendation. The subsequent glories of Voiture, Scuderi, Dorat, Boufflers, Florian, Racan, and Chalieu, would claim their due share of notice, if the modern lyrics of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, André Chenier, Chateaubriand, and Delavigne, like the rod of the prophet, had not swallowed up the inferior spells of the magicians who preceded them. But I cannot for a moment longer repress my enthusiastic admiration of one who has arisen in our days, to strike in France, with a master-hand, the lyre of the troubadour, and to fling into the shade all the triumphs of bygone minstrelsy. Need I designate Béranger, who has created for himself a style of transcendent vigour and originality, and who has sung of *war*, *love*, and *wine*, in strains far excelling those of Blondel, Tyrtæus, Pindar, or the Teïan bard. He is now the genuine representative of Gallic poesy in her *convivial*, her *amatory*, her *warlike*, and her *philosophic* mood: and the plenitude of the inspiration that dwelt successively in the souls of all the songsters of ancient France seems to have transmigrated into Béranger, and found a fit recipient in his capacious and liberal mind:

> "As some bright river, that, from fall to fall
> In many a maze descending, bright in all,
> Finds some fair region, where, each labyrinth past,
> In one full lake of light it rests at last."—*Lalla Rookh.*

I cannot resist the impulse which hurries me to the perpetration of an assault on the muse of Béranger: forcible abduction is here, if ever, justifiable, and she must forthwith cross the "Pas de Calais," *nolens volens*, into merry England. How shall we begin? *Wine* is the grand topic with all poets (after the ladies); I shall therefore give *his* account of the introduction of the grape into Burgundy and Champagne, effected through the instrumentality of the brave Brennus, the Celtic hero, and the ancestor of our Irish Brennans.

BRENNUS.

Ou la Vigne plantée dans les Gaules.

Brennus disait aux bons Gaulois,
"Célébrez un triomphe insigne!
Les champs de Rome ont payé mes exploits,
Et j'en rapporte un cep de vigne;
Privés de son jus tout-puissant,
Nous avons vaincu pour en boire;
Sur nos coteaux que le pampre naissant
Serve à couronner la victoire.

Un jour, par ce raisin vermeil
Des peuples vous serez l'envie;
Dans son nectar plein des feux du soleil
Tous les arts puiseront la vie.
Quittant nos bords favorisés,
Mille vaisseaux iront sur l'onde
Chargés de vins et de fleurs pavoises,
Porter la joie autour du monde.

THE SONG OF BRENNUS,

Or the Introduction of the Grape into France.

TUNE—"The Night before Larry."

When Brennus came back here from Rome,
These words he is said to have spoken:
"We have conquered, my boys! and brought home
A sprig of the vine for a token!
Cheer, my hearties! and welcome to Gaul
This plant, which we won from the foeman;
'Tis enough to repay us for all
Our trouble in beating the Roman;
Bless the gods, and bad luck to the geese!

O! take care to treat well the fair guest,
From the blasts of the north to protect her;
Of your hillocks, the sunniest and best
Make them hers, for the sake of her nectar.
She shall nurse your young Gauls with her juice;
Give life to 'the arts' in libations;
While your ships round the globe shall produce
Her goblet of joy for all nations—
E'en the foeman shall taste of our cup.

Bacchus ! embellis nos destins !
Un peuple hospitalier te prie,
Fais qu'un proscrit, assis à nos festins,
Oublie un moment sa patrie."
Brennus alors bennit les Cieux,
Creuse la terre avec sa lance,
Plante la vigne ! et les Gaulois joyeux
Dans l'avenir ont vu "La France !"

The exile who flies to our hearth
She shall soothe, all his sorrows redressing ;
For the vine is the parent of mirth,
And to sit in its shade is a blessing."
So the soil Brennus dug with his lance,
'Mid the crowd of Gaul's warriors and sages ;
And our forefathers grim, of gay France
Got a glimpse through the vista of ages—
And it gladdened the hearts of the Gauls !

Such is the classical and profound range of thought in which Béranger loves to indulge, amid the unpretending effusions of a professed drinking song: embodying his noble and patriotic aspirations in the simple form of an historical anecdote, or a light and fanciful allegory. He abounds in philanthropic sentiments and generous outbursts of passionate eloquence which come on the feelings unexpectedly, and never fail to produce a corresponding excitement in the heart of the listener. I shall shortly return to his glorious canticles ; but meantime, as we are on the chapter of wine, by way of contrast to the style of Béranger, I may be allowed to introduce a drinking ode of a totally different character, and which, from its odd and original conceptions, and harmless jocularity, I think deserving of notice. It is, besides, of more ancient date ; and my English version has been therefore set to the old tune of "Life let us cherish."

LES ELOGES DE L'EAU.

Il pleut ! il pleut enfin !
Et la vigne altérée
Va se voir restaurée
Par un bienfait divin.
De l'eau chantons la gloire,
On la meprise en vain,
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

C'est par l'eau, j'en conviens,
Que Dieu fit le déluge ;
Mais ce souverain Juge
Mit le mal près du bien !
Du déluge l'histoire
Fait naître le raisin ;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Ah ! combien je jouis
Quand la rivière apporte
Des vins de toute sorte
Et de tous les pays !
Ma cave est mon armoire—
A l'instant tout est plein ;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Par un tems sec et beau
Le meunier du village,
Se morfond sans ouvrage,
Il ne boit que de l'eau ;

WINE DEBTOR TO WATER.

AIR—"Life let us cherish."

Rain best doth nourish
Earth's pride, the budding vine !
Grapes best will flourish
On which the dew-drops shine.
Then why should water meet with scorn,
Or why its claims to praise resign ?
When from that bounteous source is born
The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

Rain best disposes
Earth for each blossom and each bud ;
True, we are told by Moses,
Once it brought on "a flood :"
But while that flood did all immerse,
All save old Noah's holy line,
Pray read the chapter and the verse—
The vine is there ! the vine !

Wine by water-carriage
Round the globe is best conveyed ;
Then why disparage
A path for old Bacchus made ?
When in our docks the cargo lands
Which foreign merchants here consign,
The wine's red empire wide expands—
The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

Rain makes the miller
Work his glad wheel the livelong day;
Rain brings the *siller*,
And drives dull care away :

Il rentre dans sa gloire
  Quand l'eau rentre au moulin ;
C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire
  Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Faut-il un trait nouveau ?
  Mes amis, je le guette ;
  Voyez à la guinguette
Entrer ce porteur d'eau !
Il y perd la mémoire
  Des travaux du matin ;
C'est l'eau qui lui fait boire
  Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

Mais à vous chanter l'eau
  Je sens que je m'altère ;
  Donnez moi vite une verre
Du doux jus du tonneau —
Ce vin vient de la Loire,
  Ou bien des bords du Rhin ;
C'est l'eau qui nous fait boire
  Du vin ! du vin ! du vin !

For without rain he lacks the stream,
  And fain o'er watery cups must pine ;
But when it rains, he courts, I deem,
  The vine ! the vine ! the vine !*

Though all good judges
  Water's worth now understand,
Mark yon chiel who drudges
  With buckets in each hand ;
He toils with *water* through the town,
  Until he spies a certain "sign,"
Where entering, all his labour done,
  He drains thy juice, O vine !

But pure water singing
  Dries full soon the poet's tongue ;
So crown all by bringing
  A draught drawn from the bung
Of yonder cask, that wine contains
  Of Loire's good vintage or the Rhine,
Queen of whose teeming margin reigns
  The vine ! the vine ! the vine !

It must be acknowledged that even Pindar himself, when he struck the glorious key-note of *Αριστον μεν ὕδωρ*, produced a more complimentary panegyric on the liquid element than our French songster. But it is not merely on water that the French have shown more talent than the illustrious Bœotian, for on *horses*, also, they have completely thrown him into the shade. This is what I call fighting with the Grecian cock on his own favourite dunghill, and beating him in his own stable-yard. The "Olympic Races" never furnished a more sublime equestrian ode than the celebrated song of the "Cossack to his Horse," by Béranger, and Pindar's *Racing Calendar*, or the *Sporting Magazine* of Greece may be searched in vain for anything superior in the way of horse poetry. Homer may talk of his Hector—*Ἕκτορος ἱπποδαμψοιο*—but the Tartar jockey from the river Don beats the Trojan hollow. Turpin's "Black Bess" is the only modern attempt that can compare to

LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

Viens, mon coursier, noble ami du Cosaque,
  Vole au signal des trompettes du nord ;
Prompt au pillage, intrépide à l'attaque,
  Prête sous moi des ailes à la mort.
L'or n'enrichit ni ton frein ni ta selle,
  Mais attends tout du prix de mes exploits :
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
  Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

La paix qui fuit m'abandonne tes guides,
  La vieille Europe a perdu ses remparts ;
Viens de trésors combler mes mains avides,
  Viens reposer dans l'asile des arts.

* This idea, containing an apparent paradox, has been frequently worked up in the quaint writing of the middle ages. There is an old Jesuits' riddle, which I learnt among other wise saws at their colleges, from which it will appear that this *Miller* is a regular *Joe*.

Q. "Suave bibo vinum quoties mihi suppetit unda :
  Undaque si desit, quid bibo ?"
R. "Tristris aquam !"

PROUT.

Retourne boire à la Seine rebelle,
Où, tout sanglant, tu t'es lavé deux fois;
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Comme en un fort, princes, nobles, et prêtres,
Tous assiégés par leurs sujets souffrans,
Nous ont crie: Venez, soyez nos maîtres—
Nous serons serfs pour demeurer tyrans!
J'ai pris ma lance, et tous vont devant elle
Humilier, et le sceptre et la croix:
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

J'ai d'un géant vu le fantôme immense
Sur nos bivouacs fixer un œil ardent;
Il s'écria: Mon règne recommence;
Et de sa hache il montrait l'Occident;
Du roi des Huns c'était l'ombre immortelle;
Fils d'Attila, j'obéis à sa voix
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

Tout cet éclat dont l'Europe est si fière,
Tout ce savoir qui ne la défend pas,
S'engloutira dans les flots de poussière
Qu'autour de moi vont soulever tes pas
Efface, efface, en la course nouvelle,
Temples, palais, mœurs, souvenirs, et lois!
Hennis d'orgueil, ô mon coursier fidèle,
Et foule aux pieds les peuples et les rois.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Come, arouse thee up, my gallant horse, and bear thy rider on!
The comrade thou, and the friend, I trow, of the dweller on the Don.
Pillage and Death have spread their wings! 'tis the hour to hie thee forth,
And with thy hoofs an echo wake to the trumpets of the North!
Nor gems nor gold do men behold upon thy saddle-tree:
But earth affords the wealth of lords for thy master and for thee.
Then fiercely neigh, my charger grey!—thy chest is proud and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Europe is weak—she hath grown old—her bulwarks are laid low;
She is loth to hear the blast of war—she shrinketh from a foe!
Come, in our turn, let us sojourn in her goodly haunts of joy—
In the pillar'd porch to wave the torch, and her palaces destroy!
Proud as when first thou slak'dst thy thirst in the flow of conquer'd Seine,
Aye shalt thou lave, within that wave, thy blood-red flanks again.
Then fiercely neigh, my gallant grey!—thy chest is strong and ample!
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

Kings are beleaguer'd on their thrones by their own vassal crew;
And in their den quake noblemen, and priests are bearded too;
And loud they yelp for the Cossack's help to keep their bondsmen down,
And they think it meet, while they kiss *our* feet, to wear a tyrant's crown!
The sceptre now to my lance shall bow, and the crosier and the cross
Shall bend alike when I lift my pike, and aloft THAT SCEPTRE toss!
Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey!—thy chest is broad and ample;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample!

In a night of storm I have seen a form!—and the figure was a GIANT,
And his eye was bent on the Cossack's tent, and his look was all defiant;
Kingly his crest—and towards the West with his battle-axe he pointed;
And the "form" I saw *was* ATTILA! of this earth the scourge anointed.

From the Cossack's camp let the horseman's tramp the coming crash announce ;
Let the vulture whet his beak sharp set, on the carrion field to pounce ;
And proudly neigh, my charger grey !—O ! thy chest is broad and ample ;
Thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

What boots old Europe's boasted fame, on which she builds reliance,
When the North shall launch its *avalanche* on her works of art and science ?
Hath she not wept her cities swept by our hordes of trampling stallions ?
And tower and arch crushed in the march of our barbarous battalions ?
Can *we* not wield our fathers' shield ? the same war-hatchet handle ?
Do our blades want length, or the reapers' strength, for the harvest of the Vandal ?
Then proudly neigh, my gallant grey, for thy chest is strong and ample ;
And thy hoofs shall prance o'er the fields of France, and the pride of her heroes trample !

In the foregoing glorious song of the Cossack to his Horse, Béranger appears to me to have signally evinced that peculiar talent discoverable in most of his lyrical impersonations, which enables him so completely to identify himself with the character he undertakes to portray, that the poet is lost sight of in the all-absorbing splendour of the theme. Here we have the mind hurried away with irresistible grasp, and flung down among the wild scenery of the river Don, amid the tents of the Scythians and an encampment of the North. If we are sufficiently dull to resist the impulse that would transport our rapt soul to the region of the poet's inspiration, still, even on the quiet tympanum of *our* effeminate ear, there cometh the sound of a barbarian cavalry, heard most fearfully distinct, thundering along the rapid and sonorous march of the stanza; the terrific spectre of the King of the Huns frowns on our startled fancy : and we look on this sudden outpouring of Béranger's tremendous poetry with the sensation of Virgil's shepherd, awed at the torrent that sweeps down the Apennines,—

"Stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor."

There is more where that came from. And if, instead of oriental imagery and "barbaric pearl and gold," camels, palm-trees, bulbuls, houris, frankincense, silver veils, and other gewgaws with which Tom Moore has glutted the market of literature in his "Lalla Rookh," we could prevail on our poetasters to use sterner stuff, to dig the iron mines of the North, and send their Pegasus to a week's training among the Cossacks, rely on it we should have more vigour and energy in the bone and muscle of the winged animal. Drawing-room poets should partake of the rough diet and masculine beverage of this hardy tribe, whose cookery has been described in "Hudibras," and of whom the swan of Mantua gently singeth with becoming admiration :

"Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino."

Lord Byron is never more spirited and vigorous than when he recounts the catastrophe of Mazeppa; and in the whole of that sublime rhapsody, the "Pilgrimage of Childe Harold," there is not a line (where *all* is breathing the loftiest enthusiasm and rapture) to be compared to his northern slave, his "dying gladiator,"

"Butchered to make a Roman holyday !"

Oh ! he is truly great, when, in the fulness of prophetic inspiration, he calls on the Goths to "arise and glut their ire !" However, I hope none will attempt to woo the muse of the North, unless poets of solid pretensions and capabilities : if Tom Moore were to present himself to the nymph's notice, I fear he would catch a Tartar.

This dissertation has led me away from the subject-matter of my essays, to which I faithfully return. The "Songs of France," properly so called, exhibit a fund of inexhaustible good-humour, at the same time that they are fraught with the most exalted philosophy. Addison has written with a "commentary" on the ballad of "Chevy Chase;" and the public is indebted to him for having revealed the recondite value of that excellent old chant: but there is a French lyrical composition coeval with the English ballad aforesaid, and containing at least an equal quantity of contemporary wisdom. The opening verses may give a specimen of its wonderful range of thought. They run thus:

"Le bon roy Dagobert
Avait mis sa culotte à l'envers:
Le bon Saint Eloy
Lui dit, 'O mon roy!
Votre majesté
S'est mal culotté!'
'Eh bien,' dit ce bon roy,
'Je vais la remettre à l'endroit.'" *

I do not, as in other cases, follow up this French quotation by a literal version of its meaning in English, for several reasons; of which the principal is, that I intend to revert to the song itself in my second chapter, when I shall come to treat of "frogs" and "wooden shoes." But it may be well to instruct the superficial reader, that in this apparently simple stanza there is a deep blow aimed at the imbecility of the then reigning monarch; and that under the *culotte* there lieth much hidden mystery, explained by one Sartor Resartus, Professor Teufelsdröckh, a German philosopher.

Confining myself, therefore, for the present, to *wine* and *war*, I proceed to give a notable *war-song*, of which the tune is well known throughout Europe, but the words and the poetry are on the point of being effaced from the superficial memory of this flimsy generation. By my recording them in these papers, posterity will not be deprived of their racy humour and exquisite *naïveté:* nor shall a future age be reduced to confess with the interlocutor in the "Eclogues," "*numeros nemini, si verba tenerem.*" Who has not hummed in

* Dagobert II., King of Australisia, was conveyed away in his infancy to Ireland, according to the historians of the country, by orders of a designing *maire du palais*, who wished to get rid of him. (See Mezeray, "Hist. de Fran.;" the Jesuit Daniel, "Hist. Fran.;" and Abbé Mac Geoghehan, "Hist. d'Irlande.") He was educated at the school of Lismore, so celebrated by the venerable Bede as a college of European reputation. His peculiar manner of wearing his trousers would seem to have been learned in Cork. St. Eloi was a brassfounder and a tinker. He is the patron of the Dublin corporation guild of smiths, who call him (ignorantly) St. Loy. This saint was a good Latin poet. The king, one day going into his chariot, a clumsy contrivance, described by Boileau—

"Quatre bœufs attelés, d'un pas tranquil et lent,
Promenaient dans Paris le monarque indolent"—

was, as usual, attended by his favourite, Eloi, and jokingly asked him to make a couplet *extempore* before the drive. Eloi stipulated for the wages of song; and having got a promise of the two oxen, launched out into the following apostrophe—

"Ascendit Dagobert, veniat bos unus et alter
In nostrum stabulum, carpere ibi pabulum!"

King Dagobert was not a bad hand at Latin verses himself, for he is supposed to have written that exquisite elegy sung at the dirge for the dead—

"Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum sibyllâ," &c.,

which has been translated by Lord Roscommon.—PROUT.

his lifetime the immortal air of MALBROUCK? Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of these written memorials: and here, then, followeth the song of the lamentable death of the illustrious John Churchill, which did *not* take place, by some mistake, but was nevertheless celebrated as follows:

MALBROUCK.		MALBROUCK.*	
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre, On n'sçait quand il reviendra.	[*ter.*	Malbrouck, the prince of commanders, Is gone to the war in Flanders; His fame is like Alexander's; But when will he come home?	[*ter.*
Il reviendra à Pâques, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Il reviendra à Pâques, Ou à la Trinité.	[*ter.*	Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or Perhaps he may come at Easter. Egad! he had better make haste, or We fear he may never come.	[*ter*
La Trinité se passe, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, La Trinité se passe, Malbrouck ne revient pas.	[*ter.*	For "Trinity Feast" is over, And has brought no news from Dover; And Easter is past, moreover, And Malbrouck still delays.	[*ter.*
Madame à sa tour monte, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Madame à sa tour monte, Le plus haut qu'on peut monter.	[*ter.*	Milady in her watch-tower Spends many a pensive hour, Not well knowing why or how her Dear lord from England stays.	[*ter.*
Elle voit venir un page, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Elle voit venir un page De noir tout habillé.	[*ter.*	While sitting quite forlorn in That tower, she spies returning A page clad in deep mourning, With fainting steps and slow.	[*ter.*
Mon page, ô mon beau page, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Mon page, ô mon beau page, Quelle nouvelle apportez?	[*ter.*	"O page, prithee, come faster,— What news do your bring of your master? I fear there is some disaster, Your looks are so full of woe."	[*ter.*
La nouvelle que j'apporte, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, La nouvelle que j'apporte Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.	[*ter.*	"The news I bring, fair lady," With sorrowful accent said he, "Is one you are not ready So soon, alas! to hear.	[*ter.*
Monsieur Malbrouck est mort, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Monsieur Malbrouck est mort, Est mort et enterré.*	[*ter.*	But since to speak I'm hurried," Added this page, quite flurried, "Malbrouck is dead and buried!"— (And here he shed a tear.)	[*ter.*
Je l'ai vu porter en terre, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, Je l'ai vu porter en terre Par quatrez' officiers.	[*ter.*	"He's dead! he's dead as a herring! For I beheld his '*herring*,' And four officers transferring His corpse away from the field.	[*ter.*
L'un portait son grand sabre, Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine, L'un portait son grand sabre, L'autre son bouclier.	[*ter.*	One officer carried his sabre, And he carried it not without labour, Much envying his next neighbour, Who only bore a shield.	[*ter.*

* Κειται Πατροκλος· νεκυος δη αμφιμαχονται
Γυμνου· αταρ τα γε τευχε' εχει κορυθαιολος Ἑκτωρ.

Le troisième son casque,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
Le troisième son casque,
Panache renversé. [*ter.*

The third was helmet-bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero's brains. [*ter.*

L'autre, je ne sçais pas bien,
Mi ron ton, ton ton, mi ron taine,
L'autre, je ne sçais pas bien,
Mais je croix qu'il ne portait rien. [*ter.*

Now, having got so far, I
Find that (by the Lord Harry!)
The *fourth* is left nothing to carry;
So there the thing remains." [*ter.*

Such, O phlegmatic inhabitants of these countries! is the celebrated funeral song of Malbrouck. It is what we would in Ireland call *a keen* over the dead, with this difference, that the lamented deceased is, among us, generally dead outright, with a hole in his skull; whereas the subject of the pathetic elegy of "Monsieur" was, at the time of its composition, both alive and kicking all before him. It may not be uninteresting to learn, that both the tune and the words were composed as a "lullaby" to set the infant Dauphin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in the object of soporific efficacy, the poetess (for some make Madame de Sevigné the authoress of "Malbrouck," she being a sort of L. E. L. in her day) deemed historical accuracy a minor consideration. It is a singular fact, which I have learnt among other matters from my esteemed friend James Roche, Esq., that this tune is the only one relished by the South Sea Islanders, who find it "most musical, most melancholy."

There is nothing like variety in a literary composition; and as we have just given a war-song, or a lullaby, we shall introduce a different subject, to avoid monotony and to break the uniformity of our essay. We shall therefore give the poet Béranger's famous ode to Dr. Lardner, concerning his "Cyclopædia," which is little known to the British public, but is highly deserving of notice. The occasion which gave rise to this lyrical effusion was the recent trip of Dionysius Lardner to Paris, and his proposal (conveyed through Dr. Bowring) to Béranger, of a handsome remuneration, if the poet would sing or say a good word about his "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which Dr. Bowring translated as "son Encyclopédie des Cabinets" (query, *d'aisance?*). Lardner gave the poet a dinner on the strength of the expected commendatory poem, when the following song was composed after the third bottle:

L'EPÉE DE DAMOCLES.

De Damocles l'épée est bien connue,
En songe à table il m'a semblé la voir;
Sous cette épée et menaçante et nue,
Denis l'ancien me forçait à m'asseoir.
Je m'écriais que mon destin s'achève—
La coupe en main, au doux bruit ces concerts,
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!

"Que du mépris la haine au moins me sauve!"
Dit ce pédant, qui rompt un fil leger;
Le fer pesant tombe sur ma tête chauve,
J'entends ces mots, "Denis sçait se venger!"

THE DINNER OF DIONYSIUS.

O! who hath not heard of the sword which old Dennis
Hung over the head of a stoic?
And how the stern sage bore that terrible menace
With a fortitude not quite heroic?
There's a Dennis the "tyrant of Cecily" hight,
(Most sincerely I pity his lady, ah!)
Now this Dennis is doom'd for his sins to indite
A "Cabinet Cyclopædia."

He press'd me to dine, and he placed on my head
An appropriate garland of poppies;
And, lo! from the ceiling there hung by a thread
A bale of unsalable copies.

Me voilà mort et poursuivant mon rêve—
La coupe en main, je répète aux enfers,
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!

"Puff my writings," he cried, "or your skull shall be crushed!"
"*That* I cannot," I answer'd, with honesty flushed.
"Be your name Dionysius or Thady, ah!
Old Dennis, my boy, though I were to enjoy
But *one* glass and *one* song, still *one* laugh, loud and long,
I should have at your 'Cyclopædia.'"

So adieu, Dr. Lardner, for the present, *ass in præsenti;* and turn we to other topics of song.

In this "Ode to Dr. Lardner" the eye of the connoisseur has no doubt detected sundry latent indications of the poet's wonderful cleverness and consummate drollery; but it is in ennobling insignificant subjects by reference to historical anecdote and classic allegory, that the delicate tact and singular ability of Béranger are to be admired. It will be in the recollection of those who have read the accomplished fabulist of Rome, Phædrus, that he commends Simonides of Cos for his stratagem, when hired to sing the praise of some obscure candidate for the honours of the Olympic race-course. The bard, finding no material for verse in the life of his vulgar hero, launched forth into an encomium on Castor and Pollux, twin-brothers of the olden turf, from whom he ever afterwards derived good luck and celestial patronage. But further to illustrate this grand feature in the songs of Béranger, and this predominant propensity of the French poet, I will now give a most beautiful exemplification of his talent in dignifying a most homely subject by the admixture of Greek and Roman associations. The French original is rather too long to be transcribed here; and as my translation is not, *in this case*, a literal version, the less it is confronted with its prototype the better. The *last* stanza I do not pretend to understand rightly, so I put it at the bottom of the page in a note,* supposing that my readers may not be so blind as I confess I am concerning this intricate and enigmatical passage of the ode.

"GOOD DRY LODGINGS."

According to Béranger, Songster.

My dwelling is ample,
And I've set an example
For all lovers of wine to follow.
If my home you should ask,
I have drain'd out a cask,
And I dwell in the fragrant hollow!
A disciple am I of Diogenes—
Oh! his tub a most classical lodging is;
'Tis a beautiful alcove for thinking;
'Tis, besides, a cool grotto for drinking:
Moreover, the parish *throughout*
You can readily roll it about.

"Diogène! sous ton manteau,
Libre et content, je ris, je bois, sans gêne;
Libre et content, je roule mon tonneau!
Lanterne en main, dans l'Athènes moderne
Chercher un homme est un dessein fort beau!
Mais quand le soir voit briller ma lanterne,
C'est aux amours qu'elle sert de flambeau."

O ! the berth
For a lover of mirth
To revel in jokes, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes !

In politics I'm no adept,
And into my tub when I've crept,
They may canvass in vain for my vote.
For besides, after all the great cry and hubbub,
REFORM gave no "ten pound franchise" to my tub;
So your "bill" I don't value a groat !
And as for that idol of filth and vulgarity,
Adored now-a-days, and yclept Popularity,
To my home
Should it come,
And my hogshead's bright aperture darken,
Think not to such summons I'd hearken.
No ! I'd say to that goule grim and gaunt,
Vile phantom, avaunt !
Get thee out of my sight !
For thy clumsy opacity shuts out the light
Of the gay glorious sun
From my classical tun,
Where a hater of cant and a lover of fun
Fain would revel in mirth, and would lodge in ease—
The classical tub of Diogenes !

In the park of St. Cloud there stares at you
A pillar or statue
Of my liege, the philosopher cynical :
There he stands on a pinnacle,
And his lantern is placed on the ground,
While, with both eyes fixed wholly on
The favourite haunt of Napoleon,
"A MAN !" he exclaims, "by the powers, I have found !"
But for me, when at eve I go sauntering
On the boulevards of Athens, "Love" carries my lantern ;
And, egad ! though I walk most demurely,
For a man I'm not looking full surely ;
Nay, I'm sometimes brought drunk home,
Like honest Jack Reeve, or like honest Tom Duncombe.
O ! the nest
For a lover of jest
To revel in fun, and to lodge in ease,
Is the classical tub of Diogenes !

So much for the poet's capability of embellishing what is vulgar, by the magic wand of antique recollections : *propriè communia dicere*, is a secret as rare as ever ; and none but genuine fellows, such as Byron, Horace, Scott, and Béranger, were in possession of this valuable tradition. When Hercules took a distaff in hand, he made but a poor spinner, and broke all the threads, to the amusement of his mistress ; Béranger would have gracefully gone through even that minor accomplishment, at the same time that the war-club and the battle-axe lost nothing of their power when wielded by his hand. Such is the amazing versatility of genius !

Can anything be found in the whole range of sentimental rhapsodies and tender effusions, of mingled love, enthusiasm, and patriotism, to compare with the following beautiful ode of this songster of "the tub," wherein shows most strikingly with what facility he can diversify his style, vary his tone, and run "through each mood of the lyre, while a master in all !"

LE PIGEON MESSAGER.

Chanson, 1822.

L'AI brillait, et ma jeune maîtresse
Chantait les dieux dans la Grèce oubliés ;
Nous comparions notre France à la Grèce,
Quand un pigeon vint s'abattre à nos pieds.
Næris découvre un billet sous son aile ;
Il le portait vers des foyers chéris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Il est tombé, las d'un trop-long voyage ;
Rendons-lui vite et force et liberté.
D'un traffiquant remplit-il le message?
Va-t-il d'amour parler à la beauté?
Peut-être il porte au nid qui le rappelle
Les derniers vœux d'infortunés proscrits—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Mais du billet quelques mots me font croire
Qu'il est en France à des Grecs apporté ;
Il vient d'Athènes ; il doit parler de gloire ;
Lisons-le donc par droit de parenté—
"*Athène* est *libre !*" Amis, quelle nouvelle !
Que de lauriers tout-à-coup refleuris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Athène est libre ! Ah ! buvons à la Grèce !
Næris, voici de nouveaux demi-dieux !
L'Europe en vain, tremblante de vieillesse,
Déshéritait ces aînés glorieux.
Ils sont vainqueurs ! Athènes, toujours belle,
N'est plus vouée au culte des débris !—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Athène est libre ! O, muse des Pindares,
Reprends ton sceptre, et ta lyre, et ta voix !
Athène est libre, en dépit des barbares !
Athène est libre, en dépit de nos rois !
Que l'univers toujours, instruit par elle,
Retrouve encore Athènes dans Paris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle !
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

Beau voyageur du pays des Hellènes,
Répose-toi ; puis vole à tes amours !
Vole, et bientôt, reporté dans Athènes,
Reviens braver et tyrans et vautours.

THE CARRIER-DOVE OF ATHENS.

A Dream, 1822.

Ellen sat by my side, and I held
To her lip the gay cup in my bower,
When a bird at our feet we beheld,
As we talk'd of old Greece in that hour ;
And his wing bore a burden of love,
To some fair one the secret soul telling—
O drink of my cup, carrier-dove !
And sleep on the bosom of Ellen.

Thou art tired—rest awhile, and anon
Thou shalt soar, with new energy thrilling,
To the land of that far-off fair one,
If such be the task thou'rt fulfilling :
But perhaps thou dost waft the last word
Of despair, wrung from valour and duty—
Then drink of my cup, carrier-bird !
And sleep on the bosom of Beauty.

Ha ! these lines are from Greece ! Well I knew
The loved idiom ! Be mine the perusal.
Son of France, I'm a child of Greece too ;
And a kinsman will brook no refusal.
"*Greece* is *free !*" all the gods have concurr'd
To fill up our joy's brimming measure—
O drink of my cup, carrier-bird !
And sleep on the bosom of Pleasure.

Greece is free ! Let us drink to that land,
To our elders in fame ! Did ye merit
Thus to struggle alone, glorious band !
From whose sires we our freedom inherit ?
The old glories, which kings would destroy,
Greece regains, never, never to lose 'em !
O drink of my cup, bird of joy !
And sleep on my Ellen's soft bosom.

Muse of Athens ! thy lyre quick resume !
None thy anthem of freedom shall hinder :
Give Anacreon joy in his tomb,
And gladden the ashes of Pindar.
Ellen ! fold that bright bird to thy breast,
Nor permit him henceforth to desert you—
O drink of my cup, winged guest !
And sleep on the bosom of Virtue.

But no, he must hie to his home,
To the nest where his bride is awaiting ;
Soon again to our climate he'll come,
The young glories of Athens relating,

A tant des rois dont le trône chancèle,
D'un peuple libre apporte encore les cris—
Bois dans ma coupe, O messager fidèle!
Et dors en paix sur le sein de Næris.

The baseness of kings to reprove,
To blush our vile rulers compelling!—
Then drink of my goblet, O dove!
And sleep on the breast of my Ellen.*

After this specimen of Béranger's poetic powers in the sentimental line, I shall take leave of him for the remainder of this chapter; promising, however, to draw largely on his inexhaustible exchequer when next I levy my contributions on the French. But I cannot get out of this refined and delicate mood of quotations without indulging in the luxury of one more ballad, an exquisite one, from the pen of my favourite Millevoye. Poor young fellow! he died when full of promise, in early life; and these are the last lines his pale hand traced on paper, a few days before he expired in the pretty village of Neuilly, near Paris, whither he had been ordered by the physician, in hopes of prolonging, by country air, a life so dear to the Muses. Listen to the notes of the swan!

PRIEZ POUR MOI.
ROMANCE.

Neuilly, Octobre, 182c.

Dans la solitaire bourgade,
Revant à ses maux tristement,
Languissait un pauvre malade,
D'un mal qui le va consumant:
Il disait, "Gens de la chaumière,
Voici l'heure de la prière,
Et le tintement du befroi;
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!

Mais quand vous verrez la cascade
S'ombrager de sombres rameaux,
Vous direz, 'Le jeune malade
Est délivré de tous ses maux.'
Alors revenez sur cette rive,
Chanter la complainte naïve,
Et quand tintera le befroi,
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!

Ma compagne, ma seule amie,
Digne objet d'un constant amour!
Je lui avais consacré ma vie,
Hélas! je ne vis qu'un jour!
Plaignez-la, gens de la chaumière,
Lorsque, à l'heure de la prière,
Elle viendra sous le befroi;
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!"

PRAY FOR ME. A BALLAD.

By Millevoye, on his Death-bed at the Village of Neuilly.

Silent, remote, this hamlet seems—
How hush'd the breeze! the eve how calm!
Light through my dying chamber beams,
But hope comes not, nor healing balm.
Kind villagers! God bless your shed!
Hark! 'tis for prayer—the evening bell—
Oh, stay, and near my dying bed,
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

When leaves shall strew the waterfall,
In the sad close of autumn drear,
Say, "The sick youth is freed from all
The pangs and woe he suffer'd here."
So may ye speak of him that's gone;
But when your belfry tolls my knell,
Pray for the soul of that lost one—
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Oh! pity *her*, in sable robe,
Who to my grassy grave will come:
Nor seek a hidden wound to probe—
She was my love!—point out my tomb;
Tell her my life should have been hers—
'Twas but a day!—God's will!—'tis well:
But weep with her, kind villagers!
Maiden, for me your rosary tell!

Simple, unaffected, this is true poetry, and goes to the heart. One ballad like the foregoing is worth a cart-load of *soi-disant* elegies, monodies, soliloquies, and "bards' legacies." *Apropos* of melodies, I just now recollect one in Tom's own style, which it would be a pity to keep from him; indeed, only for his late conduct I would have enclosed it to him, and allowed him to pass it off as his own, in the same way as forty other French compositions, which he has had the effrontery to claim as his original property. To save him the trouble of translating it into *Moorish* rhyme, I have done the job myself; and

* It would be an insult to the classic scholar to remind him that Béranger has taken the hint of this song from Anacreon's Ερασμιη πελεια, ποθεν, ποθεν πετασσαι, ode 15, (*juxta cod. Vatic.*)—PROUT.

it may challenge competition with his best *concetti* and most captivating *similes*. The song is from an old troubadour called Pierre Ronsard, from whom Tommy has picked up many a good thing ere now.

LE SABLE.

La poudre qui dans ce cristal
  Le cours des heures nous retrace,
Lorsque dans un petit canal
  Souvent elle passe et repasse.

Fut Ronsard, qui, un jour, morbleu!
  Par les beaux yeux de sa Clytandre
Soudain fut transformé en feu,
  Et il n'en reste que la cendre. .

Cendre! qui ne t'arrêtes jamais,
  Tu témoigneras une chose,
C'est qu'ayant vu de tels attraits,
  Le cœur onqués ne repose.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Dear Tom, d'ye see the rill
  Of sand within this phial?
It runs like in a mill,
  And tells time like a dial.

That sand was once Ronsard,
  Till Bessy D*** look'd at him.*
Her eye burnt up the bard—
  He's pulverized! an atom!

Now at this tale so horrid,
  Pray learn to keep your smile hid,
For Bessy's zone is "torrid,"
  And fire is in her eyelid.†

Now who, after this magnificent sample of French gallantry, will refuse to that merry nation the sceptre of supremacy in the department of love-songs and amorous effusions? Indeed, the language of polite courtship and the dialect of soft talk is so redolent among us of French origin and Gallic associations, that the thing speaks for itself. The servant-maid in the court of Pilate found out Peter to be from Galilee by his accent; and so is the dialect of genuine Gaul ever recognized by the fair. *Petits soins—air distingué—faite au tour—naïveté—billet doux—affaire de cœur—boudoir*, &c. &c., and a thousand other expressions, have crept, in spite of us, into our every-day usage. It was so of old with the Romans in reference to *Greek*, which was the favourite conversational vehicle of gallantry among the loungers along the *Via Sacra:* at least we have (to say nothing of Juvenal) the authority of that excellent critic, Quintilian, who informs us that his contemporaries, in their sonnets to the Roman ladies, stuffed their verses with Greek terms. I think his words are: "Tanto est sermo Græcus Latino jucundior, ut nostri poetæ, quoties carmen dulce esse voluerunt, illorum id nominibus exornent." (Quint. xii. cap. 10, sec. 33.) And again, in another passage, he says (lib. x. cap. 1), "Ita ut mihi sermo Romanus non recipere videatur illam solis concessam Atticis Venerem." Our own Quintilian, Addison, has a curious paper in his "Spectator," complaining of the great number of military terms imported, during the Marlborough campaigns, from the fighting dictionary of France: the influx of this slang he considered as a great disgrace to his fellow-countrymen, a humiliating badge of foreign conquest not to be tolerated. Nevertheless, *chevaux de frise—hors de combat—aide de camp—depôt—etat major—*

* A gipsy had cautioned M. de la Mothe Vayer against going too near a dyke; but in defiance of the prophecy he married a demoiselle *De la Fosse:*

"In *fovea* qui te moriturum dixit haruspex
Non mentitus erat; conjugis illa fuit!"

O. Y.

† Ronsard has no claim to this ingenious *concetto:* it is to be found among the poems of Jerome Amalthi, who flourished in the 14th century.

"Perspicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Et vagus angustum sæpè recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui, Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis! miserum testabere amantem
More tuo nullâ posse quiete frui."

O. Y.

brigade—and a host of other locutions, have taken such root in our soil, that it were vain to murmur at the circumstance of their foreign growth. So it is with the manual of love; it is replete with the idioms of France, and there is no use in denying the superiority of that versatile tongue for the purpose of bamboozling the gentler portion of creation. I might triumphantly refer to the epistolary and conversational embellishments it has furnished to the "Fudge Family in Paris," one of Tommy's happiest efforts at humour, but I intend returning to the subject in a fresh chapter.

Meantime, I think it but fair to make some compensation to the French for all the sentimental matters derived from their vocabulary; and I therefore conclude this first essay on the "Songs of France" by giving *them* a specimen of our own love-ditties, translated, as well as my old hand can render the young feelings of passionate endearment, into appropriate French expression:

WADE.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the light of the moon,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
O remember! be sure to be there;
For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of thine eyes.
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight was made for the gay,
For the thoughtless, the heartless, the free!
But there's something about the moon's ray
That is dearer to you, love, and me.
Oh! be sure to be there, for I said
I would show to the night-flowers their queen.
Nay, turn not aside that sweet head—
'Tis the fairest that ever was seen.
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

ABBÉ DE PROUT.

Viens au bosquet, ce soir, sans témoin,
Dans le vallon, au clair de la lune;
Ce que l'on t'y dira n'a besoin
Ni de jour ni d'oreille importune.
Mais surtout rends-toi là sans faillir,
Car la lune a bien moins de lumière
Que l'amour n'en sçait faire jaillir
De ta languissante paupière.
Sois au bosquet au clair de la lune.

Pour les cœurs sans amour le jour luit,
Le soleil aux froids pensers préside;
Mais la pale clarté de la nuit
Favorise l'amant et le guide.
Les fleurs que son disque argentin
Colore, en toi verront leur reine.
Quoi! tu baisses ce regard divin,
Jeune beauté, vraiment souveraine?
Rends-toi là donc au clair de la lune.

If an English love-song can be so easily rendered into the plastic language of France by one to whom that flexible and harmonious idiom was not *native* (though *hospitable*), what must be its capabilities in the hands of those masters of the Gallic lyre, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Delavigne, and Béranger? To their effusions I shall gladly dedicate a few more papers; nor can I imagine any literary pursuit better calculated to beguile, in a pleasant and profitable fashion, the winter evenings that are approaching.

VIII.

The Songs of France.

(*Fraser's Magazine, November*, 1834.)

[The Literary Portrait in the number of *Regina* containing this second chapter on the Lyrics of France, *apropos* to women and wooden shoes, represented one of those two rare humorists of the Regency who were joint authors of the "Rejected Addresses"—James Smith, the elder brother, not Horace, the novelist of "Brambletye House" and long-hidden performer of another solo, also, on a certain "Tin Trumpet." Croquis' wicked likeness of the former depicted him in this sketch seated rather stiffly in an arm-chair, high-cravated, a hand on his crutch-handled cane, a foot resting upon an ottoman, and altogether "pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down as much as he could possibly bear," after the manner of a comparatively slim and rather grim Turvey-drop. Maclise's embellishment to this paper in the 1836 edition represented the old grandame in her ingle-nook saying to her children's children, "J'ai gardé son verre," as she points to the treasured wine-glass upon her homely chimney-piece. The editor of the present edition of "The Works of Father Prout," having himself, years ago, translated Béranger's "Souvenirs du Peuple," is tempted, for the mere purposes of comparison, to append to Mahony's, his own version of that, in truth, inimitable masterpiece.]

CHAPTER II.—Women and Wooden Shoes.

"Nell' estate all' ombra, nel inverno al fuoco,
Pinger' per gloria, e poetar' per giuoco."

Salvator Rosa.

Cool shade is summer's haunt, fireside November's;
The red red rose then yields to glowing embers:
Drawings of Cork and "Croquis" place before us!
And let old Prout strike up his Gallic chorus.

O. Y.

This gloomy month is peculiarly disastrous in northern climates. Indeed, our brethren of the "broad sheet" are so philosophically resigned to the anticipated casualties of the season, that they keep by them, in stereotype, announcements which at this time never fail to be put in constant requisition; *viz.* "Death by Drowning," "Extraordinary Fog," "Melancholy Suicide," "Felo de se," and sundry such doleful headings borrowed from Young's "Night Thoughts," Ovid's "Tristia," the "Newgate Calendar," and other authors in the dismal line. There is a method in our spleen, and much punctuality in this periodical recurrence of the national melancholy. It certainly showed great considerateness in that much-abused man, Guy Faux, to have selected the fifth of November for despatching the stupid and unreformed senators of

Great Britain: so cold and comfortless a month was the most acceptable which he could possibly have chosen for warming their honourable house with a few seasonable faggots and forty-eight barrels of gunpowder. Philanthropic citizen! Neither he nor Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity—nor Friar Bacon, the original concocter of "villanous saltpetre"—nor Parson Malthus, the patentee of the "preventive check"—nor Dean Swift, the author of "A most Modest Proposal for turning into Salt Provisions the Offspring of the Irish Poor"—nor Brougham, the originator of the new *reform* in the poor laws—nor Mr. O'Connell, the Belisarius of the poor-box, and the stanch opponent of any provision for his half-starved tributaries—will ever meet their reward in this world, nor even be appreciated or understood by their blind and ungrateful fellow-countrymen. Happily, however, for some of the above-mentioned worthies, there is a warm *corner* reserved, if not in Westminster Abbey, most certainly in "another place;" where alone (God forgive us!), we incline to think, their merits can be suitably acknowledged.

Sorrowful, indeed, would be the condition of mankind, and verily deplorable the November chapter of accidents if, in addition to other sources of sublunary desolation over which we have no control, Father Prout were, like the sun, to obnubilate his disk, veil his splendour, and withdraw the light of his countenance from a gloomy and disconsolate world:

> "Caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,
> Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem."
>
> *Georgic. I.*

Then, indeed, would unmitigated darkness thicken the already "palpable" obscure; dulness would place another padlock on the human understanding, and knowledge be at one grand entrance fairly shut out. But no! such a calamity, such a "disastrous twilight" shall not befall our planet, as long as there is MS. in "the chest" or shot in the locker. Generations yet unborn shall walk in the blaze of Prout's wisdom, and the learned of our own day shall still continue to light the pipe of knowledge at the focus of this intense luminary. We are thoroughly convinced, so essential do we deem the continuance of these periodical essays to the happiness of our contemporaries, that were we (*quod Deus avertat!*) to put a stop to our accustomed issues of "Prout paper," forgeries would instantly get into circulation; a false paper currency would be attempted; there would arise ψευδο-Prouts and ψευδο-prophets: but they would deceive no one, much less *the elect*. Every one knows how that great German chemist, Farina of Cologne, is constantly obliged to caution the public, in the envelope of his long glass bottles, against all spurious distillations of his wonderful water: "Rowland," of Hatton Garden, has found more than one "Oliver" vending a counterfeit "incomparable Macassar;" and our friend Bob Olden writes to us from Cork to be on our guard against an illegitimate "Eukeirogeneion," for he swears by the beard of the prophet that there is no shaving cosmetic genuine unless it bears *his* most illegible signature. Now, following the example of these gentlemen, we give fair notice, that no "Prout Paper" is the *real* thing unless it have a label signed "OLIVER YORKE." There is a certain Bridgewater Treatise now in circulation said to be from the pen of one Doctor Prout; but it is a sheer hoax. An *artist* has also taken up the name; but he must be an impostor, not known on Watergrasshill. Let it be remembered that, owing to the law of celibacy, "the Father" can have left behind him no children, or posterity whatever: therefore, none but himself can hope to be his parallel. We are perfectly aware that he may have "nephews," and other collateral descendants; for we admit the truth of that celebrated placard, or lampoon, stuck on the mutilated statue of Pasquin in the reign of Pope Borghese (Paul IV.):

"Cùm factor rerum privaret semine clerum,
In Satanæ votum successit turba *nepotum!*"—*i.e.*
"Of bantlings when our clergymen were freed from having bevies,
There next arose, a crowd of woes, a multitude of *nevies!*"

But should any audacious thief attempt to palm himself as a son or literary representative of the venerable pastor of the most barren upland in the county of Cork, let him look sharp; for Terry Callaghan, who has got a situation in the London police (through the patronage of Feargus O'Connor), will quickly collar the ruffian in the most inaccessible garret of Grub Street: to profane so respectable a signature, the fellow must be what Terry calls "a bad mimber intirely;" what we English call a "jail-bird;" what the French denominate a "*vrai gibier de grève;*" termed in Latin, "*corvus patibularius;*" and by the Greeks, κακου κορακος κακον ωον.

We have nothing further to add in this introductory prolusion, only to acknowledge the receipt of the following communication from Germany, referring to our last batch of "Songs of France." It is from the pen of a stanch friend of Old England, and an uncompromising disciple of REGINA—the sterling patriot, the eloquent lawyer, and the facetious knight, Sir Charles Wetherell. Great men's peculiarities attract no small share of public attention: thus, *ex. gr.*, Napoleon's method of plunging his forefinger and thumb into his waistcoat-pocket, in lieu of a snuff-box, was the subject of much European commentary; and one of the twelve Cæsars was nicknamed Caligula from a peculiar sort of Wellington boot which he happened to fancy. (SUET. *in vitâ.*) Some irreverent poet has not scrupled to notice a feature in our learned correspondent's habiliment, stating him to be

"Much famed for length of sound sagacious speeches,
More still for brevity of braceless b——s,"

—a quotation, by the bye, not irrelevant to the topic on which Sir Charles has favoured us with a line.

"AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *October 7.*

"DEAR YORKE,

"I've just been paying my devotions to the tomb of Charlemagne (the pride of this *ci-devant* metropolis of Europe), and on my return to my hotel I find your last number on my table. What the deuce do you mean by giving a new and unheard-of version of the excellent song on 'Le bon Roy Dagobert,' who, you say, 'avait mis sa culotte *à l'envers;*' whereas all good editions read '*de travers;*' which is quite a different sense, *lectio longè emendatior;* for he wore the garment, not *inside out*, but *wrong side foremost?* Again, it was not of Australesia that he was king, but of 'Gallia braccata.' Let me not meet any similar blunders in the subsequent songs, my old cock!

"Yours in haste,
"C. W."

Wishing him a pleasant tour through the Germanic confederation, and hoping it may be long ere he reach that fatal goal of all human pilgrimage, the *diet of Worms*, we *bow* to the baronet's opinion, and *stand* corrected.

OLIVER YORKE.

Nov. 1st, 1834.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Nov.* 1833.

"ILLE ego qui quondam," is an old Latin formula, first used in the reign of Augustus, to connect the epic cantos of the warlike Æneid with a far more polished and irreproachable poem, its agricultural predecessor. Virgil (something like Lord Althorp when he indulges in a day-dream and thinks posterity will forgive his political blunders in consideration of his excellent breed of cattle) sought thus to bolster up the manifest imperfections of his heroic and epic characters by a wrong reference to the unexceptionable Melibœus, and to that excellent old Calabrian farmer whose bees hummed so tunefully under the "lofty towers of Œbalia." This is an old trick: it is a part of the tactics of literature, well understood by that awfully numerous fraternity, the novel writers, who never fail on the title-page of each successive production to mention some previous performance of glorious memory, evidently reminding the public of their bygone trophies in the field of literature, and of some more fortunate hit already made in the chance medley of modern authorship. Now, in venturing to refer to a previous paper on the "Songs of France," *my* object is not similar: my thoughts are not their thoughts. Totally unknown to my contemporaries, and anxious to cultivate the privilege of obscurity, it is when I am mouldering in the quiet tomb where my rustic parishioners shall have laid me, that these papers, the offspring of my leisure, shall start into life, and bask in the blaze of publicity. Some paternal publisher—perhaps some maternal magazine—will perhaps take charge of the learned deposit, and hatch my eggs with all the triumph of successful incubation. But—and this is the object of these preliminary remarks—let there be care taken to keep each batch separate, and each *brood* distinct. The *French hen's* family should not be mixed up with the chickens of the *Muscovy duck;* and each series of "Prout Papers" should be categorically arranged, "Series juncturaque pollet." (HOR. *Ars Poet.*) For instance: the present essay ought to come after one bearing the date of "October," and containing songs about "wine;" such topic being appropriate to that mellow month, which, from time immemorial (no doubt because it happens to rhyme with the word "sober"), has been set apart for jollification.

I have called these effusions the offspring of my leisure; nor do I see any cause why the hours not claimed by my sacerdotal functions should be refused to the pursuits of literature. I do not think that Erasmus was a discredit to his cloth, though he penned the Μωριας Εγκωμιον. The sonnets of Francis Petrarca were not deemed a high misdemeanour at the papal court of Avignon, though written by a priest. Nor was Vida a less exemplary bishop in his diocese of Albi, for having sung in immortal verse the labours of the silk-worm ("Bombyces," Bâle, 1537), and the game of chess ("Schiaccia Ludus," Romæ, 1527). Yet I doubt not (for I know something of mankind), that there may be found, when I am dead, in some paltry provincial circle of gossips, the chosen haunt of dulness and all uncharitableness, creatures without heart and without brains, who will industriously malign my motives and try to stigmatize my writings, as unbefitting the exalted character in which I glory—that of an aged priest (however unworthy), and a humble joint in the venerable hierarchy of the Church of Rome. To them I say, that my zeal for the character of *my order* was not less than theirs; and that while their short-sightedness I deplore, their rancorous malevolence I contemplate not in anger, but in sorrow. Their efforts can only recoil on themselves. When a snake in the island of Malta entwined itself round the arm of Paul, with intent to sting the teacher of the Gentiles, he gently shook the viper from his wrist; and he was not to blame if the reptile fell into the fire.

But to return to the interesting subject of literary researches. Full gladly

do I once more resume the pleasant theme, and launch my simple skiff on the wide expanse of song—

"Once more upon the waters; yea, once more!"

The minstrelsy of France is to me an inexhaustible source of intellectual pleasure, and it shall not be my fault if I do not carry the public with me in the appreciation I make of such refined enjoyment. The admirers of what is delicate in thought, or polished in expression, will need no apology for drawing their attention to these exquisite trifles; and the student of general literature will acknowledge the connecting link which unites, though unseen, the most apparently remote and seemingly dissimilar departments of human knowledge. "Omnes enim artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum," says Cicero (*pro Archiâ poetâ*). But in the pleasant province of legendary lore through which I propose to make excursions, there are local and national features of attraction peculiarly captivating. To what class of Englishmen, since the conquest of this fair island and its unfortunate sister by the chivalrous Normans, can the songs of that gallant race of noble marauders and glorious pirates be without thrilling interest? Not to relish such specimens of spirit-stirring poesy, the besotted native must be only fit to herd among swine, with the collar round his neck, like the Saxon serf of Cedric; or else be a superficial idiot, like "Wamba, the son of Witless the jester." Selecting *one* class of the educated public, by way of exemplification, where *all* are concerned,—to that most acute and discriminating body, the Bar,—the language of France and her troubadours cometh in the character of a professional acquaintance to be carefully cultivated, and most happy shall I deem myself if, by submitting to their perusal these gay and amusing ballads, I shall have reconciled them to the many tedious hours they are doomed to spend in conning over what to them must otherwise appear the semi-barbarous terms of jurisprudence bequeathed by William le Roux with the very structure of Westminster Hall, and coeval with its oak roof and its cobwebs. In reference to the Gallic origin of our law and its idiom, it was Juvenal who wrote that inspired verse (*Sat. XV.* v. 110)—

"Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos."

and in that single line he furnished an incontestable proof that poetry is akin to prophecy, and that the "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" can discover even the most improbable future event in the womb of time.

A knowledge of the ancient vocabulary of France is admitted to be of high importance in the perusal of our early writers on history, as well as on legislation: its aid may be felt in poetry and prose, as well as in Chancery and Doctors' Commons. An old song has been found of consequence in elucidating an unintelligible clause or a disputed construction; and singular to relate, the only title-deed the Genoese can put forward to claim the invention of the mariners' compass is the lay of a French troubadour.* Few are aware to what extent the volatile literature of our merry neighbours has pervaded the mass of British authorship, and by what secret influences of imitation and of reminiscence the spirit of Norman song has flitted through the conquered island of Britain. From Geoffrey Chaucer to Tom Moore (a vast interval!), there is not one, save the immortal Shakespeare perhaps, whose writings do not betray the secret working of this foreign essence, mixed up with the crude material of Saxon growth, and causing a sort of gentle fermentation most delectable to the natives. Take, for example, Oliver Goldsmith, whom every

* A ballad, "La Bible," from the pen of Guyot de Provins, dated A.D. 1190, and commencing, "De nostre père l'apostolie." It is a pasquinade against the Court of Rome.—PROUT.

schoolboy knows by heart and every critic calls an *eminently English* writer of *undoubted originality*; now place in juxtaposition with an old French song his "Elegy on a Mad Dog," and the "Panegyric of Mrs. Mary Blaze," and judge for yourself if I have not a case in point:

GOLDSMITH.	DE LA MONNOYE.
Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song, And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long:	Messires, vous plaist-il d'ouïr, L'air du fameux La Palisse? Il pourra vous réjouir, Pourvu qu'il vous divertisse.
In Islington there lived a man Of whom the world might say, That still a godly race he ran Whene'er he went to pray.	Il était affable et doux, De l'humeur de feu son père; Il n'était guère en courroux, Si ce n'est dans sa colère.
A kind and gentle heart he had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad, When he put on his clothes.	Bien instruit dès le berceau, Onquès, tant était honnête, Il ne mettait son chapeau, Qu'il ne se couvrit la tête.

So much for this Islington model of a gentleman, whose final catastrophe, and the point which forms the sting of the whole "Elegy," is but a literal version of a long-established Gallic epigram, viz.

Quand un serpent mordit Aurele, Que crois-tu qu'il en arriva? Qu'Aurele mourut?—bagatelle! Ce fut *le serpent* qui creva.	But soon a wonder came to light, That shewed the rogues they lied; The *man* recovered from the bite, The *dog* it was that died.

The same accusation hangs over Mrs. Blaze; for I regret to say that *her* virtues and accomplishments are all secondhand; and that the gaudy finery in which her poet has dressed her out is but the cast-off frippery of the La Palisse wardrobe. *Ex. gr.*:

GOLDSMITH.	DE LA MONNOYE.
The public all, of one accord, Lament for Mrs. Blaze; Who never wanted a good word From those who spoke her praise.	Il brillait comme un soleil, Sa chevelure était blonde; Il n'eut pas eu de pareil, S'il eut été seul au monde.
At church, in silks and satins new, With hoop of monstrous size, She never slumber'd in her pew But when she shut her eyes.	Monté sur un cheval noir, Les dames le minaudèrent; Et c'est là qu'il ce fit voir, A ceux qui le regardèrent.
Her love was sought, I do aver, By twenty beaux and more; The king himself has follow'd her When she has walk'd before.	Dans un superbe tournoi, Prest à fournir sa carrière, Quand il fut devant le roi, Certes il ne fut pas derrière.
Let us lament in sorrow sore; For Kent Street well may say, That, had she lived a twelvemonth more, She had not died to-day.*	Il fut, par un triste sort, Blessé d'une main cruelle; On croit, puisqu'il en est mort, Que la playe était mortelle.

My readers will, no doubt, feel somewhat surprised at the flagrant coincidence manifest in these parallel passages; and I can assure them that it is not without a certain degree of concern for the hitherto unimpeachable character of Gold-

* This joke is as old as the days of St. Jerome, who applies it to his old foe, Ruffinus. "Grunnius Corocotta, porcellus, vixit annos DCCCCXCIX.: quòd si semis vixisset, M. annos implêsset."—PROUT.

smith, that I have brought to light an instance of petty larceny perpetrated by *him:* he is one for whom I have a high regard. My friendship is also very great for Plato; but of Truth I am fondest of all: so out the cat must go from the bag of concealment. Why did he not acquaint us with the source of his inspiration? Why *smuggle* these French wares, when he might have imported them lawfully by paying the customary duty of acknowledgment? The Roman fabulist, my old and admired friend Phædrus, honestly tells the world how *he* came by his wonderful stock-in-trade:

> "Æsopus auctor quam materiam reperit,
> Hanc ego polivi versibus senariis."

Such is the sign-board he hangs out in the prologue to his book, and no one can complain of unfair dealing. But to return to the connection between our literature and that of France.

Pope avowedly modelled his style and expression on the writings of Boileau; and there is perceptible in his didactic essays a most admirable imitation of the lucid, methodical, and elaborate construction of his Gallic original. Dryden appears to have read with predilection the works of Corneille and Malherbe: like them, he is forcible, brilliant, but unequal, turgid, and careless. Addison, it is apparent, was intimately conversant with the tasteful and critical writings of the Jesuit Bouhours; and Sterne is but a *rifacimento* of the Vicar of Meudon, the reckless Rabelais. Who will question the influence exercised by Molière over our comic writers—Sheridan, Farquhar, and Congreve? Indeed, our theatre seems to have a prescriptive right to import its comedies from France, wholesale and duty free. At the brilliant and dazzling torch of La Fontaine, Gay humbly lit his slender taper; and Fielding would be the first to admit his manifold obligations to Le Sage, having drunk deep at the fountain of "Gil Blas." Hume the historian is notorious for his Gallicisms; and perhaps it was owing to his long residence abroad that the pompous period of Gibbon was attuned to the melody of Massillon. If I do not mention Milton among our writers who have profited by the perusal of continental models, it is because the *Italian* school was that in which *he* formed his taste and harmonized his rhythmic period.

But, to trace the vestiges of French phraseology to the very remotest paths of our literary domain, let us examine the chronicles of the Plantagenets, and explore the writings of the incomparable Froissart. His works form a sort of connecting link between the two countries during the wars of Cressy and Agincourt: he was alternately a page at the court of Blois, a minstrel at the court of Winceslas in Brabant, a follower of the French King Charles, and a *suivant* of Queen Philippa of England. Though a clergyman, he was decidedly to be classified under the *genus* troubadour, partaking more of that character than of any ecclesiastical peculiarities. For, lest I should do him injustice by giving of his life and opinions a false idea to my reader, I shall let him draw his own portrait:

> "Au boire je prends grand plaisir,
> Aussi fais-je en beau draps vestir:
> Oir de ménéstrel parolles,
> Veoir danses et carolles;
> Violettes en leur saison,
> Et roses blanches et vermeilles;
> Voye volontiers, car c'est raison,
> Jeux, et danses, et longues veilles,
> Et *chambres pleine de candeilles.*"*

* 'Tis a pity that the poetical works of this eminent man should be still locked up in MS. in the Biblioth. du Roi; but a few fragments have been printed, and these are so characteristic and racy, that they create a longing for the remainder. Whoever has the

Now this jolly dog Froissart was the intimate friend and boon comrade of our excellent Geoffrey Chaucer; and no doubt the two worthy *clercs* cracked many a bottle together, if not in Cheapside, at least on this side of the Channel. How far Geoffrey was indebted to the Frenchman for his anecdotes and stories, for his droll style of narrative, and the pungent salt with which he has seasoned that primitive mess of porridge, the "Canterbury Tales," it would be curious to investigate; here I merely throw out the hint for D'Israeli. With my sprat *he* will doubtless catch a whale. But it is singular to find the most distinguished of France, England, and Italy's contemporary authors met shortly after, as if by mutual appointment, in Provence, the land of song. It was on the occasion of a Duke of Clarence's visit to Milan to marry the daughter of Galeas II.; a ceremony graced by the presence of the Count of Savoy and the King of Cyprus, besides a host of literary celebrities. Thither came Chaucer, Froissart, and Petrarca, by one of those chance dispositions of fortune which seem the result of a most provident foresight, and as if the triple genius of French, English, and Italian literature had presided over their *réunion*. It was a literary *congress*, of which the consequences are felt to the present day, in the common agreement of international feeling in the grand federal republic of letters. Of that eventful colloquy between these most worthy representatives of the three leading literatures of Europe, nothing has transpired but the simple fact of its occurrence. Still, one thing is certain, viz. that there were then very few features of difference in even the languages of the three nations which have branched off, since that period, in such wide divergency of idiom:

"When shall we three meet again!"

Chaucer has acknowledged that it was from Petrarch he learned, on that occasion, the story of Griselda; which story Petrarch had picked up in Provence, as I shall show by-and-by, on producing the *original French ballad*. But here is the receipt of Chaucer, duly signed, and most circumstantial:

"I wol you tel a tale, the which that I
Lerned at Padowe, of a worthy clerc,
As proved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now dead, and nailed in his chest,
I pray to God to geve his sowle rest.
Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete,
Hight was this clerk, whose rhetoricke so swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

Prologue to Griselidis, in "Cant. Tales."

We learn from William of Malmesbury (lib. iii.), and from various contemporary sources, that the immediate successors of the Conqueror brought over from Normandy numbers of learned men, to fill the ecclesiastical and other beneficial employments of the country, to the exclusion of the native English, who were considered dunces and unfit for office. Any one who had the least pretension to be considered a *sçavant clerc*, spoke French and disdained the idiom of his fellow-countrymen. In the reign of Henry III. we have Robert Grossetête, the well-known Bishop of Lincoln (who was born in Suffolk), writing a work in French called "Le Chasteau d'Amour," and another, "Le Manuel des Péchées." Of this practice Chaucer complains, somewhat quaintly, in his "Testament of Love" (ed. 1542): "Certes there

care of that department in Paris has not done his duty to the public in withholding the treasure. Such a selfishness might be expected from a churlish collector of rarities here at home; for in England the garden of MS. is kept "by a dragon;"—but in France—*proh pudor!*—PROUT.

They *were* published in 1829, in one vol. 8vo, at Paris, by J. A. Buchon—J. ROCHE.

ben some that speke thyr poysy mater in Ffrench, of whyche speche the Ffrenchmen have as gude a fantasye as we have in hearing of Ffrench mennes Englyshe." Tanner, in his "Biblioth. Brit.," hath left us many curious testimonies of the feeling which then prevailed on this subject among the jealous natives of England. See also the Harleian MS. 3869.

But the language of the troubadours still remained common to both countries, when, for all the purposes of domestic and public life, a new idiom had sprung up in each separate kingdom. Extraordinary men! These songsters were the favourites of every court, and the patronized of every power. True, their life was generally dissolute, and their conduct unscrupulous; but the mantle of poetic inspiration seems to have covered a multitude of sins. I cannot better characterize the men, and the times in which they lived, than by introducing a ballad of Béranger—the "Dauphin:"

LA NAISSANCE DU DAUPHIN.

Du bon vieux tems souffrez que je vous parle.
Jadis Richard, troubadour renommé,
Avait pour Roy Jean, Louis, Philippe, ou Charle,
Ne sçais lequel, mais il en fut aimé.
D'un gros dauphin on fêtait la naissance;
Richard à Blois était depuis un jour:
Il apprit là le bonheur de la France.
Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

La harpe en main Richard vient sur la place:
Chacun lui dit, "Chantez notre garçon!"
Dévotement à la Vierge il rend grace,
Puis au dauphin consacre une chanson.
On l'applaudit; l'auteur était en veine:
Mainte beauté le trouve fait au tour,
Disant tout bas, "*Il doit plaire à la reine!*"
Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

Le chant fini, Richard court à l'église;
Qu'y va-t-il faire? Il cherche un confesseur.
Il en trouve un, gros moine à barbe grise,
Des mœurs du tems inflexible censeur.
"Ah, sauvez moi des flammes éternelles!
Mon père hélas! c'est un vilain séjour."
"QU'AVEZ-VOUS FAIT?" "J'ai trop aimé les belles!"
Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

"Le grand malheur, mon père, c'est qu'on m'aime!"
"PARLEZ, MON FILS; EXPLIQUEZ-VOUS ENFIN."
"J'ai fait, hélas! narguant le diadème,
Un gros péché! car j'ai fait—un dauphin!!"
D'abord le moine a la mine ébahie:
Mais il reprend, "VOUS-ÊTES BIEN EN COUR?—
POURVOYEZ-NOUS D'UNE RICHE ABBAYE."
Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

Le moine ajoute: "Eut-on fait à la reine
Un prince ou deux, on peut-être sauvé.
Parlez de nous à notre souveraine:
Allez, mon fils! vous direz cinq *Ave*."
Richard absous, gagnant la capitale,
Au nouveau-né voit prodiguer l'amour;
Vive à jamais notre race royale!
Pour votre roi chantez, gai troubadour!
Chantez, chantez, jeune et gai troubadour!

THE DAUPHIN'S BIRTHDAY.

Let me sing you a song of the good old times,
About Richard the troubadour,
Who was loved by the king and the queen for his rhymes;
But by *which* of our kings I'm not sure.
Now a dauphin was born while the court was at Blois,
And all France felt a gladness pure;
Richard's heart leapt for joy when he heard 'twas a boy.
Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour!
Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay!

So he went with his harp, on his proud shoulder hung,
To the court, the resort of the gay;
To the Virgin a hymn of thanksgiving he sung,
For the dauphin a new "*rondelay*."
And our nobles flock'd round at the heart-stirring sound,
And their dames, dignified and demure,
Praised his bold, gallant mien, and said, "*He'll please the queen!*"
Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour!
Oh, sing well you may, troubadour young and gay!

But the song is now hush'd, and the crowd is dispersed:
To the abbey, lo! Richard repairs,
And he seeks an old monk, in the legend well versed,
With a long flowing beard and grey hairs.
And "Oh, save me!" he cries, "holy father, from hell;
'Tis a place which the soul can't endure!"
"OF YOUR SHRIFT TELL THE DRIFT;" "*J'ai trop aimé les belles!*"
Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour!
Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay!

"But the worst is untold!" "HASTE, MY SONNE, AND BE SHRIVEN;
TELL YOUR GUILT—ITS RESULTS—HOW YOU SINNED, AND HOW OFTEN."
"Oh, my *guilt* it is great!—can my *sin* be forgiven—
Its *result*, holy monk! is—alas, 'tis a DAUPHIN!"
And the friar grew pale at so startling a tale,
But he whisper'd, "FOR US, SONNE, PROCURE
(SHE WILL GRANT IT, I WEEN) ABBEY LAND FROM THE QUEEN."
Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour!
Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay!

Then the monk said a prayer, and the sin, light as air,
Flew away from the penitent's soul;
And to Paris went Richard to sing for the fair,
"Virelai," sonnet gay, and "carolle;"
And he mingled with joy in the festival there.
Oh! while beauty and song can allure,
May our old royal race never want for an heir!
Sing for your king, young and gay troubadour!
Sing well you may, troubadour young and gay!

It does not enter into my plan to expatiate on the moral conclusion or political ἐπιμυθιον which this ballad suggests, and which with sarcastic ingenuity is so adroitly insinuated. It is, in fact, a lyrical epigram. The vein of thought is deep and serious, if dug by the admirers of hereditary legislation or the defenders of the divine right of kings. To the venerable owls who flutter through the dark, Gothic purlieus of the Heralds' College, this view of the matter may seem a perfectly "new light:" in sooth, it sheds a quiet ray on the awful sublimities of genealogical investigation, and cannot but edify the laborious and hyperpanegyrical Mr. Burke, the compiler of peerages and pedigrees for each and all of us. Excellent man! may his subscribers be as numerous as the leaves of his book, and his gains commensurate with the extent of human vanity! Béranger's ode on the Dauphin's birthday may serve

as a commentary on the well-known passage of Boileau (pilfered unceremoniously by Pope), in which the current of princely blood is said to flow "de Lucrèce en Lucrèce;" and such is the recognized truth of the commentary, that I understand an edition of the song has been published by order of the University of Prague, in Bohemia, 'tis imagined, "in usum Delphini." *Vive Henri Cinq!*

On all matters in which the character of the ladies may be involved, I recommend constant caution and the most scrupulous forbearance to both poets and historians. The model of this delicate attention may be found among the troubadours. I more particularly allude to the Norman school of French poesie; for I regret to state, that in Provence there was not always the same veneration and mysterious homage paid to the gentler sex, whose very frailties should be shrouded by the poet, and concealed from the vulgar gaze of the profane. In Normandy and the adjacent provinces the spirit of chivalry was truly such as described by our hot-headed Irish orator, when, speaking of Marie Antoinette, he fancies ten thousand swords ready to leap from their scabbards at the very suspicion of an insult. This instinctive worship of beauty seems to have accompanied that gallant race of noble adventurers from their Scandinavian settlements beyond the Elbe and the Rhine; for we find the sentiment attributed to their ancestors by Tacitus, in his admirable work "De Moribus Germanorum," where he writes, as well as I can recollect, as follows: "Inesse quinetiam fœminis sanctum aliquid et providum putant." The ballad of "*Griselidis*," to which I have made allusion in talking of the "Canterbury Tales," and which I then promised to give in its original old Norman simplicity, finely illustrates all that is noble and chivalrous in their respect for female loveliness and purity. My English version, to harmonize with the French, runs in the old ballad idiom, as nearly as I can imitate that quaint style.

GRISELEDIS.

Romance.

Escoutez icy jouvencelles,
  Escoutez aussy damoiseaux,
Vault mieux estre bone que belle,
  Vault mieux estre loyal que beau!
Beauté passe, passe jeunesse,
  Bonté reste et gagne les cœurs;
Avec doulceur et gentilesse
  Espines se changent en fleurs.

Belle, mais pauvre et souffreteuse,
  Vivoit jadis Griseledis;
Alloit aux champs, estoit glaneuse,
  Filoit beau lin, gardoit brebis;
N'estoit fylle de hault parage,
  N'avoit comté ny joyaux d'or,
Mais avoit plus, car estait sage—
  Mieulx vault sagesse que trésor!

Ung jour qu'aux champs estoit seulette,
  Vinst à passer Sire Gaultier,
Las! sans chien estoit la pauvrette,
  Sans page estoit le chevalier;
Mais en ce siècle, où l'innocence
  N'avoit à craindre aucun danger,
Vertu veilloit, dormoit prudence,
  Beaulx tems n'auriez pas du changer!

GRISELDA.

A Romaunt.

List to my ballad, for 'twas made expresse,
  Damsels, for you;
Better to be (beyond all lovelinesse)
  Loyall and true!
Fadeth fair face, bright beauty blooms awhile,
  Soon to departe;
Goodness abydeth aye; and gentle smyle
  Gaineth ye hearte.

There lived a maiden, beautifull but poore,
  Gleaning ye fields;
Poor pittaunce shepherd's crook upon ye moor,
  Or distaff yields!
Yet tho' no castel hers had ever been,
  Jewells nor golde,
Kindnesse she hadde and virtue; thyngs, I ween,
  Better fowr folde!

One day a cavalier, Sir Walter hight,
  Travell'd that way;
Nor dogge ye shepherdesse, nor page ye knight
  Hadde on that day.
But in those times of innocence and truth,
  Virtue alone
Kept vigil in our land; bright days, in sooth,
  Where are ye gone?

Tant que sommeille la bergère,
Beau sire eust le tems d'admirer,
Mais dès qu'entr'ouvrist la paupière,
Fust forcé de s'en amourer;
"Belle," dit-il, "serez ma mie,
Si voulez venir à ma cour?"
"Nenny, seigneur, vous remercie,
Honneur vault bien playsir d'amour?"

Long on ye maiden, as she slept, he gazed—
Could gaze for months!
But when awaking, two soft eyelids raised,
Loved her at once!
"Fair one, a knight's true love canst thou despise,
With golden store?"
"Sir Knight, true love I value, but I prize
Honour far more!"

"Vertu, dit-il, passe noblesse!
Serez ma femme dès ce jour—
Serez dame, serez comtesse,
Si me jurez, au nom d'amour,
De m'obeïr quand devrai, même
Bien durement, vous ordonner?"
"Sire, obeïr à ce qu'on aime
Est bien plus doux que commander?"

"I, too, prize honour above high descent
And all beside;
Maiden, be mine! yea, if thou wilt consent,
Be thou my bride!
Swear but to do ye bidding of thy liege
Faithful and fond."
"Tell not of oaths, Sir Knight; is not *love's* pledge
A better bond?"

Ne jura pour estre comtesse,
Mais avoit vu le chevalier;
A l'amour seul fist la promesse:
Puis monta sur son destrier.
N'avoit besoin de bienséances
Le tems heureux des bonnes mœurs;
Fausses étoient les apparances,
Nobles et vrays estoient les cœurs!

Not for his castel and his broad domain,
Spoke so ye maid,
But that she loved ye handsome knight—
Love fain
Would be obey'd!
On ye same charger with the knight she rodde,
So pass'd along;
Nor blame fear'd she, for then all hearts were good;
None dream'd of wrong.

Tant chevauchèrent par la plaine
Qu'arrivèrent à la cité;
Griseledis fust souveraine
De ce riche et puissant comté;
Chascun l'aima; sous son empire
Chascun ressentit ses bienfaits:
Beauté prévient, doulceur attire
Bonté gagne et fixe à jamais!

And they rodde on untill rose on ye sight
His castel towers;
And there that maiden lived with that good knight
In marriage bowers,
Diffusing blessings among all who dwelt
Within that vale:
Goodness abydeth aye—her smile is felt,
Tho' beauty fail!

Lives there one with soul so dead as not to admire the genuine high-mindedness of these primitive times, expressed in this pleasing record of what was no romance, but matter of frequent occurrence in the days of chivalry? The ballad has got into many languages, and is interwoven with the traditional recollections of many a noble house; but the original is undoubtedly the above. Tom Moore (whose rogueries are infinite) has twisted it into a thing which he calls a melody, "You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride;" and he has tacked *a note* to the stolen ditty, wherein, with his usual tuft-hunting and toad-eating propensities, he seeks to connect the story with "an interesting tale told of a certain noble family in England." Unfortunately for such attempts, the lays of the Norman troubadours, like the Government ropes in the dockyard at Portsmouth, have in their texture a certain inimitable twist and peculiarity of workmanship by which they are recognized at once when they get into the possession of thieves.

These Normans were a glorious race! No, neither the sons of Greece in their palmiest days of warlike adventure (*οχλος Αχαιων*), nor the children of the Tiber, that miscellany of bandits and outlaws (*turba Remi*), ever displayed such daring energy as the tribe of enterprising Northerns who, in the seventh, eighth, and subsequent centuries, affrighted and dazzled the world with the

splendour of their achievements. From the peninsula of Jutland, their narrow home on the Baltic, they went forth to select the choicest and the fairest provinces of the south for their portion: the banks of the Seine,* the kingdom of Naples, the island of Sicily, the Morea, Palestine, Constantinople, England, Ireland,—they conquered in succession. The proudest names in each land through which they passed glory in tracing up a Norman origin; and while their descendants form the truest and most honourable aristocracy in Europe, their troubadours still reign paramount, and unsurpassed in every mode and form of the tuneful mystery. The architectural remains of that wonderful people are not more picturesque and beautiful than the fragments of their ballads and their war-songs; and Béranger himself (by the bye, a Norman patronymic, and an evidence of the poet's excellent lineage) has but inherited the lyre of that celebrated minstrel who is thus described in a contemporary poem on the conquest of this island by William:

Taillefer ki mult bien cantout,
Sur ung cheval ki tost allout,
Devant le host allout cantant
De Karlemain e de Rollant.

Dan Tallyfer, who sang right well,
Borne on a goodly haridelle,
Pranced in the van and led the train,
With songs of Ronald and Charlemaine.

But I venture to say, that never was Charlemagne sung by his ablest troubadour in loftier strains than those in which Béranger has chanted the great modern inheritor of his iron crown, anointed like him by a Pope, and like him the sole arbitrator of European kingdoms and destinies.

LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.

Béranger.

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien long-temps;
L'humble toit, dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois
Dire alors à quelque vieille;
Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère, abrégez notre veille:
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le revère,
Oui, le revère.
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère!
Parlez-nous de lui!

" Mes enfans, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa,
Voilà bien long-temps de ça:
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
A pied grimpant le côteau,
Où pour voir je m'étais mise;
Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingote grise.
Près de lui je me troublai,

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

They'll talk of HIM for years to come,
In cottage chronicle and tale!
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail!
Then in the hamlet's honour'd chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own!
Mother! say something in his praise—
O speak of him always!

" I saw him pass: his was a host:
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquer'd kings!
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day,
He wore, for near to him I stood,
Cock'd hat and surcoat grey.

* Such was the terror with which they inspired the natives of France before Duke Rollo's conversion to Christianity, that there is in the office of the Parisian Breviary a hymn, composed about that period, and containing a prayer against the Normans—

" Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus," &c., &c.;

which remains to this day a memorial of consternation.—PROUT.

Il me dit, 'Bonjour, ma chère !
Bonjour, ma chère !'"
Il vous a parlé, grand'mère !
Il vous a parlé !

"L'an d'après, moi pauvre femme,
A Paris étant un jour,
Je le vis avec sa cour ;
Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.
Tous les cœurs étaient contens ;
On admirait son cortège,
Chacun disait, 'Quel beau tems !
Le Ciel toujours le protège.'
Son sourire était bien doux,
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
Le rendait père !"—
Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère !
Quel beau jour pour vous !

"Mais quand la pauvre Champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers,
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
Un soir, tout comme aujourd'hui,
J'entends frapper à la porte ;
J'ouvre, bon Dieu ! C'ÉTAIT LUI !
Suivi d'une faible escorte.
Il s'asseoit où me voilà,
S'écriant : 'Oh, quelle guerre !
Oh, quelle guerre !'"—
Il s'est assis là, grand'mère !
Il s'est assis là !

"'J'ai faim,' dit-il ; et bien vite
Je sers piquette et pain bis.
Puis il sèche ses habits ;
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,
Il me dit : "Bonne espérance !
Je cours de tous ses malheurs
Sous Paris venger la France !
Il part ; et comme un trésor
J'ai depuis gardé son verre,
Gardé son verre."—
Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère !
Vous l'avez encor !

"Le voici. Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui, qu'UN PAPE a couronné,
Est mort dans un île déserte.
Long-temps aucun ne l'a cru ;
On disait : Il va paraître.
Par mer il est accouru ;
L'étranger va voir son maître.
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère.
Fut bien amère."—
Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère ;
Dieu vous bénira !

I blush'd ; he said, 'Be of good cheer !
Courage, my dear !'
That was his very word."—
Mother ! O then this really occurr'd,
And you his voice could hear !

"A year roll'd on, when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame.
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And O ! I wept for joy !
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blest th' imperial boy ?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright !
O what a sight !"—
Mother ! for you that must have been
A glorious scene !

"But when all Europe's gather'd strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved,
Such general ne'er lived !
One evening, on my threshold stood
A guest—'TWAS HE ! Of warriors few
He had a toil-worn retinue.
He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'*Quelle guerre ! oh, quelle guerre !*'"—
Mother ! and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair ?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'—
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fire-blocks shine,
To dry his cloak with wet bedew'd.
Soon by the bonny blaze he slept,
Then waking chid me (for I wept) ;
'Courage !' he cried, 'I'll strike for all,
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital !'
Those were his words : I've treasured up
With pride that same wine-cup ;
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold !"—
Mother ! on that proud relic let us gaze,
O keep that cup always !

"But, through some fatal witchery,
He, whom A POPE had crown'd and blest,
Perish'd, my sons ! by foulest treachery :
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumours were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead !"—
Mother ! may God his fullest blessing shed
Upon your aged head !

[RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

Translated from Béranger, by Charles Kent.

Long beneath the thatch his glory
Peasant hearts will leap to sing:
Fifty years and cots will ring
With no other wond'rous story.
Then the villagers will throng
'Round the knees of aged dame,
Saying, "Now the nights are long,
Tell us of the Great Man's fame.
What though death-cries pealed his hymn,
We revere him as no other,
As no other:
Speak to us of him, mother,
Speak to us of him."

"Once, my children, through this village,
With a train of kings he passed.
(Years since then hath time amassed)
Pausing 'mid these scenes of tillage,
On the threshold of my home,
Here I heard him tread the ground,
Here on foot I saw him come,
In grey coat and hat renowned!
'Good-day, my dear!' when near he drew,
He said, while awe I tried to smother,
Tried to smother."
"Then he spoke to you, mother!
Then he spoke to you!"

"Paris summer suns did render
Radiant; while I, standing there,
Saw him with his court repair
To Notre Dame in regal splendour.
Gladness filled the hearts of all,
Glory bidding each rejoice.
Golden hours! their tongues did call:
God will guard the People's Choice!
Sweet the smiles he round him threw;
Heaven had blessed him as a father,
As a father."
"What brave days for you, mother!
What brave days for you!"

"But when foreign bands had taken
Champagne's fair but ravaged fields,—
When all else flung by their shields
He alone remained unshaken.
One evening—as it might be this—
I heard a knock, and oped the door;
Great God! 'twas he—no form but his,
And with him two or three—no more.
Then, seated on this very chair,
He sighed, 'Why war we with each other,
With each other!'"
"What then, he sat there, mother!
What then, he sat there!"

"Wants were his, thus ill requited,
Poorest wine and bread supplied:
On the hearth his garb he dried,
While the fire to sleep invited.

Waking, when he saw my tears,
'Have some little hope,' he said;
'I go to shelter France from fears,
And avenge my heroes dead.'
He went: since when great store I've set
On his glass more than all other,
Than all other."
"And you have it yet, mother?
And you have it yet?"

"'Tis here! But while his cup I cherished
He in villain bonds was bound:
He a holy Pope had crowned,
In a desert island perished.
Doubting long if such could be,
We cried, 'He yet will reappear,
Coming from the southern sea,
Lord of foes who then shall fear!'
All known: most bitter grief did fill
These eyes that wept as for a brother,
For a brother!"
"God will bless you still, mother!
God *will* bless you still!"]

Such songs embalm the glories of a conqueror in the hearts of the people, and will do more to endear the memory of Napoleon to posterity than all the efforts of the historian. Can it be believed, however, that the government which lately disgraced France—that of the imbecile Charles X.—had the folly to pick a personal quarrel with this powerful master of the lyre, and to provoke the wrath of genius, which no one yet aroused and got off unscathed by its lightning. Béranger was prosecuted before the *cour d'assises* for a song! And nothing, perhaps, contributed more to the catastrophe that soon overtook the persecutor of the Muses than the disgrace and ridicule which covered the royal faction, in consequence of his attack on the liberty of the press and the freedom of that freest of all trades, the craft of the troubadour. The prophecy contained in the ode was realized to the letter: even the allusion to that old Gallic emblem *the cock*, which *Louis Philippe* made the ornament of the restored tricolor, confirms the fact of inspiration.

LE VIEUX DRAPEAU.

Béranger.

De mes vieux compagnons de gloire
Je viens de me voir entouré;
Nos souvenirs m'ont enivré,
Le vin m'a rendu la mémoire.
Fier de mes exploits et des leurs,
J'ai mon drapeau dans ma chaumière—
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs!

Il est caché sous l'humble paille
Où je dors, pauvre et mutilé,
Lui qui, sûr de vaincre, a volé
Vingt ans de bataille en bataille

THE THREE-COLOURED FLAG.

(*A prosecuted Song.*)

Comrades, around this humble board,
Here's to our banner's by-gone splendour.
There may be treason in that word—
All Europe may the proof afford—
All France be the offender:
But drink the toast
That gladdens most,
Fires the young heart and cheers the old—
"*May France once more*
Her tri-color
Blest with new life behold!"

List to my secret. That old flag
Under my bed of straw is hidden,
Sacred to glory! War-worn rag!
Thee no *informer* thence shall drag,
Nor dastard *spy* say 'tis forbidden.

Chargé de lauriers et de fleurs,
Il brilla sur l'Europe entière—
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !

Ce drapeau payait à la France
Tout le sang qu'il nous a coûté :
Sur la sein de la liberté
Nos fils jouaient avec sa lance ;
Qu'il prouve encor aux oppresseurs
Combien la gloire est roturière—
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !

Son *aigle* est resté dans la poudre,
Fatigué de lointains exploits ;
Rendons-lui le *coq* des Gaulois,
Il sçut aussi lancer la foudre.
La France, oubliant ses douleurs,
Le rebénira libre et fière—
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !

Las d'errer avec la victoire,
Des LOIS il déviendra l'appui ;
Chaque soldat fut, grace à lui,
CITOYEN aux bords de la Loire.
Seul il peut voiler nos malheurs,
Deployons-le sur la frontière—
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !

Mais il est la près de mes armes !
Un instant osons l'entrevoir ;
Viens, mon drapeau ! viens, mon espoir !
C'est à toi d'essuyer mes larmes !
D'un guerrier qui verse des pleurs
Le Ciel entendra la prière—
Qui, je secouerai la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs !

France, I can vouch,
Will, from its couch,
The dormant symbol yet unfold,
And wave once more
Her tri-color
Through Europe, uncontroll'd !

For every drop of blood we spent,
Did not that flag give value plenty ?
Were not our children as they went,
Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty ?
FRANCE ! who were then
Your noblemen ?
Not *they* of parchment-must and mould !
But they who bore
Your tri-color
Through Europe, uncontroll'd !

Leipsic hath seen our eagle fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory ;
But, with the emblem of old Gaul
Crowning our standard, we'll recall
The brightest days of *Valmy's* story !
With terror pale
Shall despots quail,
When in their ear the tale is told,
Of France once more
Her tri-color
Preparing to unfold !

Trust not the lawless ruffian chiel,
Worse than the vilest monarch he !
Down with the dungeon and Bastille !
But let our country never kneel
To that grim idol, *Anarchy !*
Strength shall appear
On our frontier—
France shall be Liberty's stronghold !
Then earth once more
The tri-color
With blessings shall behold !

O my old flag ! that liest hid,
There where my sword and musket lie—
Banner, come forth ! for tears unbid
Are filling fast a warrior's lid,
Which thou alone canst dry.
A soldier's grief
Shall find relief ;
A veteran's heart shall be consoled—
France shall once more
Her tri-color
Triumphantly unfold !

After this warlike outburst, this glorious dithyramb, worthy of the days when the chivalry of France took solemnly the oriflame from the Abbey of St. Denis, to bear it foremost in the fight, for the defence of their native land, or the conquest of the land of Palestine, it may be gratifying to produce a specimen of the earlier military songs of that gallant country. I select for that purpose a very striking lyric effusion from the pen of old Marôt, which is particularly deserving of attention, from its marked coincidence in thought and expression

with the celebrated *Marseillaise Hymn*, composed at the distance of three centuries; but it would be hard to say which produced on the *wooden-shoed* men of France the greater impression in its day.

AU DUC D'ALENÇON,

Commandant l'Avant Garde de l'Armée Française, 1521.

Di vers Hainault, sur les fins de champagne,
Est arrivé le bon Duc d'Alençon,
Aveque honneur qui toujours l'accompagne
Comme le sien propre et vrai ecusson :
Là peut on veoir sur la grande plaine unie
Do bons soudars son enseigne munie,
Près d'employer leurs bras fulminatoire,
A repousser dedans leurs territoire
L'ours Hanvier, gent, rustique, et brutalle,
Voulant marcher sans raison péremptoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Prenez hault cœur, donques, France et Bretagne !
Car si en ce camp tenez fiere façon,
Fondre verrez devant vous l'Allemagne,
Comme au soleil blanche niege et glaçon :
Fiffres ! tambours ! sonnez en harmonie ;
Aventuriers ! que la pique on manie
Pour les choquer et mettre en accessoire,
Car déjà sont au royal possessoire :
Mais comme je crois destinée fatalle
Veult ruiner leur outrageuse gloire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Donques piétons marchans sur la campagne,
Foudroyez tout sans rien prendre a rançon ;
Preux chevaliers, puisqu'honneur on y gagne,
Vos ennemies poussez hors de l'arçon,
Faites rougir du sang de Germanie
Les clairs ruisseaux dont la terre est garnie ;
Si seront mis vos hauts noms en histoire :
Frappez donc tous de main gladiatoire,
Qu'après leur mort et deffaicte totalle
Vous rapportiez la palme de victoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Prince ! rempli de haut los méritoire,
Faisons les tous, si vous me voulez croire,
Aller humer leur cervoise et godalle ;
Car de nos vins ont grand desir de boire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

ADDRESS TO THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH

Under the Duke d'Alençon, 1521.

CLEMENT MAROT.

Soldiers ! at length their gather'd strength our might is doom'd to feel—
Spain and Brabant comilitant—Bavaria and Castile.
Idiots, they think that France will shrink from a foe that rushes on,
And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold Duke d'Alençon !
But wail and woe betide the foe that waits for our assault !
Back to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild boar of Hainault.
La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere the sons of France resign
Their glorious fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine !

Then draw the blade! be our ranks array'd to the sound of the martial fife;
In the foeman's ear let the trumpeter blow a blast of deadly strife;
And let each knight collect his might, as if there hung this day
The fate of France on his single lance in the hour of the coming fray:
As melts the snow in summer's glow, so may our helmets' glare
Consume their host; so *folly's* boast vanish in empty air.
Fools! to believe the sword could give to the children of the Rhine
Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine!

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock—
Brave the war-cry of "BRITTANY!" the shout of "LANGUEDOC!"
Dare they confront the battle's brunt—the fell encounter try
When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie?
Strength be the test—then breast to breast, ay, grapple man with man;
Strength in the ranks, strength on both flanks, and valour in the van.
Let war efface each softer grace; on stern Bellona's shrine
We vow to shield the plains that yield the olive and the vine!

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robes of glory drest,
Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chieftain she loves best;
While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er the foeman's tent,
She on our duke smiles down with look of blythe encouragement.
E'en *now*, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes of conquest fail;
Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their Saxon ale.
So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts combine
To lift a brand for the bonnie land of the olive and the vine!

And now let us give truce to war, and, turning to calmer subjects, smoke for awhile the calumet of peace with a poet of gentler disposition. Poor Millevoye! it is with a melancholy pleasure that again I turn to thy pure and pathetic page; but thou art a favourite of the Muse, and, need I add, of mine? Who can peruse this simple melody without feeling deeply interested in the fate of its hero—a fate too soon thine own!

LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.

Par Millevoye.

De la dépouille de nos bois
L'automne avait jonché la terre,
Le bocage était sans mystère,
Le rossignol était sans voix.
Triste et mourant à son aurore,
Un jeune malade, à pas lents,
Parcourait une fois encore
Le bois cher à ses premiers ans.

"Bois que j'aime, adieu! je succombe—
Ton deuil m'avertit de mon sort;
Et dans chaque feuille qui tombe
Je vois un présage de mort.
Fatal oracle d'Epidaure,
Tu m'as dit, *'Les feuilles des bois*
A tes yeux jauniront encore,
Mais c'est pour la dernière fois!'

L'éternel cyprès se balance;
Déjà sur ma tête en silence
Il incline ses rameaux:
Ma jeunesse sera flétrie
Avant l'herbe de la prairie,
Avant le pampre des côteaux!

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

By Millevoye.

Autumn had stript the grove, and strew'd
The vale with leafy carpet o'er—
Shorn of its mystery the wood,
And Philomel bade sing no more—
Yet *one* still hither comes to feed
His gaze on childhood's merry path;
For him, sick youth! poor invalid!
Lonely attraction still it hath.

"I come to bid you farewell brief,
Here, O my infancy's wild haunt!
For death gives in each falling leaf
Sad summons to your visitant.
'Twas a stern oracle that told
My dark decree, *'The woodland bloom*
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes th' inexorable tomb!'

Th' eternal cypress, balancing
Its tall form like some funeral thing
In silence o'er my head,
Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
Ere the grass fades—yea, ere the last
Stalk from the vine is shed.

Et je meurs ! de leur froide haleine
M'ont touché les sombres autans,
Et j'ai vu comme une ombre vaine
S'évanouir mon beau printems.

Tombe ! tombe, feuille éphémère !
Couvre, hélas ! ce triste chemin !
Cache au désespoir de ma mère
La place où je serai demain !

Mais si mon amante voilée
Vient dans la solitaire allée,
Pleurer à l'heure où le jour fuit ;
Eveille, par un léger bruit,
Mon ombre un instant consolée !"

Il dit. S'éloigne et sans retour ;
La dernière feuille qui tombe
A signalé son dernier jour ;
Sous le chêne on creusa sa tombe.
Mais son amante ne vint pas ;—
Et la pâtre de la vallée
Troubla seul du bruit de ses pas
Le silence du mausolée.

I die ! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fix'd Fate has frozen up my blood ;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipt is my life's spring in the bud.

Fall ! fall, O transitory leaf !
And cover well this path of sorrow ;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-morrow.

But should my loved one's fairy tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve ;
O then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give !"

Such was the sick youth's last sad thought;
Then slowly from the grove he moved ;
Next moon that way a corpse was brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appear'd,
No fairy mourner : through the wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard,
In the sepulchral solitude.

Attuned to the sad harmony of that closing stanza, and set to the same key-note of impassioned sorrow, are the following lines of Chateaubriand, which I believe have never appeared in print, at least in this country. They were composed on the occasion of a young and beautiful girl's premature death, the day her remains were, with the usual ceremony of placing a wreath of white roses on the bier, consigned to the earth.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Sur la Fille de mon Ami, enterrée hier devant moi au Cimetière de Passy, 16 Juin, 1832.

Il descend ce cercueil ! et les roses sans taches
Qu'un père y deposa, tribut de sa douleur :
Terre ! tu les portas ! et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Ah ! ne les rends jamais à ce monde prophane,
A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse, et de malheur !
Le vent brise et flétrit, le soleil brûle et fane
Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Tu dors, pauvre Elisa, si legère d'années !
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et la chaleur ;
Elles ont achevé leurs fraiches matinées,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur !

Ere that coffin goes down, let it bear on its lid
The garland of roses
Which the hand of a father, her mourners amid,
In silence deposes—
'Tis the young maiden's funeral hour !
From thy bosom, O earth ! sprung that young budding rose,
And 'tis meet that together thy lap should enclose
The young maid and the flower !

Never, never give back the two symbols so pure
Which to thee we confide;
From the breath of this world and its plague-spot secure,
Let them sleep side by side—
They shall know not its pestilent power!
Soon the breath of contagion, the deadly mildew,
Or the fierce scorching sun, might parch up as they grew
The young maid and the flower!

Poor Eliza! for thee life's enjoyments have fled,
But its pangs too are flown!
Then go sleep in the grave! in that cold bridal bed
Death may call thee his own—
Take this handful of clay for thy dower!
Of a texture wert thou far too gentle to last;
'Twas a morning thy life! now the matins are past
For the maid and the flower!

IX.

The Songs of France.

(*Fraser's Magazine, December*, 1834.)

—o—

[The December number of *Fraser*, containing Prout's third chapter on the Songs of France, gave to view as its fifty-fifth Literary Portrait the *vera effigies* of that curled darling of the hour, still then in his *jeunesse dorée*, Comte Alfred d'Orsay, author of "A Journal." It delineated him as an "exquisite," whose counterfeit presentment was in its every minute particular the very pink and pattern in a superlative degree of the then fashion—the small-waisted, broad-collared coat thrown wide open, the delicately-tasselled cane, the high cravat descending in a cataract of satin over the bosom, the ambrosial whiskers meeting under the Cupidon chin, the speckless shirt cuffs daintily turned back at the wrists over the coat sleeves. In startling contrast to this superb limning of what was instantaneously recognizable, then, both on the boulevards and in Bond Street, as a perfect gentleman, was Maclise's embellishment, two years afterwards, of l'Abbé de Prout's Gallic rendering, *à la vielle d'être pendu*, of Dean Burrowes' terrible death-lyric "The Night before Larry was Stretched."]

CHAPTER III.—PHILOSOPHY.

"Quando Gallus cantat, Petrus flet."—*Sixtus V. Pont. Max.*

"Si de nos coqs la voix altière
Troubla l'héritier de St. Pierre,
Grâce aux annates aujourd'hui,
Nos poules vont pondre pour lui."
BÉRANGER.

"If old St. Peter on his rock
Wept when he heard the Gallic cock,
Has not the good French hen (God bless her!)
Laid many an egg for his successor?"
PROUT.

BEFORE we plunge with Prout into the depths of French Philosophy, we must pluck a crow with the *Sun*. Not often does it occur to us to notice a newspaper criticism; nor, indeed, in this case, should we condescend to wax angry at the discharge of the penny-a-liner's popgun, were it not that an imputation has been cast on the good father's memory, which cannot be overlooked, and *must* be wiped away. The caitiff who writes in the *Sun* has, at the instigation of Satan, thrown out a hint that these songs, and specifically his brilliant translation of "Malbrouck," were written "under vinous inspiration!" A false and atrocious libel this, and, to use the language of Tom Duncombe, an instance of the unparalleled audacity of the press. Great mental powers and superior cleverness are too often supposed to derive assistance from the bottle. Thus the virtue of the elder Cato (*prisci Catonis*) is most unjustifiably ascribed

to potations by unreflecting Horace; and a profane French sophist has attributed Noah's escape from the Flood to his partiality for the vine:

" Noé le patriarche,
Si célèbré par l'arche,
Aima fort le jus du tonneau;
Puisqu'il planta la vigne,
Convenez qu'était digne
De ne point se noyer dans l'eau!"

" To have drown'd an old chap,
Such a friend to 'the tap,'
The flood would have felt compunction:
Noah owed his escape
To his love for the grape;
And his 'ark' was an empty puncheon."

The illustrious Queen Anne, who, like our own REGINA, encouraged literature and patronized wit, was thus calumniated after death, when her statue was put up where it now stands, with its back to Paul's church and its face turned towards that celebrated corner of the churchyard which in those days was a brandy-shop. Nay, was not our late dignified Lord Chancellor equally lampooned, without the slightest colour of a pretext, excepting, perhaps, "because his nose is red," and also because, instead of writing as formerly in the "bloody old *Times*," he had chosen to scribble latterly in the Blue and Yellow. Good reason has he to curse his evil genius, and to exclaim with Ovid—

" Ingenio perii NASO poeta meo!"

But to return to Prout. We were prepared, by our previous experience and our knowledge of history, for this outbreak of calumny in his case; and we knew, by a reference to the biography of Christopher Columbus, of Galileo, and of Dr. Faustus (the great inventor of the art of printing), that his intellectual superiority would raise up a host of adversaries prepared to malign him, nay, if necessary, to accuse him of witchcraft. The writer in the *Sun* has not yet gone quite so far, contenting himself for the present with the assertion, that the father penned "these Songs of France" to the sound of a gurgling flagon.

" Aux doux gloux gloux que fait la bouteille."

The idea is not a new one. When Demosthenes shaved his head, and spent the winter in a cellar transcribing the works of Thucydides, 'twas said of him, on his emerging into the light of the *βῆμα*, that "his speeches smelt of oil." It was stated of that locomotive knight, Sir Richard Blackmore, whose epic poem on King Arthur is now (like Bob Montgomery's "Omnipresence") nowhere to be found, that he

" Wrote to the rumbling of his coach-wheels."

In allusion to Byron's lameness, it was hinted by some Zoilus that he penned not a few of his verses *stans pede in uno*. Even a man's genealogy is not safe from innuendo and inference; for Sam Rogers having discovered, from Béranger's song, "Le Tailleur et la Fée," that his father was a tailor, pronounced his parentage and early impressions to be the cause why he was such a capital hand at a hem-a-stich. If a similar analogy can hold good in Tom Moore's case, it will no doubt become obvious why *his* compositions are so "highly spiced," his taste so "liquorish," and his muse so prodigal of "sugar-candy."

But is it come to this? must we needs, at this time of day, vindicate the holy man's character? and are we driven to take up the cudgels for his sobriety?—he, whose frugal life was proverbial, and whose zeal, *backed by personal example*, was all-powerful to win his parishioners from the seduction of barley-corn, and reduce them to a habit of temperance, *ad bonam frugem reducere!* He, of whom it might be predicated, that while a good conscience was the *juge convivium* of his mind, his corporeal banquet was a perpetual red-herring!

Water-cresses, so abundant on that bleak hill, were his only luxury; for he belonged to that class of Pythagorean philosophers of whom Virgil speaks, in his description of the plague:

"Non illis epulæ nocuêre repostæ:
Frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ."
Georg. III.

Cicero tells us, in his Tusculan Questions (what he might have read in Xenophon), that water-cresses were a favourite diet in Persia. His words are: "Persæ nihil ad panem adhibebant præter nasturtium." (Tusc. Quæst. v. 140.) I only make this remark *en passant*, as, in comparing Ireland with what Tommy calls

"that delightful province of the sun,
The land his orient beam first shines upon,"

it would seem that "*round towers*" and *water-cresses* are distinctive characteristics of both countries; a matter somewhat singular, since the taste for water-grass is by no means generally diffused among European nations. Pliny, indeed (lib. xix. cap. 8), goes so far as to state that this herb creates an unpleasant titillation in the nose; "Nasturtium nomen accepit à narium tormento." But Spenser says of the native Irish, that, "wherever they found a plot of shamrocks or water-cresses, there they flocked as to a feast."—*State of Ireland*, A.D. 1580.

When we assert that Prout was thus a model of abstemiousness, we by no means intend to convey the notion that he was inhospitable. Is not his Carousal on record in the pages of REGINA? and will it not be remembered when the feast of O'Rourke is forgotten? If a friend chanced to drop into his hut on a frosty night, he felt no more scruple in cracking with his guest a few bottles of Medoc than George Knapp, the redoubtable Mayor of Cork, in demolishing, with his municipal club, a mad-dog's pericranium. Nor were his brother-clergy in that diocese less remarkable for well-ordered conviviality. Horace, in his trip to Brundusium, says, that parish-priests are only bound (on account of their poverty) to supply a stranger with a fireside of bog-wood, and potatoes and salt—

"Suppeditant parochi quod debent *ligna salemque*:"

whereas he foolishly imagines that nothing can surpass a bishop's hospitality—

"Pontificum potiore cœnis."

Were the poet now-a-days (A.D. 1830) to make a trip to Cork, he would find matters managed *vice versâ*, and the advice of Paul to Bishop Timothy (ch. iii.) forgotten.

From all we have said on this subject, and still more from what *we could add*, if inclined to be wrathful, Prout's calumniators may learn a lesson of forbearance and decorum. *His* paths are the paths of pleasantness and peace; but let all beware of crossing him in his walk of literature, or molesting him in his rambles through the bye-ways of Parnassus. We are determined to protect him from assault—both able and ready to fling down the gauntlet in his defence. Far be it from us to throw an apple of discord; but Prout is the apple of our eye. Let the man in "the Sun" read how Daniel O'Rourke fell from "the moon;" or rather let him recollect the Dutch ambassador's remark when the grand monarque showed him his own royal face painted in the disc of an emblematic "Sol:" "*Je vois avec plaisir votre majesté dans le plus grand* DES ASTRES."

OLIVER YORKE.

Dec. 1st, 1834.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Dec.* 1834.

THE historian of Charles V., in that very remarkable chapter of his immortal work wherein he discourseth of the children of Loyola, in reference to which there is a paper in my chest [already published, O. Y.], takes the opportunity of manifesting his astonishment that so learned a body of men should never have produced, among crowds of poets, critics, divines, metaphysicians, orators, and astronomers, "one single *philosopher!*" By the ghost of Confucius! O Robertson! thou hast in that ilk made a most rare discovery! nor does it in the least disparage the value of thy mare's-nest that the egg is a bit paradoxical. But I must, however, premise by duly recording that this sagacious observation, this ingenious maggot, was first generated in the prolific brain of the notorious D'Alembert, himself an undeniable "philosopher." Every one, I imagine, knows what guess-sort of wiseacre France gave birth to in the person of that algebraic gentleman. I say France in general, using advisedly the *wholesale* term, as none ever knew who his parents were in *detail*, he, like myself, having graduated in a foundling hospital. By the bye, it is a remarkable circumstance, which I shall record for D'Israeli ("il curioso"), that in the noble seminary *des Enfans Trouvés* (that grand metropolitan magazine for anonymous contributions), where he became learned in all the science of the Egyptians, the future geometer was only known by the name of "Jaques le Rond," which he exchanged in after-life for the more sonorous title of D'Alembert: not rendering himself thereby a whit more capable of finding the quadrature of the circle. To be sure, in the fancy for a high-sounding name he only imitated his illustrious fellow-labourer in the vineyard, François Arouet, whom mortals have learnt to call "Voltaire" by his own particular desire. Now Robertson, of the Kirk of Scotland, ought to have known, when he adopted, second-hand, this absurdity, that by the term philosopher the French infidel meant anything but a well-regulated sound and sagacious mind, reposing in calm grandeur on the rock of Revelation, and looking on with scornful pity, while modern sophists go through all the drunken capers of emancipated scepticism. Does the historian, grave and thoughtful as he is, mean to countenance such vagaries of human reason? or does he deem the wild mazes of the philosophic dance, in which Hobbes, Spinoza, Bolingbroke, David Hume, and Monboddo join with Diderot, Helvetius, and the D'Holbac revellers, worthy of applause and imitation?

"Saltantes satyros imitabitur Alphesiboeus?"

If such be the blissful vision of *his* philosophy, then, indeed, may we exclaim, with the poet of Eton College, "'Tis folly to be wise!" But if to possess an unrivalled knowledge of human nature—if to ken with intuitive glance all the secrets of men's hearts—if to control the passions—if to gain ascendency by sheer intellect over mankind—if to civilize the savage—if to furnish zealous and intelligent missionaries to the Indian and American hemisphere, as well as professors to the Universities of Europe, and "confessors" to the court of kings—be characteristics of genuine philosophy and mental greatness, allow me to put in a claim for the Society that is no more; the downfall of which was the signal for every evil bird of bad omen to flit abroad and pollute the world—

"Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres."

And still, though it may sound strange to modern democrats, the first treatise on the grand dogma of the sovereignty of the people was written and published in Spain by a Jesuit. It was Father Mariana who first, in his book "De Institutione Regis," taught the doctrine, that kings are but trustees for the benefit of the nation, freely developing what was timidly hinted at by Thomas Aquinas. Bayle, whom the professor will admit to the full honours of a

philosophic chair of pestilence,* acknowledges, in sundry passages, the superior sagacity of those pious men, under whom, by the way, he himself studied at Toulouse; and if, by accumulating doubts and darkness on the truths of Christianity, *he* has merited to be called the cloud-compelling Jupiter among philosophers, *νεφεληγερετα Ζευς*, surely some particle of *philosophic* praise, equivocal as it is, might be reserved for those able masters who stimulated his early inquiries—excited and fed his young appetite for erudition. But they *sent forth from their schools*, in Descartes, in Torricelli, and in Bossuet, much sounder specimens of reasoning and wisdom.

I hesitate not to aver, as a general proposition, that the French character is essentially unphilosophical. Of the Greeks it has been said, what I would rather apply to our merry neighbours, that they were "a nation of children," possessing all the frolicsome wildness, all the playful attractiveness of that pleasant epoch in life, but deficient in the graver faculties of dispassionate reflection: Ἑλληνες αιει παιδες, γερων δε Ἑλλην ουδεις.—(Plato, "Timæus.") In the reign of Louis XIV., Père Bouhours gravely discusses, in his "Cours de Belles Lettres," the question, "whether a native of *Germany* can possess wit?" The phlegmatic dwellers on the Danube might retort by proposing as a problem to the University of Göttingen, "An datur philosophus inter Gallos?" Certain it is, and I know them well, that the *calibre* of their mind is better adapted to receive and discharge "small shot" than "heavy metal." That they are more calculated to shine in the imaginative, the ornamental, the refined and delicate departments of literature, than in the sober, sedate, and profound pursuits of philosophy; and it is not without reason that history tells of their ancestors, when on the point of taking the capitol, that they were foiled and discomfited by the solemn steadiness of a goose.

Cicero had a great contempt for the guidance of Greek philosophers in matters appertaining to religion, thinking, with reason, that there was in the Roman gravity a more fitting disposition of mind for such important inquiries: "Cùm de religione agitur, Titum Coruncanium aut Publium Scævolam, *pontifices maximos*, non Zenonem, aut Cleanthum, aut Chrysippum sequor." (*De Natura Deor.*) The terms of insulting depreciation, *Græculus* and *Græcia mendax*, are familiar to the readers of the Latin classics; and from Aristophanes we can learn, that *frogs*, a talkative, saltatory, and unsubstantial noun of multitude, was then applied to Greeks, as now-a-days to Frenchmen. But of this more anon, when I come to treat of "frogs and free-trade." I am now on the chapter of philosophy.

Vague generalities, and sweeping assertions relative to national character, are too much the fashion with writers of the Puckler Muskaw and Lady Morgan school: wherefore I select at once an individual illustration of my theory concerning the French; and I hope I shall not be accused of dealing unfairly towards them when I put forward as a sample the Comte de Buffon. Of all the eloquent prose writers of France, none has surpassed in graceful and harmonious diction the great naturalist of Burgundy. His work combines two qualities rarely found in conjunction on the same happy page, viz. accurate technical information and polished elegance of style: but when he goes beyond his depth—when, tired of exquisite delineations and graphic depicturings, he forsakes the "swan," the "Arabian horse," the "beaver," and the "ostrich," for "Sanconiathon, Berosus, and the cosmogony of the world," what a melancholy exhibition does he make of ingenious dotage! Having predetermined not to leave Moses a leg to stand on, he sweeps away at one stroke of his pen the foundations of Genesis, and reconstructs this terraqueous planet on a new patent principle. I have been at some pains to acquire a comprehensive notion

* "*Cathedra pestilentiæ*" is the Vulgate translation of what the authorized Church-version calls the "seat of the scornful," Psalm i. 1.—O. Y.

of his system, and, aided by an old Jesuit, I have succeeded in condensing the voluminous dissertation into a few lines, for the use of those who are dissatisfied with the Mosaic statement, particularly the professors at the school in Gower Street:—

1. IN the beginning was the sun, from which a splinter was shot off by chance, and that fragment was our globe.
2. AND the globe had for its nucleus melted glass, with an envelope of hot water.
3. AND it began to twirl round, and became somewhat flattened at the poles.
4. NOW, when the water grew cool, insects began to appear, and shellfish.
5. AND from the accumulation of shells, particularly oysters (tom i. 4to. edit. p. 14), the earth was gradually formed, with ridges of mountains, on the principle of the Monte Testacio at the gate of Rome.
6. BUT the melted glass kept warm for a long time, and the arctic climate was as hot in those days as the tropics now are; witness a frozen rhinoceros found in Siberia, &c. &c. &c.

To all which discoveries no one will be so illiberal as to refuse the appropriate acclamation of "Very fine oysters!"

As I have thus furnished the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge with a compendious substitute for the obsolete book of Genesis, I think it right also to supply the Chaldeans of Gower Street with a few notions on astronomy; wherefore I subjoin a French song on one of the most interesting phenomena of the solar system, in which effusion of some anonymous poet there is about as much wisdom as in Buffon's cosmogony.

LA THÉORIE DES ECLIPSES.

(*Jupiter loquitur.*)

Je jure le Styx qui tournoie
Dans le pays de Tartara,
Qu'à "Colin-maillard" on jouera
Or sus! tirez au sort, qu'on voie
Lequel d'entre vous le sera.

Le bon Soleil l'avait bien dit—
Le sort lui échut en partage:
Chacun rit; et suivant l'usage,
Aussitôt la Lune s'offrit
Pour lui voiler son beau visage.

ON SOLAR ECLIPSES.

(A NEW THEORY.)

For the use of the London University.

All heaven, I swear by Styx that rolls
Its dark flood round the land of souls!
Shall play this day at "Blind man's buff."
Come, make arrangements on the spot:
Prepare the 'kerchief, draw the lot—
So Jove commands! Enough!

Lot fell on SOL: the stars were struck
At such an instance of ill-luck.
Then Luna forward came,
And bound with gentle, modest hand,
O'er his bright brow the muslin band:
Hence mortals learn'd the game.

It would be scandalous indeed if the palm of absurdity, the bronze medal of impudence in philosophic discovery, were to be awarded to Buffon, when Voltaire stands a candidate in the same field of speculation. This great man, discoursing on a similar subject, in his profound "Questions Encyclopédiques," labours to remove the vulgar presumption in favour of a general deluge, derived from certain marine remains and conchylia found on the Alps and Pyrenees. He does not hesitate to trace these shells to the frequency of pilgrims returning with scollops on their hats from St. Jago di Compostello across the mountains. Here are his words, *q. e.* (art. *Coquil.*): "Si nous faisons réflexion à la foule

innombrable de pélérins qui partent à pied de St. Jaques en Galice, et de toutes les provinces, pour aller à Rome par le Mont Cénis, chargés de coquilles à leurs bonnets," &c. &c.—a deep and original explanation of a very puzzling geological problem, and a solution of the difficulty which would elicit from an Italian the acknowledgment,

"Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

But let the patriarch of Ferney hide his diminished head before a late French *philosophic* writer, citoyen Dupuis, author of that sublime work, "De l'Origine des Cultes." This profound performance is a manual of modern deism, and deservedly has been commemorated by a poet from Gascony; who concludes his complimentary stanzas to the author by telling him that he has at last drawn up Truth from the bottom of the well to which the ancients had consigned her:

Vous avez bien mérité
De la patrie, Sire Dupuis:
Vous avez tiré la vérité
Du puits!

Truth in a well was said to dwell,
From whence no art could pluck it;
But now 'tis known, raised by the loan
Of thy philosophic bucket.

Now, it may not be uninteresting, as assuredly it will be edifying, for the British public to learn that citoyen Dupuis has imagined a simple method of explaining the rise and origin of Christianity, which (setting aside all the rubbish of history) he clearly shows to have been nothing at its commencement but an "astronomical allegory:" Christ standing for the Sun, the twelve apostles representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, Peter standing for "Aquarius," and Didymus for one of "the twins," &c.; just with as much ease as a future historian of these countries may convert our grand Whig cabinet into an allegorical fable, putting Lord Althorp for the sign of *Taurus*, Palmerston for the *Goat*, Ellice for *Ursa Major*, and finding in Stanley an undeniable emblem of *Scorpio*.

Volney, in his "Ruines," seems to emulate the bold theories of Dupuis; and the conclusion at which all arrive, by the devious and labyrinthine paths they severally tread,—whether, with Lamettrie, they adopt plain materialism; or, with Condillac, hint at the possibility of *matter* being capable of *thought*; or, with Diderot, find no difference between man and a dog but the clothes ("Vie de Sénèque")—is, emancipation from all moral tie, and contempt for all existing institutions. Their disciples fill the galleys in France, and cause our own Botany Bay to present all the agreeable varieties of a philosophical *hortus siccus*. But Ireland has produced a specimen of consummate proficiency in the grand fundamental maxims of utilitarianism and philosophy, exemplified in the calm composure, dignified tranquillity, and instructive self-possession, with which death may be encountered after a life of usefulness. For the benefit and comfort of our allies the French, I have taken some pains to initiate them, through the medium of a translation, into the workings of an Irish mind unfettered by conscientious scruples on the threshold of eternity.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

By the Rev. Robt. Burrowes, Dean of St. Finbar's Cathedral, Cork.

The night before Larry was stretch'd,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetch'd—
They sweated their duds till they riz it;

LA MORT DE SOCRATE.

Par l'Abbé de Prout, Curé du Mont-aux-Cressons, près de Cork.

A la veille d'être pendu,
Notr'Laurent reçut dans son gîte,
Honneur qui lui était bien dû,
De nombreux amis la visite;

For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the togs that he had,
Just to help the poor boy to a sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

"'Pon my conscience, dear Larry," says I,
"I'm sorry to see you in trouble,
And your life's cheerful noggin run dry,
And yourself going off like its bubble!"
"Hould your tongue in that matter," says he;
"For the neckcloth I don't care a button,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your Larry will be dead as mutton:
All for what? 'kase his courage was good!"

The boys they came crowding in fast;
They drew their stools close round about him,
Six glims round his coffin they placed—
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I ax'd if he was fit to die,
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, "That's all in my eye,
And all by the clargy invented,
To make a fat bit for themselves."

Then the cards being call'd for, they play'd,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a hard rap at his head—
The lad being easily heated.
"So ye chates me bekase I'm in grief!
O! is that, by the Holy, the rason?
Soon I'll give you to know, you d—d thief!
That you're cracking your jokes out of sason,
And scuttle your nob with my fist."

Then in came the priest with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipp'd him a Kilmainham look,
And pitch'd his big wig to the divil.
Then raising a little his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing he said,
"'O! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor windpipe to death!"

So mournful these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke
To see him cut down like a flower!
On his travels we watch'd him next day,
O, the hangman I thought I could kill him!
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor changed till he came to "King William:"
Och, my dear! then his colour turn'd white.

Car chacun scavait que Laurent
A son tour rendrait la pareille,
Chapeau montre, et veste engageant,
Pour que l'ami put boire bouteille,
Ni faire, à gosier sec, le saut.

"Hélas, notre garçon!" lui dis-je,
"Combien je regrette ton sort!
Te voilà fleur, que sur sa tige
Moissonne la cruelle mort!"—
"Au diable," dit-il, "le roi George!
Ça me fait la valeur d'un bouton;
Devant le boucher qui m'egorge,
Je serai comme un doux mouton,
Et saurai montrer du courage!"

Des amis déjà la cohorte
Remplissait son étroit réduit:
Six chandelles, ho! qu'on apporte,
Donnons du lustre à cette nuit!
Alors je cherchai à connaître
S'il s'était dûment repenti?
"Bah! c'est les fourberies des prêtres;
Les gredins, ils en ont menti,
Et leurs contes d'enfer sont faux!"

L'on demande les cartes. Au jeu
Laurent voit un larron qui triche;
D'honneur tout rempli, il prend feu,
Et d'un bon coup de poign l'affiche.
"Ha, coquin! de mon dernier jour
Tu croyais profiter, peut-être;
Tu oses me jouer ce tour!
Prends ça pour ta peine, vil traître!
Et apprends à te bien conduire."

Quand nous eûmes cessé nos ébats,
Laurent, en ce triste repaire
Pour le disposer au trépas,
Voit entrer Monsieur le Vicaire.
Après un sinistre regard,
Le front de sa main il se frotte,
Disant tout haut, "Venez plus tard!"
Et tout bas, "Vilain' colotte!"
Puis son verre il vida deux fois.

Lors il parla de l'échafaud,
Et de sa dernière cravate;
Grands dieux! que ça paraissait beau
De la voir mourir en Socrate!
Le trajet en chantant il fit—
La chanson point ne fut un pseaume;
Mais palit un peu quand il vit
La statue du Roy Guillaume—
Les pendards n'aiment pas ce roi!

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler jugg'd off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.
He kick'd too, but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
And as soon as the noose was untied,
Then at darkey we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground-sweat.

Quand fut au bout de son voyage,
Le gibet fut prêt en un clin:
Mourant il tourna le visage
Vers la bonne ville de Dublin.
Il dansa la carmagnole,
Et mourut comme fit Malbrouck;
Puis nous enterrâmes le drôle
Au cimetière de Donnybrook.
Que son ame y soit en repos!

There has been an attempt by Victor Hugo to embody into a book the principle sof Stoic philosophy which Larry herein propounds to his associates; and the French poet has spun out into the shape of a long yarn, called "Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné," what my friend Dean Burrowes had so ably condensed in his immortal ballad. But I suspect that Addison's tragedy of "Cato" furnished the original hint, in the sublime soliloquy about suicide—

"It must be so! Plato! thou reasonest well;"

unless we trace the matter as far back as Hamlet's conversation with the grave-digger.

The care and attention with which "the boys" paid the last funeral honours to the illustrious dead, anxious to testify their adhesion to the doctrines of the defunct philosopher by a glorious "wake," remind me of the pomp and ceremony with which the *sans culottes* of Paris conveyed the carcase of Voltaire and the ashes of Jean Jacques to the Panthéon in 1794. The wholesale cut-throat Marat was subsequently added by the same lads to the relics therein gathered; and never was there an inscription so bitterly ironical as that which blazed on the front of the temple's gorgeous portico—

"Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"

The "Confessions" of Rousseau had stamped him a thorough vagabond; the "Pucelle" of Voltaire, by combining an outrage on morals with a sneer at the purest and most exalted instance of romantic patriotism on record in his own or any other country, had eminently entitled the writer to be "waked" by the most ferocious ruffians that ever rose from the kennel to trample on all the decencies of life, and riot in all the beatitude of democracy. There was a man in those days who deserved to live in better times; but carried away by the frenzy of the season (for "madness ruled the hour"), he voted for the death of Louis XVI. That man was the painter David, then a member of the Convention; subsequently the imperial artist, whose glorious picturings of "The Passage of the Alps by Bonaparte," of "The Spartans at Thermopylæ," and "The Emperor in his Coronation Robes," shed such radiance on his native land. The Bourbons had the bad taste not only to enforce the act of proscription in his case while he lived, but to prohibit his dead body from being interred in the French territory. His tomb is in Brussels, but his paintings adorn the Louvre; and he has been fortunate enough to be sung by Béranger, thus doubly certain of immortality.

LE CONVOI DE DAVID,

Peintre de l'Empereur, ex-Membre de la Convention.

AIR—"De Roland."

"Non! non! vous ne passerez pas!"
Crie un soldat sur la frontière,
A ceux qui de David, hélas!
Rapportaient chez nous la poussière.

"Soldat," disent-ils dans leur deuil,
"Proscrit-on aussi sa mémoire?
Quoi, vous repoussez son cercueil!
Et vous héritez de sa gloire!"

"Non ! non ! vous ne passerez pas !"
Dit le soldat avec furie.—
"Soldat, ses yeux jusqu'au trépas
Se sont tournés vers la patrie ;
Il en soutenait la splendeur
Du fond d'un exil qui l'honore :
C'est par lui qui notre grandeur
Sur la toile respire encore."

"Non ! non ! vous ne passerez pas !"
Redit plus bas la sentinelle.—
"Le peintre de Léonidas
Dans la liberté n'a vu qu'elle :
On lui dut le noble appareil
Des jours de joie et d'espérance,
Où les beaux arts à leur réveil
Fêtaient le réveil de la France."

"Non ! non ! vous ne passerez pas !"
Dit le soldat ; "c'est ma consigne."
"Du plus grand de tous les soldats
Il fut le peintre le plus digne,
A l'aspect de l'aigle si fier,
Plein d'Homère, et l'âme exaltée,
David crut peindre Jupiter—
Hélas ! il peignit Prométhée."

"Non ! non ! vous ne passerez pas !"
Dit le soldat, devenu triste.—
"Le héros après cent combats
Succombe, et l'on proscrit l'artiste !
Chez l'étranger la mort l'atteint—
Qu'il dut trouver sa coupe amère !
Aux cendres d'un génie éteint,
France ! tends les bras d'une mère."

"Non ! non ! vous ne passerez pas !"
Dit la sentinelle attendrie.—
"Eh bien, retournons sur nos pas !
Adieu, terre qu'il à chérie !
Les arts ont perdu le flambeau
Qui fit pâlir l'éclat de Rome !
Allons mendier un tombeau
Pour les restes de ce grand homme !"

THE OBSEQUIES OF DAVID THE PAINTER,

Ex-Member of the National Convention.

The pass is barr'd ! "Fall back !" cries the guard ; "cross not the French frontier !"
As with soler in tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.
For the sentinelle hath noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide,
That yon hearse contains the sad remains of a banish'd regicide !
"But pity take, for his glory's sake," said his children to the guard ;
"Let his noble art plead on his part—let *a grave* be his reward !
France knew his name in her hour of fame, nor the aid of his pencil scorn'd ;
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorn'd !"

"That corpse can't pass ! 'tis my duty, alas !" said the frontier sentinelle.—
"But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth !" cried the mourners, in their turn.
"Oh ! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn :
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mont Bernard,
Napoleon's course on the snow-white horse—let *a grave* be his reward !
For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her :
Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendour !"

"Ye cannot pass," said the guard, "alas ! (for tears bedimm'd his eyes)
Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise."—
"Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake," cried the mourners once again :
"Her favourite was Leonidas, with his band of Spartan men ;
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ ?
Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired :
Let his passport be the memory of the valour he inspired !"

"Ye cannot pass."—"Soldier, alas ! a dismal boon we crave—
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends might dig a grave ?
Oh ! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray
With crown and palm at Notre Dame on his coronation day."
Amid that band the wither'd hand of an aged pontiff rose,
And blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgiving his own woes :—
He drew that scene—nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a little while,
And the hero's doom would be a tomb far off in a lonely isle !"

"I am charged, alas! not to let you pass," said the sorrowing sentinelle;
"His destiny must also be a foreign grave!"—"'Tis well!—
Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest,
And to bear away his banish'd clay from the land that he loved best.
But let us hence!—sad recompense for the *lustre that* he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
Our sons will read with shame this deed (unless my mind doth err);
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!"

How poor and pitiful the attempt to crush the fame of such a man, or to visit on his coffin the error of his political career! There is a sympathy in our nature that rises in arms against any act of persecution that vents itself upon the dead; and genius in exile has ever excited interest and compassion. This feeling has been admirably worked upon by the author of the "Méditations Poétiques," a poet every way inferior to Béranger, but who, in the following effusion, has surpassed himself, and given utterance to some of the noblest lines in the French language.

LA GLOIRE.

A un Poëte exilé, par Alphonse de la Martine.

Généreux, favoris des filles de mémoire!
Deux sentiers différents devant vous vont s'ouvrir—
L'un conduit au bonheur, l'autre mène à la gloire;
Mortels! il faut choisir.

Ton sort, Ô Manoël! suivit la loi commune:
La muse t'enivra de précoces faveurs;
Tes jours furent tissus de gloire et d'infortune,
Et tu verses des pleurs!

Rougis, plutôt rougis, d'envier au vulgaire,
Le stérile repos dont son cœur est jaloux;
Les dieux ont fait pour lui tous les biens de la terre,
Mais la lyre est à nous.

Les siècles sont à toi, le monde est ta patrie;
Quand nous ne sommes plus, notre ombre a des autels,
Où le juste avenir prépare à ton génie
Des honneurs immortels.

Oui, la gloire t'attend! mais arrête et contemple
A quel prix on pénétre en ces parvis sacrés;
Vois, l'Infortune, assise à la porte du temple,
En garde les dégrés.

Ici c'est ce vieillard que l'ingrate Ionie
A vu de mers en mers promener ses malheurs;
Aveugle, il mendiait, au prix de son génie,
Un pain mouillé de pleurs.

Là le Tasse, brûlé d'une flamme fatale,
Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour,
Quand il va recueillir la palme triomphale,
Descend au noir séjour.

Par-tout des malheureux, des proscrits, des victimes,
Luttant contre le sort, ou contre les bourreaux;
On dirait que le Ciel aux cœurs plus magnanimes
Mésure plus de maux.

Impose donc silence aux plaintes de ta lyre—
Des cœurs nés sans vertu l'infortune est l'écueil;
Mais toi, roi détrôné, que ton malheur t'inspire
Un généreux orgueil.

Que t'importe, après tout, que cet ordre barbare
T'enchaine loin des bords qui furent ton berceau?
Que t'importe en quel lieu le destin te prepare
Un glorieux tombeau?

Ni l'exil ni le fer de ces tyrans du Tage
N'enchaineront ta gloire aux bords où tu mourras:
Lisbonne la réclame, et voilà l'héritage
Que tu lui laisseras.

Ceux qui l'ont méconnu pleureront le grand homme:
Athène à des proscrits ouvre son Panthéon;
Coriolan expire, et les enfans de Rome
Revendiquent son nom.

Aux rivages des morts avant que de descendre,
Ovide lève au ciel ses suppliantes mains:
Aux Sarmates barbares il a légué sa cendre,
Et sa gloire aux Romains.

CONSOLATION.

Addressed by Lamartine to his friend and brother-poet, Manoël, banished from Lisbon.

If your bosom beats high, if your pulse quicker grows,
When in visions ye fancy the wreath of the Muse,
There's the path to renown—there's the path to repose—
Ye must choose! ye must choose!

Manoël, thus the destiny rules thy career,
And thy life's web is woven with glory and woe;
Thou wert nursed on the lap of the Muse, and thy tear
Shall unceasingly flow.

O, my friend! do not envy the vulgar their joys,
Nor the pleasures to which their low nature is prone;
For a nobler ambition *our* leisure employs—
Oh, the lyre is our own!

And the future is ours! for in ages to come,
The admirers of genius an altar will raise
To the poet; and Fame, till her trumpet is dumb,
Will re-echo our praise.

Poet! Glory awaits thee; her temple is thine:
But there's *one* who keeps vigil, if entrance you claim:
'Tis MISFORTUNE! she sits in the porch of the shrine,
The pale portress of Fame!

Saw not Greece an old man, like a pilgrim array'd,
With his tale of old Troy, and a staff in his hand,
Beg his bread at the door of each hut, as he stray'd
Through his own classic land?

And because he had loved, though unwisely, yet well,
Mark what was the boon by bright beauty bestow'd—
Blush, Italy, blush! for yon maniac's cell
It was Tasso's abode.

Hand in hand Woe and Genius must walk here below,
And the chalice of bitterness, mix'd for mankind,
Must be quaff'd by us all; but its waters o'erflow
For the noble of mind.

Then the heave of thy heart's indignation keep down;
Be the voice of lament never wrung from thy pride;
Leave to others the weakness of grief; take renown
With endurance allied.

Let them banish far off and proscribe (for they can)
Sadden'd Portugal's son from his dear native plains;
But no tyrant can place the free soul under ban,
Or the spirit in chains.

No! the frenzy of faction, though hateful, though strong,
From the banks of the Tagus can't banish thy fame:
Still the halls of old Lisbon shall ring with thy song
And resound with thy name.

When Dante's attainder his townsmen repeal'd—
When the sons stamp'd the deed of their sires with abhorrence,
They summon'd reluctant Ravenna to yield
Back his fame to his Florence.

And with both hands uplifted Love's bard ere he breathed
His last sigh, far away from his kindred and home:
To the Scythians his ashes hath left, but bequeath'd
All his glory to Rome.

Never does poetry assume a loftier tone than when it becomes the vehicle of calm philosophy or generous condolence with human sufferings; but when honest patriotism swells the note and exalts the melody, the effect on a feeling heart is truly delightful. List to Béranger:—

LE VIOLON BRISÉ.

Viens, mon chien! viens, ma pauvre bête!
Mange, malgré mon désespoir.
Il me reste un gâteau de fête—
Demain nous aurons du pain noir!

Les étrangers, vainqueurs par ruse,
M'ont dit hier, dans ce vallon!
"Fais-nous danser!" moi je refuse;
L'un d'eux brise mon violon.

C'était l'orchestre du village!
Plus de fêtes, plus d'heureux jours,
Qui fera danser sous l'ombrage?
Qui réveillera les amours?

Si corde vivement pressée,
Dès l'aurore d'un jour bien doux,
Annonçait à la fiancée
Le cortège du jeune époux.

Aux curés qui l'osaient entendre
Nos danses causaient moins d'effroi;
La gaieté qu'il sçavait répandre
Eut déridé le front d'un roi.

S'il preluda dans notre gloire
Aux chants qu'elle nous inspirait,
Sur lui jamais pouvais-je croire,
Que l'étranger se vengerait?

Combien, sous l'ombre ou dans la grange,
Le Dimanche va sembler long!
Dieu bénira-t-il la vendange
Qu'on ouvrira sans violon?

Il délassait des longs ouvrages;
Du pauvre étourdissait les maux;
Des grands, des impôts, des orages,
Lui seul consolait nos hameaux.

Les haines il les faisait taire,
Les pleurs amers il les sechait:
Jamais sceptre n'a fait sur terre
Autant de bien que mon archet.

Mais l'ennemi, qu'il faut qu'on chasse,
M'a rendu le courage aisé;
Qu'en mes mains un mousquet remplace
Le violon qu'il a brisé!

Tant d'amis dont je me sépare
Diront un jour, si je péris,
"Il n'a point voulu qu'un barbare
Dansât gaiment sur nos débris!"

Viens, mon chien! viens, ma pauvre bête!
Mange, malgré mon désespoir.
Il me reste un gâteau de fête—
Demain nous aurons du pain noir!

THE FRENCH FIDDLER'S LAMENTATION.

My poor dog! here! of yesterday's festival-cake
Eat the poor remains in sorrow;
For when next a repast you and I shall make,
It must be on brown bread, which, for charity's sake,
Your master must beg or borrow.

Of these strangers the presence and pride in France
Is to me a perfect riddle;
They have conquer'd, no doubt, by some fatal chance,
For they haughtily said, "You *must* play us a dance!"
I refused—and they broke my fiddle!

Of our village the orchestra, crush'd at one stroke,
By that savage insult perish'd!
'Twas then that our pride felt the strangers' yoke,
When the insolent hand of a foreigner broke
What our hearts so dearly cherish'd.

For whenever our youth heard it merrily sound,
A flood of gladness shedding,
At the dance on the green they were sure to be found;
While its music assembled the neighbours around
To the village maiden's wedding.

By the priest of the parish its note was pronounced
To be innocent "after service;"
And gaily the wooden-shoed peasantry bounced
On the bright Sabbath-day, as they danced undenounced
By pope, or bonze, or dervis.

How dismally slow will the Sabbath now run,
Without fiddle, or flute, or tabor—
How sad is the harvest when music there's none—
How sad is the vintage *sans* fiddle begun!—
Dismal and tuneless labour!

In that fiddle a solace for grief we had got;
'Twas of peace the best preceptor;
For its sound made all quarrels subside on the spot,
And its bow went much farther to soothe our hard lot
Than the crosier or the sceptre.

But a truce to my grief!—for an insult so base
A new pulse in my heart hath awoken!
That affront I'll revenge on their insolent race;
Gird a sword on my thigh—let a musket replace
The fiddle their hand has broken.

My friends, if I fall, my old corpse in the crowd
Of slaughter'd martyrs viewing,
Shall say, while they wrap my cold limbs in a shroud,
'Twas not *his* fault if *some* a barbarian allow'd
To dance in our country's ruin!

It would be a pity, while we are in the patriotic strain of sentiment, to allow the feelings to cool; so, to use a technical phrase, we shall *keep the steam up*, by flinging into the already kindled furnace of generous emotions a truly national ballad, by Casimir Delavigne, concerning a well-known anecdote of the late revolution, July, 1830.

LE CHIEN DU LOUVRE.

Casimir Delavigne.

Passant ! que ton front se découvre !
Là plus d'un brave est endormi !
Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre,
Un peu de pain pour son ami !

C'était le jour de la bataille,
Il s'élanca sous la mitraille,
Son chien suivit ;
Le plomb tous deux vint les atteindre —
Est-ce le martyr qu'il faut plaindre?
Le chien survit.

Morne, vers le brave il se penche,
L'appelle, et de sa tête blanche
Le caressant ;
Sur le corps de son frère d'armes
Laisse couler ses grosses larmes
Avec son sang.

Gardien du terte funéraire,
Nul plaisir ne peut le distraire
De son ennui ;
Et fuyant la main qui l'attire,
Avec tristesse il semble dire,
"Ce n'est pas lui !"

Quand sur ces touffes d'immortelles
Brillent d'humides étincelles,
Au point du jour,
Son œil se ranime, il se dresse
Pour que son maître le caresse
A son retour.

Aux vents des nuits, quand la couronne
Sur la croix du tombeau frisonne,
Perdant l'espoir,
Il veut que son maître l'entende—
Il gronde, il pleure, et lui demande
L'adieu du soir.

Si la neige avec violence
De ses flocons couvre en silence
Le lit de mort,
Il pousse un cri lugubre et tendre,
On s'y couche pour le défendre
Des vents du nord.

Avant de fermer la paupière,
Il fait pour soulever la pierre
Un vain effort ;
Puis il se dit, comme la veille
"Il m'appelera s'il s'éveille"—
Puis il s'endort.

La nuit il rêve barricades—
Son maître est sous la fusillade,
Couvert de sang ;—
Il l'entend qui siffle dans l'ombre,
Se lève, et saute après son ombre
En gémissant.

THE DOG OF THE THREE DAYS.

A Ballad, September, 1831.

With gentle tread, with uncover'd head,
Pass by the Louvre-gate,
Where buried lie the "men of JULY!"
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

That dog had fought
In the fierce onslaught,
Had rush'd with his master on :
And both fought well ;
But the master fell—
And behold the surviving one !

By his life'less clay,
Shaggy and grey,
His fellow-warrior stood :
Nor moved beyond,
But mingled, fond,
Big tears with his master's blood.

Vigil he keeps
By those green heaps,
That tell where heroes be ;
No passer-by
Can attract his eye,
For he knows "it is not HE!"

At the dawn, when dew
Wets the garlands new
That are hung in this place of mourning,
He will start to meet
The coming feet
Of HIM whom he dreamt returning.

On the grave's wood cross,
When the chaplets toss,
By the blasts of midnight shaken,
How he howleth ! hark !
From that dwelling dark
The slain he would fain awaken.

When the snow comes fast
On the chilly blast,
Blanching the bleak churchyard,
With limbs outspread
On the dismal bed
Of his liege, he still keeps guard.

Oft in the night,
With main and might,
He strives to raise the stone :
Short respite takes—
"If master wakes,
He'll call me"—then sleeps on.

Of bayonet-blades,
Of barricades,
And guns, he dreameth most ;
Starts from his dream,
And then would seem
To eye a bleeding ghost.

C'est là qu'il attend d'heure en heure,
Qu'il aime, qu'il souffre, qu'il pleure,
Et qu'il mourra.
Quel fut son nom ? C'est un mystère ;
Jamais la voix qui lui fit chère
Ne le dira !

He'll linger there
In sad despair,
And die on his master's grave.
His name ? 'Tis known
To the dead alone—
He's the dog of the nameless brave !

Passant ! que ton front se découvre !
Là plus d'un brave est endormi :
Des fleurs pour le martyr du Louvre,
Un peu du pain pour son ami !

Give a tear to the dead,
And give some bread
To the dog of the Louvre-gate !
Where buried lie the men of July,
And flowers are flung by the passers-by,
And the dog howls desolate.

When Diderot wrote that celebrated sentence, that *he* saw no difference between himself and a dog but the clothes, he, no doubt, imagined he had conferred a compliment on the dumb animal. I rather suspect, knowing the nature of a thorough-bred French philosopher, that the balance of dignity inclines the other way. Certain I am, that anything like honest, manly, or affectionate feeling never had place in the breast of this contributor to the "Encyclopédie," and writer of irreligious and indecent romances.

What though the pen of some among these sophists could occasionally trace eloquent words and produce specimens of impassioned language in the advocacy of their disastrous theories?—still do they leave on the mind the impression of self-degraded and self-debased intellect, than which nothing can be more dismal; and these outbursts of talented blasphemy only remind one of the Neapolitan imagery conjured up by the poet for a different purpose, being truly like—

> "The verdant spots that bloom
> Around the crater's burning lips,
> Sweetening the very edge of doom,"—(*Lalla Rookh*)

if the result be an eruption of all the evil passions of mankind to desolate the fair face of society.

It is with unaffected sorrow I find the noble faculties of Béranger devoted now and then to similar villanies; but in the following he has clothed serene philosophy in appropriate diction.

LES ÉTOILES QUI FILENT.

"Berger ! tu dis que notre étoile
Règle nos jours, et brille aux cieux ?"—
"Oui, mon enfant ! mais de son voile
La nuit la dérobe à nos yeux."—
"Berger ! sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret ;
Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon enfant, un mortel expire !
Son étoile tombe à l'instant ;
Entre amis que la joie inspire
Celui-ci buvait en chantant.
Heureux, il s'endort immobile
Auprès du vin qu'il célébrait."—
"Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

SHOOTING STARS.

"Shepherd ! they say that a star presides
Over life ?"—"'Tis a truth, my son !
Its secrets from men the firmament hides,
But tells to some favoured one."—
"Shepherd, they say that a link unbroken
Connects our fate with some favourite star ;
What may yon shooting light betoken,
That falls, falls, and is quenched afar ?"

"The death of a mortal, my son, who held
In his banqueting-hall high revel ;
And his music was sweet, and his wine excelled,
Life's path seemed long and level :
No sign was given, no word was spoken,
His pleasure death comes to mar."—
"But what does yon milder light betoken,
That falls, falls, and is quenched afar ?"

"Mon enfant ! qu'elle est pure et belle !
C'est celle d'un objet charmant ;
Fille heureuse ! amante fidèle !
On l'accorde au plus tendre amant ;
Des fleurs ceignent son front nubile,
Et de l'Hymen l'autel est prêt."—
"Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon fils ! c'est l'étoile rapide
D'un très-grand seigneur nouveau-né ;
Le berceau qu'il a laissé vide
D'or et de pourpre était orné :
Des poisons qu'un flatteur distille,
C'était à qui le nourrirait."—
"Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon enfant, quel éclair sinistre !
C'était l'astre d'un favori,
Qui se croyait un grand ministre,
Quand de nos maux il avait ri.
Ceux qui servaient ce dieu fragile
Ont déjà caché son portrait."—
"Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"Mon fils, quels pleurs sont les nôtres !
D'un riche nous perdons l'appui :
L'indigence glane chez les autres,
Mais elle moissonnait chez lui !
Ce soir même, sûr d'un asyle,
A son toit le pauvre accourait."—
"Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ?"

"C'est celle d'un puissant monarque !
Va, mon fils ! garde ta candeur ;
Et que ton étoile ne marque
Par l'éclat ni par la grandeur.
Si tu brillais sans être utile,
A ton dernier jour on dirait,
'Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît !'"

"'Tis the knell of beauty !—it marks the close
Of a pure and gentle maiden ;
And her cheek was warm with its bridal rose,
And her brow with its bride-wreath laden :—
The thousand hopes young love had woken
Lie crushed, and her dream is past."—
"But what can yon rapid light betoken,
That falls, falls, and is quenched so fast ?"

"'Tis the emblem, my son, of quick decay !
'Tis a rich lord's child newly born :
The cradle that holds his inanimate clay
Gold, purple, and silk adorn ;
The panders prepared through life to haunt him
Must seek some one else in his room."—
"Look, now ! what means yon dismal phantom
That falls, falls, and is lost in gloom ?"

"There, son ! I see the guilty thought
Of a haughty statesman fail,
Who the poor man's comforts sternly sought
To plunder or curtail.
His former sycophants have cursed
Their idol's base endeavour."—
"But watch the light that now has burst,
Falls, falls, and is quenched for ever !"

"What a loss, O my son, was there !
Where shall hunger now seek relief ?
The poor, who are gleaners elsewhere,
Could reap in *his* field full sheaf !
On the evening he died, his door
Was thronged with a weeping crowd."—
"Look, shepherd ! there's one star more
That falls, and is quenched in a cloud."

"'Tis a monarch's star ! Do thou preserve
Thy innocence, my child !
Nor from thy course appointed swerve,
But there shine calm and mild.
Of *thy* star, if the sterile ray
For no useful purpose shone,
At thy death, 'See that star,' they'd say ;
'It falls ! falls ! is past and gone !'"

The philosophic humour of the next ballad is not in so magnificent a vein; but good sense and excellent wisdom it most assuredly containeth. I make no apology in these utilitarian days for introducing especially to Lord Goderich's notice a commendatory poem on a much-abused and unjustly depreciated branch of the feathered family. Here then followeth—

LES OIES

(1810).

Des chansonniers damoiseaux
J'abandonne les voies ;
Quittant bosquets et réseaux,
Je chante au lieu des oiseaux—
Les oies !

A PANEGYRIC ON GEESE

(1810).

I hate to sing your hackney'd birds—
So, doves and swans, a truce !
Your nests have been too often stirred ;
My hero shall be—in a word—
A goose !

Rossignol, en vain là bas
Ton gosier se déploie ;
Malgré tes brillants appas,
En broche tu ne vaux pas
Une oie !

Strasbourg tire vanité
De ses pâtés de foie ;
Cette superbe cité
Ne doit sa prospérité
Qu'aux oies !

On peut faire un bon repas
D'ortolans, de lamproies—
Mais Paris n'en produit pas ;
Il s'y trouve à chaque pas
Des oies !

Les Grecs, d'un commun aveu,
S'ennuyaient devant Troie ;
Pour les amuser un peu,
Ulysse inventa le jeu
De l'oie.

Sur un aigle, au vol brutal,
Jupiter nous foudroie :
Il nous ferait moins de mal
S'il choisissait pour cheval
Une oie.

The nightingale, or else "bulbul,"
By Tommy Moore let loose,
Is grown intolerably dull—
I from the feathered nation cull
A goose !

Can roasted Philomel a liver
Fit for a pie produce ?
Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
Fair Strasburg bakes. Pray who's the giver ?
A goose !

An ortolan is good to eat,
A partridge is of use ;
But they are scarce—whereas you meet
At Paris, ay, in every street,
A goose !

When tired of war the Greeks became,
They pitched Troy to the deuce,
Ulysses, then, was not to blame
For teaching them the noble "game
Of goose !"

May Jupiter and Buonaparte,
Of thunder less profuse,
Suffer their eagles to depart,
Encourage peace, and take to heart
A goose !

Wisdom speaketh sometimes enigmatically, and openeth her mouth in parables; hence the oriental fashion of conveying a sober truth by allegorical narrative is occasionally (and gracefully) adopted by the poets of France, one of whom has left us this pretty line, containing in itself the precept and the exemplification :

"L'allegorie habite un palais diaphane !"

Here is one concerning love and his arch-enemy Time, by Count de Segur.

LE TEMPS ET L'AMOUR.

A voyager passant sa vie,
Certain vieillard, nommé le Temps,
Près d'un fleuve arrive, et s'écrie,
"Prenez pitié de mes vieux ans !
Eh, quoi ! sur ces bords l'on m'oublie—
Moi, qui compte tous les instans ?
Jeunes bergeres ! je vous prie
Venez, venez, passer le Temps !"

De l'autre côté, sur la plage,
Plus d'une fille regardait,
Et voulait aider son passage
Sur une barque qu'Amour guidait ;
Mais l'une d'elles, bien plus sage,
Leur répétait ces mots prudens—
"Ah, souvent on a fait naufrage
En cherchent à passer le Temps . . .

Amour gaiment pousse au rivage—
Il aborde tout près du Temps ;
Il lui propose le voyage,
L'embarque, et s'abandonne aux vents.

Agitant ses rames légères,
Il dit et redit en ses chants—
"Vous voyez, jeunes bergères,
Que l'Amour fait passer le Temps!"

Mais l'Amour bientôt se lasse
Ce fut là toujours son défaut;
Le Temps prend la rame à sa place,
Et dit, "Eh quoi! quitter sitôt?
Pauvre enfant, quelle est ta foiblesse!
Tu dors, et je chante à mon tour
Ce vieux refrain de la sagesse,
Le Temps fait passer l'Amour!"

TIME AND LOVE.

Old TIME is a pilgrim—with onward course
He journeys for months, for years;
But the trav'ller to-day must halt perforce—
Behold, a broad river appears!
"Pass me over," Time cried; "O! tarry not,
For I count each hour with my glass;
Ye, whose skiff is moored to yon pleasant spot—
Young maidens, old TIME come pass!"

Many maids saw with pity, upon the bank,
The old man with his glass in grief;
Their kindness, he said, he would ever thank,
If they'd row him across in their skiff.
While some wanted LOVE to unmoor the bark,
One wiser in thought sublime:
"Oft shipwrecks occur," was the maid's remark,
"When seeking to pass old TIME!"

From the strand the small skiff LOVE pushed afloat—
He crossed to the pilgrim's side,
And taking old TIME in his well-trimmed boat,
Dipt his oars in the flowing tide.
Sweetly he sung as he worked at the oar,
And this was his merry song—
"You see, young maidens who crowd the shore,
How with LOVE Time passes along?"

But soon the poor boy of his task grew tired,
As he often had been before;
And faint from his toil, for mercy desired
Father TIME to take up the oar.
In his turn grown tuneful, the pilgrim old
With the paddles resumed the lay;
But he changed it and sung, "Young maids, behold
How with TIME Love passes away!"

I now close this paper by an ode, equal to any ever produced on the subject of "Time," and surpassed in no language, ancient or modern. Its author, a contemporary of the philosophic gang alluded to throughout this essay, was frequently the object of paltry sarcasm, because he despised their infidel theories and kept aloof from their coteries. He is known by a panegyric on Marcus Aurelius.

ODE AU TEMPS.

Si je devais un jour pour de viles richesses
Vendre ma liberté, descendre à des bassesses—
Si mon cœur pas mes sens devait être amolli—

ODE TO TIME.

If my mind's independence one day I'm to sell,
If with Vice in her pestilent haunts I'm to dwell—

O Temps, je te dirais, hâte ma dernière heure,
Hâte-toi que je meure :
J'aime mieux n'être pas que de vivre avili.

Mais si de la vertu les généreuses flammes
Doivent de mes écrits passer en quelques âmes—
Si je dois d'un ami consoler les malheurs—
S'il est des malheureux dont l'obscure indigence
Languisse sans défense,
Et dont ma faible main doit essuyer les pleurs :—

O Temps ! suspends ton vol ! respect ma jeunesse !
Que ma mère long-temps, témoin de ma tendresse,
Reçoive mes tributs de respect et d'amour !
Et vous, GLOIRE ! VERTU ! déesses immortelles,
Que vos brillantes ailes
Sur mes cheveux blanchis se reposent un jour !

Then in mercy, I pray thee, O TIME !
Ere that day of disgrace and dishonour comes on,
Let my life be cut short !—better, better be gone
Than live here on the wages of crime !

But if yet I'm to kindle a flame in the soul
Of the noble and free—if my voice can console,
In the day of despondency, some—
If I'm destined to plead in the poor man's defence—
If my writings can force from the national sense
An enactment of joy for his home·

Time ! retard thy departure ! and linger awhile—
Let my "songs" still awake of my mother the smile—
Of my sister the joy, as she sings.
But, O GLORY and VIRTUE ! your care I engage ;
When I'm old—when my head shall be silvered with age,
Come and shelter my brow with your wings !

X.

The Songs of France.

(*Fraser's Magazine, January*, 1835.)

—o—

[Prefixed to *Regina's* number for January, 1835, in which appeared Mahony's concluding chapter on "The Songs of France," was that wonderful double-page folding picture pencilled by the master-hand of Alfred Croquis, in which the twenty-seven "Fraserians" were seen clustered round the convivial board in the banqueting-room at 215, Regent Street, on the occasion of a grand symposium. When the Prout Papers were issued in the following year as a substantive publication, Maclise contributed to the close of this one in particular a delightful embellishment, representing the great Chansonnier in his plump adolescence, with an arm round the waist of his grisette—*Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans*—his four boon comrades evidently toasting Lisette the while in that "snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs," sung of in a kindred strain long afterwards by William Makepeace Thackeray.]

CHAPTER IV.—Frogs and Free Trade.

"Cantano gli Francesi—pagaranno!"

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

"They sing? tax 'em!"

PROUT.

"Ranæ vagantes liberis paludibus,
Clamore magno regem petiêrunt à Jove,
Qui dissilutos mores vi compesceret."

PHÆDRI, *Fab.* 2.

England for fogs! the sister-isle for bogs!
France is the land for liberty and frogs!
Angels may weep o'er man's fantastic tricks;
But Louis-Philippe laughs at Charley Dix.
France for King "Loggy" now has got "a stork:"
See Phædrus—also Æsop.

(Signed) O. YORKE.

WHEN, in excavating our chest of "Prout Papers," we were fortunate enough, last October, to discover among the riches of this inexhaustible mine the happy vein of precious ore which we have since coined at the mint of REGINA, and issued under the superscription of "Songs of France," we called the attention of Dr. Bowring to the gratifying fact of this foreign specie freely circulating through the United Kingdom; and challenged the Doctor to point out any similar result as accruing to us from *his* labours in the grand enterprise

of amalgamating the produce, customs, and opinions of the two rival nations. The itinerant commissioner happened then to be perambulating the vineyards of Burgundy, and, we suppose, was too deeply engaged in comparing and collating the growth of Côte Roti with that of Joigny and Mâcon to pick up the gauntlet or respond to our cartel. Neither Silenus in his autumnal progress through Arcadia, nor Sancho Panza when he chanced to be jogging on the sunny roads of prosperous abundance, was remarkable for belligerent propensities; but now that the Doctor has fallen on evil days, and that his employer, Brougham, is sent to the right-about, and he himself is no longer to be retained as overseer in the vineyard, it is time for him "to render an account of his stewardship." We at that time told him it was too good a thing to last, and that the man on the woolsack would certainly seek to supplant him in his interesting occupation of wine-taster to the French; since which vaticination of ours (see our October preface to Prout) the event has completely justified our forecast; for we learn that the ***.chancellor has written a most pressing letter from the Rocher de Cancale, offering to act under the new Ministry in the capacity of "chief bottler," or migratory commissioner among the wine-growers of France, selecting the town of Cognac for his head-quarters.

To return to "the chest." The more we develop these MSS., and the deeper we plunge into the cavity of Prout's wondrous coffer, the fonder we become of the old presbyter, and the more impressed with the variety and versatility of his powers. His was a tuneful soul! In his earthly envelope there dwelt a hidden host of melodious numbers; he was a walking store-house of harmony. The followers of Huss, when they had lost in battle their commander Zisca, had the wit to strip him of his hide; out of which (when duly tanned) they made unto themselves a drum, to stimulate by its magic sound their reminiscences of so much martial glory: *our* plan would have been to convert the epidermis of the defunct father into that engine of harmony which, among Celtic nations, is known by the name of the "bagpipe;" and thus secure to the lovers of song and melody an invaluable relic, an instrument of music which no Cremona fiddle could rival in execution. But we should not produce it on vulgar occasions: the ministerial accession of the Duke (1835), should alone be solemnized by a blast from this musico-cutaneous phenomenon; aware of the many accidents which might otherwise occur, such as, in the narrative of an Irish wedding, has been recorded by the poet,—

> "Then the piper, a dacent gossoon,
> Began to play 'Eileen Aroon;'
> Until an arch wag
> Cut a hole in his bag,
> Which, alas! put an end to the tune
> Too soon!
> The music blew up to the moon!"

Lord Byron, who had the good taste to make a claret-cup out of a human skull, would, no doubt, highly applaud our idea of preserving a skinful of Prout's immortal essence in the form of such an Æolian bagpipe.

But song powerful and melodious was not the sole excellence of the mighty genius who is now no more. A nobler faculty gave vigour to his pen. In evolving some of the more recondite papers of this Watergrasshill hermit, we have made a discovery which will create universal astonishment in the literary world. We say nothing further for the present; but we can positively announce that, from certain documents found in Prout's chest, in his own handwriting, and bearing the date of Lord North's and the Duke of Grafton's ministry, the long-disputed authorship of "Junius's Letters," and the famous "Stat nominis umbra," are to us no longer shrouded in mysterious darkness or involved in the labyrinthine mazes of conjectural blind-man's-buff—in fact, PROUT WAS JUNIUS. But mum! for the present.

In our last chapter we have given his opinions on the merit of the leading French philosophers—a gang of theorists now happily swept off the face of the earth, or most miserably supplanted in France by St. Simonians and Doctrinaires, and in this country by the duller and more plodding generation of "Utilitarians." To Denis Diderot has succeeded Dionysius Lardner, both toiling interminable at their cyclopædias, and, like wounded snakes, though trampled on by all who tread the paths of science, still rampant onwards in the dust and slime of elaborate authorship. Truly, since the days of the great St. Denis, who walked deliberately, with imperturbable composure, bearing his head in his astonished grasp, from Montmartre to the fifth milestone on the northern road out of Paris; nay, since the still earlier epoch of the Sicilian schoolmaster, who opened a "university" at Corinth, omitting Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Denis the critic who figures in the "Dunciad," never has the name been borne with greater *éclat* than by its great modern proprietor. His theories, and those of Dr. Bowring, are glanced at in the following paper, which concludes the Proutean series of the "Songs of France."

Far be it from us to imagine that either of these learned doctors will turn from their crude speculations and listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; we know the self-opinionated tribe too well to fancy such a consummation as the result of old Prout's strictures: but, since the late downfall of Whiggery, we can afford to laugh at what must now only appear in the harmless shape of a solemn quiz. We would no more quarrel with them for hugging their cherished doctrines than we would find fault with the Hussites above mentioned; who, when the Jesuit Peter Canisius came to Prague to argue them into conciliation, inscribed on their banner the following epigrammatic line:

"Tu procul esto 'Canis,' pro nobis excubat 'ANSER!'"

The term "*Huss*" being, from the peculiarity of its guttural sound, among Teutonic nations indicative of what we call *a goose*.

With due diligence apply thee, O gentle reader! to the perusal and understanding of the following pages; con over each sagacious axiom, ponder on each grave remark, and having digested well the wisdom of Prout's philosophic lecture, call for another bottle or thy nightcap. Thou art sure to wake next morning a wiser and a better man.

OLIVER YORKE.

Jan. 1st, 1835.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Jan.* 1, 1832.

IT is with nations as with individuals: the greater is man's intercourse with his fellow-man in the interchange of social companionship, and the mutual commerce of thought, the more polished and enlightened he becomes; and, in the keen encounter of wit, loses whatever awkwardness or indolence of mind may have been his original portion. If the aggregate wisdom of any country could be for a moment supposed hermetically sealed, *ab initio*, from the interfusion of foreign notions, and from all contact with extraneous ideas, rely on it there would be found a most lamentable poverty of intellect in "that land of Goshen," a sad torpor in the public feelings, and a woful stagnation in the delicate "fluid" called thought. Peru, Mexico, and China—the first at the period of the Incas, the last in our own day—have offered us specimens of the very highest degree of mental culture which may be expected from a collective body of men, either studiously or accidentally sequestered from the rest of the species; and still I know not if, in both these instances, the original stock of information derived from the first settlers did not constitute the entire intellectual wealth of these remote dwellers in two secluded sections of the globe, thus

casually mentioned by me to illustrate my thesis. Nay, on inquiry, it will be found, that Egypt (which has on all sides been admitted to have been the great-grandmother of inventions in art, science, and literature) was evidently but the dowager widow of *antediluvian Knowledge;* and that the numerous progeny which has since peopled the universe, all the offspring of intermarriage and frequent alliance with barbarous and uncivilized nations, bears undoubted marks of family resemblance, and features of a common origin. The literature of Greece and Rome reflects back the image of Hebrew and Eastern composition; the Scandinavian poets are not without traces of affinity to their Arabic brethren; the inspiration of Irish melody is akin to that of Persian song; and the very diversity of detail only strengthens the likeness on the whole:

> "Facies non omnibus una,
> Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum."
>
> OVID.

See a work by the Jesuit Andrès, entitled "Storia di ogni Letteratura." *Parma*, 1782.

St. Chrysostom, talking of the link which connects the Mosaic writings with the books of the New Testament, and the common agreement that is found between the thoughts of the prophet of Mount Carmel and those of the sublime solitary of the island of Patmos, introduces a beautiful metaphor; as, indeed, he generally does, when he wishes to leave any striking idea impressed on his auditory. "Christianity," quoth he of the *golden mouth*, "struck its roots in the books of the Old Testament; it blossomed in the Gospels of the New:" Ερριζωθη μεν εν τοις βιβλιοις των προφητων, εβλαστησε δε εν τοις ευαγγελλιοις των αποστολων.—*Homil. de Nov. et Vet. Test.*

If I may be allowed to apply the holy bishop's illustration to matters of minor importance, I would say, that taste and refinement among modern writers are traceable to an intimate and growing acquaintance with the ancient classics; an intimacy which, though not possessed by each individual member of the great family of authors, still influences the whole, and pervades the general mass of our literature. A certain antique *bon ton* is unconsciously contracted even by our female contributors to the common fund of literary enjoyment; and I could mention a fair writer whom I naturally presume innocent of Greek, both in prose and poetry is as purely Attic in style as if, instead of the homely realities of Cockney diet, she had fed in her infancy on the honey of Mount Hymettus.

The eloquent French lawyer, De Marchangy, in his "Gaule Poétique" (a book already quoted by me in the opening chapter of these "Songs"), attributes —I know not how justly—the first rise of poetic excellence, and the early development of art, science, and elegant accomplishments in Provence (where taste and scholarship made their first appearance with the troubadours), to the circumstance of Marseilles having been a Grecian colony; and he ascribes the readiness with which the Provençal genius caught the flame, and kindled it on the fragrant hills of that beautiful coast of the Mediterranean, to a certain predisposition in the blood and constitutional habit of the people, derived from so illustrious a pedigree. "'Twas a glorious day!" exclaims the poetic attorney-general, going back in spirit to the epoch of that immigration of the Phocians into Gallia Narbonensis—"'twas a noble spectacle to see those sons of civilization and commerce land on our barbarous but picturesque and hospitable shore! to see the gallant children of Attica shake from their buskins on our territory the dust of the hippodrome, and entwine the myrtle of Gnidus with the mistletoe of Gaul! When their fleet anchored in our gladdened gulf of Provence, when their voices uttered sounds of cultivated import, when the music of the Lesbian lute and Teian lyre came on the charmed senses of our

rude ancestors, a shout of welcome was heard from our hills; and our Druids hailed with the hand of fellowship the priests of Jove and of Apollo. Marseilles arose to the sound of harmonious intercourse, and to the eternal triumph of international commingling! You would have thought that a floating island of Greece, that one of the Cyclades, or Delos the wanderer of the Archipelago, had strayed away and taken root upon our coast, crowned with its temples, filled with its inhabitants, its sacred groves, its arts, its laws, its perfume of refinement in love, and its spirit of freedom!"

"Free trade" in all the emanations of intellect has ever had a purely beneficial effect, blessing him who gave and him who received: it never can injure a nation or an individual to impart knowledge, or exchange ideas. This is an admitted principle. From the sun, who lends his brilliancy to the planets and the "silver moon," to the Greenwich pensioner, who lights his pipe at the focus of a neighbour's calumet, *fire*, and *flame*, and *brightness*, are of their nature communicable, without loss or diminution in the slightest way to the communicant. So it is with brilliancy of mind. But to come down from these ethereal and sylph-like speculations, from the fairy domain of fancy to the sober homeliness of fact, are the same principles applicable, under existing circumstances, to the productions of manual toil and the distribution of employment through the different trades and crafts? Is it for the interest of the material and grosser world, who eat, drink, are clothed, and surrounded with household necessities—who are condemned to look for support through the troublesome medium of daily labour—is it fit or judicious, in the complicated state of the social frame now established in Europe, to lay level all the barriers which climate, soil, situation, and industry, have raised for the protection of the productive classes in each country; and for the sake of a theoretical *aurora borealis*, which has dawned from the north on our school of political economy, to confound all the elements of actual life, and try back on all the wisdom of antiquity? As sagacious and as profound would be a proposal to abolish the quarantine laws, that "free trade" might be enjoyed by the plague; to break down the dykes of Holland, that the ocean should not be deprived of its "free trade;" to abolish all the "patent laws," that "free trade" may be possessed by the dull and the uninventive; the "game laws," that all may shoot snipe; "tolls," that all may go where they list unimpeded; "rent," that all may live scot-free; and, finally, the laws of property, the laws of marriage, and the laws of God, which are more or less impediments in the way of "free trade."

I am fully aware that the advantages of this grand project for rendering each nation dependent on foreign supply for objects of primest necessity, and establishing a nicely balanced equipoise in the commercial relations of every spot in the globe, have been luminously vindicated and laboriously unfolded in many a goodly tome, to the great delight of Miss Martineau, and the infinite edification of the general public; but I am humbly of opinion that the best practical treatise on the subject, and the most forcible recommendation of its benefits to all concerned, have come from the philosophic pen of Béranger, who has, according to his custom, embodied the maxims of "free trade," as well as many other current doctrines, in the short compass of a song.

LES BOHÉMIENS.

Béranger.

Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filoux!
Reste immonde
D'un ancien monde!
Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filoux!
Gais Bohémiens! d'où venez-vous?

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE GIPSIES.

Sons of witchcraft! tribe of thieves!
Whom the villager believes
To deal with Satan,
Tell us your customs and your rules:
Whence came ye to this land of fools,
On whom ye fatten?

D'où nous venons? L'on n'en sçait rien.
L'hirondelle,
D'où vous vient-elle?
D'où nous venons? L'on n'en sçait rien.
Où nous irons le sçait on bien.

"Whence do we come? Whence comes the swallow?
Where does our home lie? Try to follow
The wild bird's flight,
Speeding from winter's rude approach:
Such home is ours. Who dare encroach
Upon our right?

Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
Notre vie
Doit faire envie,
Sans pays, sans prince, sans lois,
L'homme est heureux un jour sur trois.

Prince we have none, nor gipsy throne,
Nor magistrate nor priest we own,
Nor tax nor claim;
Blithesome, we wander reckless, free,
And happy two days out of three;
Who'll say the same?

Tous indépendans nous naissons,
Sans église
Qui nous baptise:
Tous indépendans nous naissons,
Au bruit du fifre et des chansons.

Away with church-enactments dismal!
We have no liturgy baptismal
When we are born;
Save the dance under greenwood tree,
And the glad sound of revelry
With pipe and horn.

Nos premiers pas sont dégagés
Dans ce monde
Où l'erreur abonde;
Nos premiers pas sont dégagés
Du vieux maillot des préjugés.

At our first entrance on this globe,
Where Falsehood walks in varied robe,
Caprice, and whims,
—Sophist or bigot, heed ye this!—
The swathing-bands of prejudice
Bound not our limbs.

Au peuple en but à nos larcins,
Tout grimoire
En peut faire accroire;
Au peuple en but à nos larcins,
Il faut des sorciers et des saints.

Well do we ken the vulgar mind,
Ever to Truth and Candour blind,
But led by Cunning;
What rogue can tolerate a brother?
Gipsies contend with priests, each other
In tricks outrunning.

Pauvres oiseaux que Dieu bénit,
De la ville
Qu'on nous exile;
Pauvres oiseaux que Dieu bénit,
Au fond des bois prend notre nid.

Your 'towered cities' please us not
But give us some secluded spot,
Far from the millions:
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Rise for the night, in shady glen,
Our dark pavilions.

Ton œil ne peut se détacher,
Philosophe
De mince étoffe—
Ton œil ne peut se détacher
Du vieux coq de ton vieux clocher.

Soon we are off; for we can see
Nor pleasure nor philosophy
In fixèd dwelling.
Ours is a life—the life of clowns,
Or drones who vegetate in towns,
Far, far excelling!

Voir, c'est avoir! allons courir!
Vie errante
Est chose enivrante;
Voir, c'est avoir! allons courir!
Car tout voir c'est tout conquérir.

Paddock and park, fence and enclosure,
We scale with ease and with composure:
'Tis quite delightful!
Such is our empire's mystic charm,
We are the owners of each farm,
More than the rightful.

Mais à l'homme on crie en tout lieu,
Qu'il s'agite,
Ou croupisse au gîte;
Mais à l'homme on crie en tout lieu,
Tu nais, "bonjour!" tu meurs, "adieu!"

Great is the folly of the wise,
If on relations he relies,
Or trusts in men;
'Welcome!' they say, to babes born newly,
But when your life is eked out duly,
'Good evening!' then.

Quand nous mourons, vieux ou bambin,
Homme ou femme,
A Dieu soit notre âme;
Quand nous sommes morts, vieux ou bambin,
On vend le corps au carabin.

Mais croyez en notre gaieté,
Noble ou prêtre,
Valet ou maître;
Mais croyez en notre gaieté,
Le bonheur c'est la liberté.

None among us seeks to illude
By empty boast of brotherhood,
Or false affection;
Give, when we die, our souls to God.
Our body to the grassy sod,
Or 'for dissection.'

Your noblemen may talk of vassals,
Proud of their trappings and their tassels;
But never heed them:
Ours is the life of perfect bliss—
Freedom is man's best joy, and this
IS PERFECT FREEDOM!"

This gipsy code of utilitarian jurisprudence, in wisdom far outshining the "Pandects," the "Digest," or the "Code Napoléon," is gratuitously submitted to the disciples of Jeremy Bentham, as the groundwork of legislative reform whenever an experiment is fairly to be made on the "vile body" of existing laws, and when the destinies of this country shall be entrusted to the doctors of destruction.

To arrive at this blissful millennium is not a matter of easy accomplishment. The chances are becoming every day more unfavourable. The perception and relish of mankind as far as experimental innovation is concerned have been found wofully dull in these latter days; and great are the trials and lamentable the disappointments encountered by the apostles of popular enlightenment. "Co-operative theories," once the cherished bantlings of the utilitarian family, in England have gone to the grave unwept, unhonoured, and unsung; while in America the music of "New Harmony," instead of developing its notes

"In many a bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,"

has snapped off most abruptly.

In France, after years of successive change, and the throes of constant revolutionary convulsion, the early dream of Young Philosophy is still unrealized, and the shade of Anacharsis Clootz wanders through the "Elysian fields" dejected and dissatisfied. Sansculotism is positively more abominated by the occupying tenant of the Tuileries at this moment than in the haughtiest days of the lofty-minded Marie Antoinette;* and the monarchy has lost nothing of its controlling power, whatever it may have acquired of homeliness and vulgarity. The vague and confused ravings of the first outbreak in 1790, after three years' saturnalia, aptly terminated in the demoniac rule of an upstart "man of the people," and revolution became incarnate in Robespierre. The subsequent years of confusion naturally condensed themselves into the substantive shape of a military despotism, with the redeeming feature of unparalleled glory in arms, and brilliant success in "all the walks of war." That too passed away, and a brief lull came o'er the spirit of the democratic dream, while old Louis XVIII. nodded in that elbow-chair which answered all the purposes of a throne; the imbecile Charles furnished too tempting an opportunity for another experiment, and it was seized with the avidity of truant schoolboys who get up a "barring out;" but the triumph of the *barricades*, and the splendours of the Three Days, met dim eclipse and disastrous twilight in the accession of the citizen king, whose opaque form arose between the *soleil de Juillet* and the disappointed

* Can anything be more hideously disgusting than the comparison which the *discharged Chancellor* dared to make in the Tuileries between himself (as quondam counsel for the profligate paramour of Bergami) and the veteran French advocate of the martyred Queen of France? There is a river in Monmouth, and one in Macedon; but, shade of Edmund Burke! who can associate the trials of Marie Antoinette and Caroline?

republicans casting an ominous shade over the land of frogs. Still loud and incessant is the croaking of the dissatisfied children of the philosophic swamp, little knowing (*pauvres grenouilles!*) that, did not some such opaque body interpose between the scorching luminary of July and their liquid dwelling, they and their progeny would have been parched, burnt up, and annihilated in the torrid glow of republican fervour. Aristophanes has a ludicrous dialogue between Charon and an unruly mob of frogs, who refuse to cease their querulous outcry, even though threatened with the splashing our of the ferryman:

Αλλα μην κεκραξομεσθα γ'
Οποσον ἡ φαρυγξ αν ἡμων
Χανδανῃ δι' ἡμερας
Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.

Βατραχ. Act i. Scene 5.

"In our own quagmire, 'tis provoking
That folks should think to stop our croaking!
Sons of the swamp, with lungs of leather,
Now is our time to screech together!"

Διονυσιος Λαρδνηρ.

But I lose time in these extra-parochial discussions; and therefore, leaving the utilitarians and their disciples to chorus it according to their own view of the case, I return to the French arbiter of Song, the exquisite model of poetic expression—arbiter elegantiarum—Béranger. None of the heroes who accomplished this last revolution felt their discomfiture of Utopian theories, and the utter annihilation of their fond anticipations, more than our poet, whose ideas are cast in the mould of Spartan republicanism. He must, however, resign himself with philosophic patience to the melancholy result; and, indeed, if I may judge from a splendid embodying of his notions concerning Providence and the government of this sublunary world, in an ode, which (though tinged somewhat with Deism) contains much excellent matter and impassioned poetic feeling, I should think that in this consummation he still may find comfort in a review of past occurrences, and in the retrospect of his own individual sincerity and disinterestedness throughout the struggle for freedom.

LE DIEU DES BONNES GENS.*

Il est un Dieu; devant lui je m'incline,
Pauvre et content, sans lui demander rien.
De l'univers observant la machine,
J'y vois du mal, et n'aime que le bien;
Mais le plaisir à ma philosophie
Révèle assez de cieux intelligens.
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens!

---

* Extract from the Pleading of Dupin, in the Prosecution against Béranger.

"Dans *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* il célèbre l'existence de Dieu:

'Il est un Dieu; devant lui je m'incline,
Pauvre et content, sans lui demander rien.'

(M. Dupin lit cette pièce en entier: la grandeur des idées, la richesse de la poésie, et l'espèce d'enthousiasme qui soutient cette lecture, ravissent les auditeurs. Le respect seul peut empêcher les applaudissemens d'éclater.)

"Dieu est miséricordieux:

Dans mon réduit où l'on voit l'indigence
Sans m'éveiller assise à mon chevet,
Grace aux amours bercé par l'espérance,
D'un lit plus doux je reve le duvet ;
Aux dieux des cours qu'un autre sacrifie—
Moi, qui ne crois qu'à des dieux indulgens,
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des rois ;
Et de ses pieds l'on peut voir la poussière
Empreinté encor sur le bandeau des rois ;
Vous rampiez tous, O rois ! qu'on déifie—
Moi, pour braver des maîtres exigeans,
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Dans nos palais, où près de la victoire
Brillaient les arts, doux fruits des beaux climats,
J'ai vu du nord les peuplades sans gloire
De leurs manteaux secouer les frimats :
Sur nos débris Albion nous défie ;
Mais la fortune et les flots sont changeans—
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Quelle menace un prêtre fait entendre?
Nous touchons tous à nos derniers instans ;
L'éternité va se faire comprendre,
Tout va finir l'univers et le tems :
Vous, chérubins, à la face bouffie,
Réveillez, donc les morts peu diligens—
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

Mais, quelle erreur ! non, Dieu n'est point colère :
S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui.
Vins qu'il nous donne, amitié tutélaire,
Et vous, amours, qui crées après lui,
Prêtez un charme à ma philosophie,
Pour dissiper des rêves affligeans !—
Le verre en main, gaiement je me confie
Au Dieu des bonnes gens !

THE GOD OF BÉRANGER.

There's a God whom the poet in silence adores,
But molests not his throne with importunate prayer ;
For he knows that the evil he sees and abhors,
There is blessing to balance, and balm to repair.

'Mais, quelle erreur ! non, Dieu n'est point colère :
S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui.'

"Il est juste :

'Dieu qui punit le tyran et l'esclave,
Veut te voir libre, et libre pour toujours.'

"Béranger croit à l'immortalité de l'âme :

'Ah ! sans regret, mon âme, partez vite ;
En souriant, remontez vers les cieux.'

"Du reste, je vous si fait connaître ses principes religieux ; il ne vous est plus permis de révoquer en doute son respect pour la Divinité ; mais vous savez aussi quel est son Dieu ; ce n'est pas celui de la vengeance—*c'est le Dieu des bonnes gens.*"—*It. ibid.*

But the plan of the Deity beams in the bowl,
And the eyelid of beauty reveals his design:
Oh! the goblet in hand, I abandon my soul
To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

At the door of my dwelling the children of want
Ever find the full welcome its roof can afford!
While the dreams of the rich pain and poverty haunt,
Peace awaits on my pillow, and joy at my board.
Let the god of the court other votaries seek—
No! the idol of sycophants never was mine;
But I worship the God of the lowly and meek,
In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

I have seen die a captive, of courtiers bereft,
Him, the sound of whose fame through our hemisphere rings;
I have mark'd both his rise and his fall: he has left
The imprint of his heel on the forehead of kings.
Oh, ye monarchs of Europe! ye crawl'd round his throne—
Ye, who now claim our homage, then knelt at his shrine;
But I never adored him, but turn'd me alone
To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

The Russians have dwelt in the home of the Frank;
In our halls from their mantles they've shaken the frost;
Of their war-boots our Louvre has echoed the clank,
As they pass'd, in barbarian astonishment lost.
O'er the ruins of France, take, O England! take pride!
Yet a similar downfall, proud land! may be thine;
But the poet of freedom still, still will confide
In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

This planet is doom'd, by the priesthood's decree,
To deserved dissolution one day, O! my friends;
Lo! the hurricane gathers; the bolt is set free!
And the thunder on wings of destruction descends.
Of thy trumpet, archangel, delay not the blast;
Wake the dead in the graves where their ashes recline:
While the poet, unmoved, puts his trust to the last
In the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

But away with the nightmare of gloomy forethought!
Let the ghoul Superstition creep back to its den;
Oh! this fair goodly globe, fill'd with plenty, was wrought
By a bountiful hand, for the children of men.
Let me take the full scope of my years as they roll,
Let me bask in the sun's pleasant rays while they shine;
Then, with goblet in hand, I'll abandon my soul
To the Giver of genius, love, friendship, and wine!

Whatever may be the failings and errors of our poet, the result of the times in which he has lived, and the disastrous days on which his youth has fallen, there is discernible in his writings the predominant character of his mind—frankness, single-heartedness, and candour. It is impossible not to entertain a friendly feeling towards such a man; and I am not surprised to learn that he is cherished by the French people, ever prompt to detect genuine disinterestedness in their patriots, with a fervency akin to idolatry. *He* is no tuft-hunter, nor Whigling sycophant, no ungenerous trafficker in his merchandise of song. Neither has he sought to convert his patriotism into an engine for picking the pockets of the poor. *He* has set up no pretensions to nobility; although, had he chosen to figure in the plastic pages of the genealogical Mr. Burke, he could no doubt trump up a story of Norman ancestry, and convert some old farm-house on the sea-coast into an "abbey." It is not with the affectation and hypocrisy of a swindling demagogue, but with the heartfelt cordiality of one of themselves,

that he glories in belonging to *the people*. What poet but Béranger ever thought of commemorating *the garret* where he spent his earlier days?

LE GRENIER DE BÉRANGER.

Je reviens voir l'asyle où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons;
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis, et l'amour des chansons;
Bravant le monde, et les sots, et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printems,
Leste et joyeux, je montais six étages—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore:
Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur;
Là fut ma table; et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'œil a fustigé le tems!
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau;
Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son schale en guise de rideau:
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette—
Respecte, Amour! ses plis longs et flottans:
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'alégresse,
Qu'à Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur!
Le canon gronde—un autre chant commence—
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans;
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit, où ma raison s'enivre—
Oh, qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!
J'échangerai ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des jours qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie—
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

THE GARRET OF BÉRANGER.

Oh! it was here that Love his gifts bestow'd
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell:
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine:
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
Th' unfinish'd line—
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend.
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawn'd my watch, to feast a friend
In attic cell!

O! my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl—
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learnt but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell!

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
Mid the bright bowls:
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roar'd; France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawn'd at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell?

Nothing can offer a more ludicrous and at the same time a more disgusting image to the mind of a dispassionate observer of passing transactions, than the assumption of radical politics by some men whose essential nature is thoroughly imbued with contempt for the mob, while they are straining every nerve to secure its sweet voices. I could name one who has written a "fashionable" novel with intent to record his *assumed* sentiments respecting the distinctions of hereditary rank in this country, and who would feel very acutely the deprivation of the rank and name he bears, or an inquiry into the devious and questionable title by which he retains them. None are so sensitive on this point as the characters I allude to; and the efforts they make to conceal their private feelings before the swinish multitude remind me of the lines of the poet addressed to the republicans who paraded the streets of Paris in 1793:

"Mais enfoncez dans vos culottes
Le bout de linge qui pend!
On dira que les patriotes
Ont déployé le 'drapeau blanc.'"

Autobiography is the rage. John Galt, the Ettrick Hogg, the English Opium-eater, Sir Egerton Brydges, Jack Ketch, Grant-Thorburn, and sundry other personages, have lately adorned this department of our literature. In his song, the "Tailor and the Fairy," Béranger has acquitted himself of a task which has become indispensable in modern authors.

LE TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.

Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi nouveau-né, sachez ce qui m'advint.
Rien ne prédit la gloire d'un Orphée
A mon berceau, qui n'était pas de fleurs;
Mais mon grand-père, accourant à mes pleurs,
Me trouve un jour dans les bras d'une fée.
Et cette fée, avec de gais refrains,
Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

"Le bon viellard lui dit; L'âme inquiète!
A cet enfant quel destin est promis?"
Elle répond: "Vois le sous ma baguette,
Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis;
Un coup de foudre* ajoute à mes présages—
Ton fils atteint, va périr consumé;
Dieu le regarde, et l'oiseau ranimé
Vole en chantant braver d'autres orages."
Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,
Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins.

"Tous les plaisirs, sylphes de la jeunesse,
Eveilleront sa lyre au sein des nuits;
Au toit du pauvre il répand l'allégresse,
A l'opulence il sauve des ennuis.
Mais quel spectacle attriste son langage?
Tout s'engloutit et gloire et liberté!
Comme un pêcheur qui rentre épouvanté,
Il vient au port reconter leur naufrage."
Et puis la fée, avec de gais refrains,
Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins."

* Béranger tells us in a note, that in early life he had well nigh perished by the electric fluid in a thunder-storm. The same is related of Martin Luther, when at the university; and made such an impression on the father of reform that he turned monk. The flash which, in Luther's case, changed the student into a monkish habit, in Béranger's converted the tailor's goose into a swan.—PROUT.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF P. J. DE BÉRANGER.

From French Verse upset into English Recitative.

Paris! gorgeous abode of the gay! Paris! haunt of despair!
There befell in thy bosom one day an occurrence most weighty,
At the house of a tailor, my grandfather, under whose care
I was nursed, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty.
By no token, 'tis true, did my cradle announce a young Horace—
And the omens were such as might well lead astray the unwary;
But with utter amazement one morning my grandfather, Maurice,
Saw his grandchild reclining asleep in the arms of a fairy!
And this fairy so handsome
Assumed an appearance so striking,
And for me seemed to take such a liking,
That he knew not what gift he should offer the dame for my ransom.

Had he previously studied thy *Legends*, O rare Crofty Croker!
He'd have learnt how to act from thy pages—('tis there that the charm is!)
But my guardian's first impulse was rather to look for the poker,
To rescue his beautiful boy from her hands *vi et armis*.
Yet he paused in his plan, and adopted a milder suggestion,
For her attitude, calm and unterrified, made him respect her;
So he thought it was best to be civil, and fairly to question,
Concerning my prospects in life, the benevolent spectre.
And the fairy, prophetical,
Read my destiny's book in a minute,
With all the particulars in it:
And its outline she drew with exactitude most geometrical.

"His career shall be mingled with pleasure, though chequer'd with pain,
And some bright, sunny hours shall succeed to a rigorous winter:
See him first a *garçon* at a hostelry—then, with disdain
See him spurn that vile craft, and apprentice himself to a printer.
As a poor university-clerk view him next at his desk;—
Mark that flash!—he will have a most narrow escape from the lightning:
But behold after sundry adventures, some bold, some grotesque,
The horizon clears up, and his prospects appear to be brightening."
And the fairy, caressing
The infant, foretold that, ere long,
He would warble unrivall'd in song;
All France in the homage which Paris had paid acquiescing.

"Yes, the Muse has adopted the boy! On his brow see the laurel!
In his hand 'tis Anacreon's cup!—with the Greek he has drank it.
Mark the high-minded tone of his songs, and their exquisite moral,
Giving joy to the cottage, and heightening the blaze of the banquet.
Now the future grows dark—see the spectacle France has become!
Mid the wreck of his country, the poet, undaunted and proud,
To the public complaints shall give utterance: slaves may be dumb,
But he'll ring in the hearing of despots defiance aloud!"
And the fairy addressing
My grandfather, somewhat astonish'd,
So mildly my guardian admonish'd,
That he wept while he vanish'd away with a smile and a blessing.

Such is the man whose works will form the most enduring monument of the literature of France during the first quarter of the ninteenth century. It is the pride of my old age to have recorded in these "papers" my admiration of this extraordinary writer; and when, at a future period, commentators and critics will feed on his ever-verdant pages, and disport themselves in the leaves of his immortal poetry, it will be perhaps mentioned by some votary of recondite lore, that an obscure clergyman, on a barren Irish hill, made the first effort to trans-

plant hither some slips of that luxuriant tree; though he fears that, like the "mulberry," it cannot be naturalized in these islands, and must still continue to form the exclusive boast and pride of a happier climate.

Next to the songster-laureate of France, posterity will hail in Victor Hugo the undoubted excellence of original thought, and the gift of glowing expression. Before these two lofty minds the minor poets, Lamartine and Chateaubriand, will sink into comparative insignificance. Thus Burns and Byron will be remembered and read when Bob Montgomery and Haynes Bayly will be swept away with the coteries who applauded them. "Opinionum commenta delet dies," quoth the undying Tully; "naturæ judicia confirmat." But, after all, what is fame? It is a question that often recurs to *me*, dwelling frequently, in sober pensiveness, on the hollow futility of human pursuits, and pondering on the narrow extent of that circle which, in its widest possible diffusion, renown can hope to fill here below. Never has a Pagan writer penned a period more replete with Christian philosophy, and more calculated to make a deep impression on our fellow-men, in the hour of ambitious yearning after worldly applause, or in the moment of disappointed vanity, than the splendid passage which memory brings me here in the natural succession of serious reflections that crowd on my mind:—"Igitur altè spectare si voles, et æternam domum contueri, neque te sermonibus vulgi dederis, neque in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant; loquentur tamen. Sermo autem omnis ille et angustiis cingitur iis regionum quas vides; nec unquam de ullo perennis fuit; et obruitur hominum interitu; et oblivione posteritatis extinguitur!"—CIC. *Som. Scip.*

To return to Victor Hugo. It would be unpardonable in me to have written a series of papers on the "Songs of France," and not to have given some specimens of *his* refined and delicate compositions. Hugo does not address himself so much to the popular capacity as his energetic contemporary: he is a scholar, and seeks "fitting audience, though few." The lyrical pieces, however, which I here subjoin, will be felt by all in their thrilling appeal to our most susceptible sensibilities.

Though I do not regret the space I have devoted to the beauties of Béranger, it is still with a feeling of embarrassment that I bring forward thus late, and towards the close of my lucubrations on this interesting subject, so deserving a claimant on the notice of the public, Be that as it may, here goes! and, gentle reader, thou hast before thee two gems of the purest water. The first is an Oriental emerald.

LE VOILE. ORIENTALE.

Victor Hugo.

"Avez-vous fait votre prière ce soir, Desdémona?"—SHAKESPEARE.

LA SŒUR.

Qu'avez-vous, qu'avez-vous, mes frères?
Vous baissez des fronts soucieux;
Comme des lampes funéraires
Vos regards brillent dans vos yeux.

Vos ceintures sont déchirées!
Déjà trois fois hors de l'étui,
Sous vos doigts à demi tirées,
Les lames des poignards ont lui.

LE FRÈRE AINE.

N'avez-vous pas levé votre voile aujourd'hui?

LA SŒUR.

Je revenais du bain, mes frères;
Seigneurs, du bain je revenais,
Cachée aux regards téméraires
Des Giaours et des Albanais.

En passant près de la mosquée,
Dans mon palanquin recouvert,
L'air de midi m'a suffoquée,
Mon voile un instant s'est ouvert.

LE SECOND FRÈRE.

Un homme alors passait? un homme en caftan vert?

LA SŒUR.

Oui?—peut-être—mais son audace
N'a pas vu mes traits dévoiles.—
Mais vous vous parlez à voix basse!
A voix basse vous vous parlez!

Vous faut-il du sang? sur votre âme,
Mes frères, il n'a pû me voir.
Grâce! Tuerez-vous une femme,
Foible et nue, en votre pouvoir?

LE TROISIÈME FRÈRE.

Le soleil était rouge à son coucher ce soir!

LA SŒUR.

Grâce! qu'ai-je fait? Grâce! grâce!
Dieu! quatre poignards dans mon flanc!
Ah! par vos genoux que j'embrasse—
Oh, mon voile! oh, mon voile blanc!

Ne fuyez pas mes mains qui saignent,
Mes frères, soutenez mes pas!
Car sur mes regards qui s'éteignent
S'étend un voile de trépas.

LE QUATRIÈME FRÈRE.

C'en est un que du moins tu ne leveras pas!

THE VEIL. AN ORIENTAL DIALOGUE.

Victor Hugo.

"Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE SISTER.

What has happen'd, my brothers? Your spirit to-day
Some secret sorrow damps;
There's a cloud on your brow. What has happen'd? oh, say!
For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray,
Like the light of funeral lamps.

The blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
In your zone—and ye frown on me!
There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed,
In your bosom, my brothers three!

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brothers!—at noon—from the bath—
As I came—it was noon—my lords—
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
Is beset by these foreign hordes.

But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
Near the mosque was so oppressive,
That—forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour—
I yielded to heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white, and a caftan of green?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
He could scarce have seen my figure.——
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low
Of "blood," and "an intriguer?"

Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear—from your hand that I see on the hilt,
And the glints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara! this evening when sank the red sun,
Hast thou mark'd how like blood in descending it shone?

THE SISTER.

Mercy! Allah! three daggers! have pity! oh, spare!
See! I cling to your knees repenting!
Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
Be appeased at the voice of a sister's despair,
For your mother's sake relenting.

O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
Their sister's life-blood shedding:
They have stabb'd me again—and I faint—o'er my eyes
A VEIL OF DEATH is spreading!—

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil; 'tis the gift
Of *thy* brothers—a veil thou wilt never lift!

Hugo, in this Eastern scene, as well as in his glorious romance of "Notre Dame de Paris," seems to take delight in harrowing up our feelings by the invariably sad catastrophe of all his love adventures. The chord of sympathy for broken affections and shattered hearts seems to be a favourite one with this mighty master of the Gallic lyre. *Ex. gr.*:

LA FIANCÉE DU TIMBALIER.

Victor Hugo.

Monseigneur, le Duc de Bretagne,
A pour les combats meutriers,
Convoqué de Nante à Mortagne,
Dans la plaine, et sur la campagne,
L'arrière-ban de ses guerriers.

Ce sont des barons, dont les armes
Ornent des forts ceints d'un fossé,
Des preux vieillis dans les alarmes,
Des écuyers, des hommes d'armes—
L'un d'entre eux est mon fiancé.

Il est parti pour l'Aquitaine
Comme timbalier, et pourtant
On le prend pour un capitaine,
Rien qu'à voir sa mine hautaine,
Et son pourpoint d'or éclatant.

Depuis ce jour l'effroi m'agite;
J'ai dit, joignant son sort au mien,
"Ma patronne, Sainte Brigitte,
Pour que jamais il ne le quitte,
Surveillez son ange gardien!"

J'ai dit à notre abbé, "Messire,
Priez bien pour tous nos soldats!"
Et comme on sçait qu'il le désire,
J'ai brûlé trois cierges de cire
Sur la châsse de Saint Gildas.

THE BRIDE OF THE CYMBALEER.

A Ballad.

My liege, the Duke of Brittany,
Has summon'd his vassals all,
The list is a lengthy litany!
Nor 'mong them shall ye meet any
But lords of land and hall.

Barons, who dwell in donjon-keep,
And mail-clad count and peer,
Whose fief is fenced with fossé deep;
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge from his accoutrement,
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear, in secret creeping;
And to Saint Bridget oft I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot, Bernardine,
His prayers not to relax;
And, to procure him aid divine,
I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin wax.

A Notre Dame de Lorette
J'ai promis, dans mon noir chagrin,
D'attacher sur ma gorgerette,
Fermée à la vue indiscrette,
Les coquilles du pélerin.

Il n'a pu, par d'amoureux gages,
Absent, consoler mes foyers ;
Pour porter les tendres messages
La vassale n'a point de pages,
Le vassal n'a point d'écuyers.

Il doit aujourd'hui de la guerre
Revenir avec monseigneur—
Ce n'est plus un amant vulgaire ;
Je lève un front baissé naguère,
Et mon orgueil est du bonheur.

Le duc triomphant, nous rapporte
Son drapeau dans les camps froissé ;
Venez tous, sous la vieille porte,
Voir passer la brillante escorte,
Et le prince et mon fiancé !

Venez voir, pour ce jour de fête,
Son cheval caparaçoné ;
Qui sous son poids hennit, s'arrête,
Et marche en secouant la tête,
De plumes rouges couronné.

Mes sœurs, à vous parer trop lentes,
Venez voir, près, de mon vainqueur,
Ces timbales étincelantes
Qui, sous sa main toujours tremblantes,
Sonnent, et font bondir le cœur.

Venez surtout le voir lui-même,
Sous le manteau que j'ai brodé !
Qu'il sera beau ! C'est lui que j'aime ;
Il porte comme un diadème
Son casque de crins inondés !

L'Egyptienne sacrilège,
M'attirant derrière un pilier,
M'a dit bien (Dieu me protège !)
Qu'à la fanfare du cortège
Il manquerait un timbalier.

Mais j'ai tant prié que j'espère,
Quoique, me montrant de la main
Un sépulcre, son noir repaire,
La vieille, aux regards de vipère,
M'ait dit je l'attends là demain.

Volons ! plus de noires pensées !
Ce sont les tambours que j'entends !
Voici les dames entassées,
Les tentes de pourpre dressées,
Les fleurs et les drapeaux flottans !

Sur deux rangs le cortège ondoie :
D'abord, les piquiers aux pas lourds ;
Puis, sous j'étendard qu'on déploie,
Les barons, en robes de soie,
Avec leurs toques de velours.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I vow'd ;
"To wear the scollop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
My lover is allow'd."

No letter (fond affection's gage !)
From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage—
A vassal-maid can have no page,
A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's,
My cymbaleer's return :
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battle-field elate,
His banner brings each peer ;
Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state,
And the duke and my cymbaleer.

We'll see from the rampart-walls of Nantz
What an air his horse assumes ;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

Be quick, my sisters ! dress in haste !
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels deck'd, with true-love graced ;
While in his bold hand, fitly placed,
The bounding cymbals swell !

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear,
Embroider'd by his bride :
Admire his burnish'd helmet's glare,
O'ershadow'd by the dark horsehair
That waves in jet folds wide !

The gipsy (spiteful wench !) foretold
With voice like a viper hissing,
(Though I had cross'd her palm with gold,)
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have pray'd so hard, I trust
Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in her cave the hag accurst
Mutter'd *"Prepare thee for the worst !"*
With a face of ghastly hue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark ! I can hear the drums,
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes !

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry ;
Loud, as they tread, their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks,
The pink of gallantry !

Voici les chasubles des prêtres ;
Les hérauts sur un blanc coursier ;
Tous, en souvenir des ancêtres,
Portent l'écusson de leurs maîtres
Peint sur leur corselet d'acier.

Admirez l'armure Persanne
Des Templiers, craints de l'enfer ;
Et, sous la longue pertuisane,
Les archers velus de Lausanne,
Vêtus de buffle, armes de fer.

Le duc n'est pas loin : ses bannières
Flottent parmi les chevaliers ;
Quelques enseignes prisonnières,
Honteuses, passent les dernières.
Mes sœurs ! voici les timbaliers !"

Elle dit, et sa vue errante
Plonge, hélas ! dans les rangs pressés ;
Puis, dans la foule indifférente
Elle tomba, froide et mourante !—
Les timbaliers étaient passés.

In scarfs of gold, the priests admire ;
The heralds on white steeds ;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of a sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Fear'd by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the brave bowmen of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle's van,
Against the foes of France.

Next comes the duke with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe. Look, sisters, now !
Now come the cymbaleers !

She spoke—with searching eye survey'd
Their ranks—then pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd ! Death came in aid—
'Twas mercy to that gentle maid :
The cymbaleers had past'd !

By way of contrast to the Gothic reminiscences of the olden time, and the sentimental delicacy of the foregoing ballad, I subjoin a modern description of Gallic chivalry,—a poetical sketch of contemporary heroism. Nothing can be more striking than the change which seems to have come over the spirit of the military dreams of the French since the days of Lancelot and Bayard, if we are to adopt this as an authentic record of their present sentiments in matters of gallantry. I cannot tell who the author or authoress of the following dithyramb may be ; but I have taken it down as I have heard it sung by a fair girl who would sometimes condescend to indulge an old *célibataire* with a snatch of merry music.

LA CARRIÈRE MILITAIRE.

En France.

Ah, le bel état !
Que l'état de soldat !
Battre, aimer, chanter, et boire—
Voilà toute notre histoire !
Et, ma foi,
Moi je crois
Que cet état-là vaut bien
Celui de tant de gens qui ne font rien !

Vainqueurs, entrons-nous dans une ville ?
Les autorités et les habitans
Nous viennent, d'une façon fort civile,
Ouvrir les portes à deux battans :
C'est tout au plus s'ils sont contens ;
Mais c'est tout de même—
Il faut qu'on nous aime—
Ran, tan, plan !
Ou bien qu'on fasse semblant.
Puis quand vient le clair de lune,
Chacun choisit sa chacune,
En qualité de conquérant.
Ran, tan, plan !
Ah, le bel état, etc.

THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

In France.

Oh, the pleasant life a soldier leads !
Let the lawyer count his fees,
Let old women tell their beads,
Let each booby squire breed cattle, if he please,
Far better 'tis, I think,
To make love, fight, and drink.
Odds boddekin !
Such life makes a man to a god akin.

Do we enter any town ?
The portcullis is let down,
And the joy-bells are rung by municipal authority ;
The gates are open'd wide,
And the city-keys presented us beside,
Merely to recognize our vast superiority.
The married citizens, 'tis ten to one,
Would wish us fairly gone ;
But we stay while it suits our good pleasure.
Then each eve, at the rising of the moon,
The fiddler strikes up a merry tune,
We meet a buxom partner full soon,
And we foot it to a military measure.
[*Chorus of drums.*

Mais c'est quand nous quittons la ville
Qu'il faut voir l'effet des adieux ;
Et toutes les femmes à la file
Se lamenter à qui mieux, mieux—
C'est une rivière que leurs yeux.
"Reviens t'en bien vîte !"
Oui da, ma petite !
Le plus souvent,
Le plus souvent,
Je ne suis pas pour le sentiment.
Ran, tan, plan !
Vive le régiment !

When our garrison at last gets "the rout,"
Who can adequately tell
The regret of the fair all the city through-out,
And the tone with which they bid us *"farewell?"*
Their tears would make a flood—a perfect river :
And, to soothe her despair,
Each disconsolate maid entreats of us to give her,
Ere we go, a single lock of our hair.
Alas ! it is not often
That my heart can soften
Responsive to the feelings of the fair !
[*Chorus of drums.*

Et puis lorsqu'en maraude,
Chacun rôde alentour ;
On va, le sabre à la main, en fraude,
Faire la chasse à la basse-cour.
Faut bien que chaque victime ait son tour—
Poules innocentes !
Intéressantes !
Sans retour ! sans retour !
Helas ! voilà votre dernier jour !
Ran, tan, plan !
Cot ! cot ! cot ! la sentinelle
Vous appele !
Elles passent la tête et caquetant,
Et s'en vont à la broche du régiment.

On a march, when our gallant divisions
In the country make a halt,
Think not that we limit our provisions
To Paddy's fare, "potatoes and salt."
Could such beggarly cheer
Ever answer a French grenadier?
No ! we send a dragoon guard
To each neighbouring farm-yard,
To collect the choicest pickings—
Turkeys, sucking-pigs, and chickens.
For why should mere rustic rapscallions
Fatten on such tit-bits,
Better suited to the spits
Of our hungry and valorous battalions?

Puis, à notre retour en France,
Chaque village, en goguette, en danse,
Nous reçoit, cœur et tambour battans—
Tic, tac, ran, tan, plan !
En l'honneur du régiment.
Ah, le bel état !
Que l'état de soldat !

But, oh ! at our return
To our dear native France,
Each village in its turn,
With music, and wine, and merry dance,
Forth on our joyful passage comes ;
And the pulse of each heart beats time to the drums.
[*Chorus of drums.*
Oh, the merry life a soldier leads !

But my page is filling fast, and my appointed measure is nearly replenished. Adieu, then, to the "Songs of France !" Reminiscences of my younger life ! traditions of poetic Gaul ! language of impassioned feeling ! cultivated elegance of ideas and imagery ! bold, gay, fantastic picturings of social existence !—farewell ! You have been to me the source of much enjoyment, much mental luxury, much intellectual revelry,—farewell ! Yet still, like Ovid quitting Rome for Scythia—

"Sæpè vale dicens, multùm sum deinde locutus,
Et quasi discedens oscula summa dedi :
Indulgens animo, pes mihi tardus erat"—

loth to depart, I have once more opened the volume of the enchanter, and must indulge myself in a last lingering look at one—perhaps the loftiest of Béranger's lays. It is addressed by him to a fair incognita; but in my version I have taken the liberty of giving a more intelligible and, I fear not to add, more appropriate direction to the splendid allegory.

L'ANGE EXILÉ.

*A Corinne de L******.*

Je veux pour vous prendre un ton moins frivole,
Corinne ! il fut des anges révoltés :
Dieu sur leur front fait tomber sa parole,
Et dans l'abîme ils sont précipités.
Doux, mais fragile, un seul dans leur ruine,
Contre ses maux garde un puissant secours,
Il reste armé de sa lyre divine—
Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

L'enfer mugit d'un effroyable rire,
Quand, dégoûté de l'orgueil des méchans,
L'ange, qui pleure en accordant sa lyre,
Fait éclater ses remords et ses chants.
Dieu d'un regard l'arrache au gouffre immonde,
Mais ici bas veut qu'il charme nos jours ;
La Poésie enivrera le monde—
Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

Vers nous il vole, en secouant ses ailes,
Comme l'oiseau que l'orage a mouillé ;
Soudain la terre entend des voix nouvelles,
Maint peuple errant, s'arrête émerveillé.
Tout culte alors n'était que l'harmonie—
Aux cieux jamais Dieu ne dit, "Soyez sourds !"
L'autel s'épure aux parfums du génie !—
Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

En vain l'enfer, des clameurs de l'envie,
Poursuit cet ange, échappé de ces rangs ;
De l'homme inculte il adoucit la vie,
Et sous le dais montre au doigt les tyrans.
Tandis qu'à tout sa voix prêtant des charmes,
Court jusqu'au pôle éveiller les amours :
Dieu compte au ciel ce qu'il sèche de larmes !—
Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

Qui peut me dire où luit son auréole ?
De son exil Dieu l'a-t-il rappelé ?
Mais vous chantez, mais votre voix console—
Corinne, en vous l'ange s'est dévoilé !
Votre printems veut des fleurs éternelles,
Votre beauté de célestes atours ;
Pour un long vol vous déployez vos ailes !—
Ange aux yeux bleus, protégez-moi toujours !

THE ANGEL OF POETRY.

To L. E. L.

Lady ! for thee a holier key shall harmonize the chord—
In Heaven's defence Omnipotence drew an avenging sword ;
But when the bolt had crush'd revolt, one angel, fair though frail,
Retain'd his lute, fond attribute ! to charm that gloomy vale.
The lyre he kept his wild hand swept ; the music he'd awaken
Would sweetly thrill from the lonely hill where he sat apart forsaken :
There he'd lament his banishment, his thoughts to grief abandon,
And weep his fall. 'Twas pitiful to see him weep, fair Landon !

He wept his fault! Hell's gloomy vault grew vocal with his song;
But all throughout derision's shout burst from the guilty throng:
God pitying view'd his fortitude in that unhallow'd den;
Freed him from hell, but bade him dwell amid the sons of men.
Lady! for us, an exile thus, immortal Poesy
Came upon earth, and lutes gave birth to sweetest minstrelsy;
And poets wrought their spellwords, taught by that angelic mind,
And music lent soft blandishment to fascinate mankind.

Religion rose! man sought repose in the shadow of her wings;
Music for her walk'd harbinger, and Genius touch'd the strings:
Tears from the tree of Araby cast on her altar burn'd,
But earth and wave most fragrance gave where Poetry sojourn'd.
Vainly, with hate inveterate, hell labour'd in its rage,
To persecute that angel's lute, and cross his pilgrimage;
Unmoved and calm, his songs pour'd balm on sorrow all the while;
Vice he unmask'd, but virtue bask'd in the radiance of his smile.

O where, among the fair and young, or in what kingly court,
In what gay path where Pleasure hath her favourite resort,
Where hast thou gone, angelic one? Back to thy native skies?
Or dost thou dwell in cloister'd cell, in pensive hermit's guise?
Methinks I ken a denizen of this our island—nay,
Leave me to guess, fair poetess! queen of the matchless lay!
The thrilling line, lady! is thine; the spirit pure and free;
And England views that angel muse, Landon! reveal'd in THEE!

XI.

The Songs of Italy.

(Fraser's Magazine, February, 1835.)

[Mahony's first batch of the Songs of Italy appeared in the number of *Fraser* containing Croquis' capital sketch of "Yours ratherish unwell" Charles Lamb. The Author of "Elia" in this wonderfully characteristic portrait of him was represented as seated at a table eagerly leaning forward, over one or two of his "midnight darlings," the ponderous folio he was employed in reading having upon either side of it a candle, while at his elbow, handily within reach, were not only tumbler and spoon, but a bottle with a rakish cork, cocked sidewise. Under the table, one took note of what Hood dubbed the essayist's "immaterial legs," slenderly black-gaitered, and above it of the finely-cut profile, and the noble head Leigh Hunt likened to that of Aristotle. By way of embellishment to this particular paper from the hand of Prout, when it came to be republished in the following year with the rest of the collected "Reliques," Maclise pencilled by way of tailpiece to the chapter "The Wine Cup Bespoken," a classic tazza, revealing on it in alto-relievo Silenus with his attendant nymphs and satyrs, the sculptured vase garlanded about with purple grape-bunches and vine-leaves.]

CHAPTER I.

"Latius opinione disseminatum est hoc malum: manavit non solùm per Galliam, sed etiam transcendit Alpes, et obscure serpens multas jam provincias occupavit."

CICERO *in Catilinam,* Or. IV

Starting from France, across Mount Cenis,
Prout visits Mantua and Venice;
Through many a teneful province strolls,
"Smit with the love" of barcarolles.
Petrarca's ghost he conjures up,
And with old Dante quaffs a cup;
Next, from her jar Etruscan, he
Uncorks the muse of Tuscany. O. Y.

FROM the contents of "the chest" hitherto put forth by us to the gaze of a discriminating public, the sagacious glance of the critic, unless his eye happen to be somehow "by drop serene or dim suffusion veiled," must have scanned pretty accurately the peculiar cast and character of old Prout's genius. Though somewhat "Protean" and multiform, delighting to make his posthumous appearance in a diversity of fanciful shapes, he is still discoverable by certain immutable features; and the identity of mind and purpose reveals itself throughout this vast variety of manifestation. An attentive perusal of his

"Papers" (of which we have now drawn forth *eleven*, hoping next month to crack the *last* bottle of the sparkling dozen) will enable the reader to detect the secret workings of his spirit, and discover the "bee's wing" in the transparent decanter of his soul. Prout's candour and frankness, his bold, fearless avowal of each inward conviction, his contempt for quacks and pedants, his warm admiration of disinterested patriotism and intellectual originality, cannot but be recognized throughout his writings: he is equally enthusiastic in his predilections, and stanch in his antipathies. Of his classical namesake, Proteus, it has been observed by Virgil, that there was no catching him in any definite or tangible form; as he constantly shifted his position, and, with the utmost violation of consistency, became at turns "a pig," "a tiger," or "a serpent," to suit the whim of the moment or the scheme of the hour:

> "Fiet enim subitò sus horridus, atrave tigris,
> Squamosusve draco." *Georgic. IV.*

But in all the impersonations of the deceased P. P. of Watergrasshill the man is never lost sight of; it is still *he*, whether he be viewed showing his tusks to Tommy Moore, or springing like a tiger on Dr. Lardner's wig, or lurking like a bottle-imp in Brougham's brandy-flask, or coiled up like a rattle-snake in the begging-box of O'Connell.

But still he delights to tread the peaceful paths of literature; and it is then, indeed, that he appears in his proper element. Of all the departments of that interesting province, he has selected the field of popular poetry for his favourite haunt. "*Smitten*," like old Milton, "*with the love of sacred song*," he lingers with "fond, reluctant, amorous delay," amid the tuneful "groves." Ballad-singing was his predominant passion. In his youth he had visited almost every part of the continent; and though not unobservant of other matters, nor unmindful of collateral inquiries, he made the *songs* of each country the object of a most diligent investigation. Among the tenets of his peripatetic philosophy, he had adopted a singular theory, viz. that the true character of a people must be collected from their "songs." Impressed with this notion, to use the words of the immortal Edmund Burke, "he has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate MSS.; but to pick up the popular tunes, and make a collection of song-books; to cull from the minstrelsy of the cottage, and select from the bacchanalian joviality of the vintage; to compare and collate the Tipperary bagpipe with the Cremona fiddle; to remember the forgotten and attend to the neglected ballads of foreign nations; and to blend in one harmonious system the traditionary songs of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of melody."

Lander and Mungo Park have traced the course of the Niger; Bruce and Belzoni the sources of the Nile; Sterne journeyed in pursuit of the *sentimental*, Syntax in search of the *picturesque;* Eustace made a "classical" tour through Italy, Bowring an "utilitarian" excursion through France: but we greatly miscalculate if the public do not prefer, for all the practical purposes of life, Prout's "tuneful" pilgrimage. Any accession to the general stock of harmony, anything to break the monotonous sameness of modern literature, must be hailed with a shout of welcome; and in the Watergrasshill chest we possess an engine of melodious power, far preferable to the hackneyed barrel-organs that lull and stultify the present generation. The native Irish have at all times been remarkable for a keen perception of musical enjoyment, and it therefore is not astonishing that the charms of sweet sound should have so fascinated the youthful mind of our hero, as to lead him captive from land to land—a

willing slave, chained to the triumphal chariot of Polyhymnia. His case has been graphically put by a modern writer (not Hogg)—

"When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
Out of the door as I look'd, with a steady phiz,
Who but Thade Murphy the piper went by!

'Arrah, Thady! the drone of your pipe so comes over me,
Naked I'll wander wherever you goes;
And if my poor parents should want to discover me,
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes!'"

"Journeying with this intent," our excellent divine (as may be seen in the last four numbers of REGINA) hath not been idle in France; having wreathed a garland of song, culled where those posies grew wild on the boulevards of Paris, the fields of Normandy, and the fragrant hills of Provence—land of troubadours. We have now to follow him through other scenes: to view him seated in a gondola, and gliding under the "Bridge of Sighs;" or wandering on the banks of the Po; or treading, with pensive step, the Miltonic glen of Vallombrosa. Each guardian spirit of that hallowed soil, each tutelary *genius loci*, the dryades of the grove and the naiades of the flood, exult at the approach of so worthy a visitant, sent with a special mission on an errand of the loftiest consequences, and gifted with a soul equal to the mighty task; a modern by birth, but an old Roman in sentiment—

"Redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque cœlo!"—HOR. lib. ii. ode 7.

It has been the misfortune of that beautiful peninsula, ever since the decline and fall of the Roman empire, to have been invaded by a succession of barbarians from the North. Longobards and Ostrogoths, Alaric and Genseric, Sam Rogers and Frederick Barbarossa, Atilla king of the Huns, and Leigh Hunt king of the Cockneys, have already spread havoc and consternation through that delightful country; but the vilest and most unjustifiable invasion of Italy has been perpetrated by Lady Morgan. We know not to what extent impunity may be claimed by "the sex," for running riot and playing the devil with places and things consecrated by the recollections of all that is noble in our nature, and exalted in the history of mankind; but we suppose that her Irish ladyship is privileged to carry on her literary orgies in the face of the public, like her fair countrywoman, Lady Barrymore, of smashing notoriety. Heaven knows, she has often enough been "pulled up" before the tribunals of witticism for her misdemeanours; still, we find her repeating her old offences with incorrigible pertinacity,—and Belgium is now the scene of her pranks. She moreover continues to besprinkle her pages with Italian, of which she knows about as much as of the language of the Celestial Empire; for, let her take our word for it, that, however acquainted she may possibly be with the "Cruiskeen lawn," she has but a very slight intimacy with the "Vocabulario della Crusca."

OLIVER YORKE.

Feb. 1, 1835.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Feb.* 1830.

DURING these long wintry nights, while the blast howls dismally outside this mountain-shed, and all the boisterous elements of destruction hold a "radical" meeting on yonder bog,—seated before a snug turf-fire, and having duly conned over the day's appointed portion of the Roman breviary, I love to

give free scope to my youthful recollections, and wander back in spirit to those sunny lands where I spent my early years. Memory is the comforter of old age, as Hope is the guardian-angel of youth :—the emblematic *anchor*, which antiquity has given but to one, ought in my mind to be equally the symbol of both. To me my past life seems a placid, a delightful dream ; and I trust that when I shall, at no distant moment, hear the voice which will bid me "awake" to the consciousness of enduring realities, and the enjoyment of immortal existence, *memory* still may remain to enhance, if possible, the fruition of beatitude.

But a truce to these solemn fancies, which, no doubt, have been suggested to my mind by those homilies of Chrysostom and soliloquies of Augustin which I have just now been perusing, in this day's office of our ancient liturgy. And to resume the train of ideas with which I commenced, a few minutes ago, this paper of "night-thoughts,"—gladly do I recur to the remembrance of that fresh and active period of my long career, when, buoyant with juvenile energy, and flushed with life's joyous anticipations, I passed from the south of France into the luxuriant lap of Italy. Full sixty years now have elapsed since I first crossed the Alpine frontier of that enchanting province of Europe; but the image of all I saw, and the impression of all I felt, remains indelible in my soul. My recollections of gay France are lively and vivid, yet not so deeply imprinted, nor so glowingly distinct, as the picturings which an Italian sojourn has left on the "tablets of memory." I cherish both; but each has its own peculiar attributes, features, and physiognomy. The *spirituelle* Madame de Sevigné and the impassioned Beatrice Cenci are two very opposite impersonations of female character, but they pretty accurately represent the notion I would wish to convey of *my* Italy and *my* France. There is not more difference between the "Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton. France rises before me in the shape of a merry-andrew jingling his bells, and exhibiting wondrous feats of agility; Italy assumes the awful shape of the spectre that stood before Brutus in the camp, and promised to meet him at Philippi.

In those days a Franciscan friar, called Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), sat in the pontific chair; and, sorrowful to tell, being of a cringing, time-serving, and worldly-minded disposition, did considerable damage to the church over which, in evil hour, he was appointed to preside. The only good act of his I am disposed to recognize is the addition to the Vatican gallery, called after him the "Museum Clementinum :" but that was but a poor compensation for the loss which literature and science sustained (through his ineffable folly) in the unwarrantable destruction of that unrivalled "order" of literati, the Jesuits.* The sacrifice was avowedly meant to propitiate the demon of Irreligion, then first exhibiting his presence in France ; but, like all such concessions to an evil spirit, it only provoked further exigencies and more imperative demands, until TALLEYRAND, by proposing in the National Assembly the abolition of church property, effectually demolished the old Gallican glories of Christianity, and extinguished the lamp that had burnt for ages before the altar of our common God. It was, no doubt, an act of forgetfulness in the preceding pope, Prosper Lambertini (Benedict XIV.), to open a correspondence with Voltaire, to whom, in return for the dedication of his tragedy of "Mahomet," he sent his "apostolical blessing;" but it was reserved for the friar-pope to inflict an irrecoverable wound on the cause of enlightened religion, by his *bull* of the 21st of July, 1773.

I dwell on this topic *con amore*, because of my personal feelings of attachment to the instructors of my youth; and also because the subject was often

* A book *was* in circulation called "Ganganelli's Letters;" but it is an imposition on public credulity, to be classed in the annals of forgery alongside of Macpherson's "Ossian," Chatterton's "Rowley," and the "Decretals" of Isidorus Mercator.—PROUT.

the cause of a friendly quarrel between myself and Barry the painter, whom I met at Rome, and knew intimately. He was a "wild fellow," and, by some chance, had for me a sort of confiding fondness, owing, no doubt, to our being both natives of Cork, or, at least, citizens thereof: for *I* was *born* in Dublin, as duly set forth in that part of my autobiography called "Dean Swift's Madness; a Tale of a Churn." Now Barry was so taken with Ganganelli's addition to the Vatican collection, that he has placed him among the shades of the blessed in his picture of Elysium, at the hall of the Adelphi, London; giving a snug berth in "hell" to Pope Adrian IV., who bestowed Ireland on Henry II. I question not the propriety of this latter arrangement; but I strongly object to the apotheosis of Ganganelli.

This digression, however unconnected with the "Songs of Italy," may serve as a chronological landmark, indicative of the period to which I refer in my observations on the poetry of that interesting country. Alfieri had not yet rekindled the fire of tragic thought; Manzoni had not flung into the pages of romantic narrative a pathos and an eloquence unknown to, and undreamt of, by Boccaccio; Silvio Pellico had not appalled the world with realities far surpassing romance; Pindemonte had not restrung the lyre of Filicaia. But Heaven knows there was enough of genius and exalted inspiration in the very oldest ornaments of Italian composition, in the ever-glorious founders of the *Toscana favella*, to render unnecessary to its triumph the subsequent *corps de reserve*, whose achievements in the field of literature I do not seek to undervalue.

Poets have been the earliest writers in every language, and the first elements of recognized speech have invariably been collected, arranged, and systematized by the Muse. The metrical narrative of the Arabian Job, the record of the world's creation as sung by Hesiod, the historical poetry of Ennius, the glorious vision of Dante, the songs of Marôt and Malherbe, the tales of Chaucer, have each respectively been the earliest acknowledged forms and models on which the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the French, and the English idioms were constructed. I have placed these six languages (the noblest and most perfect vehicles of human intercourse that have ever existed) in the rotation of their successive rise and establishment, and have purposely excluded all mention of German or Teutonic dialects, being thoroughly convinced that a contempt for Germany is the "beginning of wisdom." Taking them chronologically, the Hebraic patent of precedency is undoubted. The travels of Hesiod, Homer, and Herodotus, through Egypt and Asia Minor, sufficiently explain the subsequent traces of that oriental idiom among the Greeks; the transmission of ideas and language from Greece to Italy is recorded in set terms by the prince of Latin song, who adopts the Greek hexameter as well as the topics of Hesiod:

> "Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen."
>
> *Georgic. II.*

The Italians, when Latin ceased to be the European medium of international communication, were the first to form out of the ruins of that glorious parlance an idiom, fixed as early as 1330, and perfect in all its modern elegance;—so perfect, indeed, as to warrant the application to it of the exclamation of Horace:

> "O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!"
>
> Lib. i. ode 16.

France followed next in the development of its happy vocabulary, under Francis I.; and England, under the reign of Queen Anne, finally adopted its modern system of phraseology.

It is a remarkable fact, but not the less true, that Dante (who had studied at the university of Paris, where he maintained with applause a thesis, "De omni Re scibili"), on his return to Italy, meditating his grand work of the "Divina Commedia," was a long time undecided to what dialect he should commit the offspring of his prolific mind. His own bias lay towards the Latin, and he even had commenced in that tongue the description of hell, the opening verse of which has been preserved:

"Pallida regna canam, fluido contermina mundo!"

But the monks of Bobbio, having seen a specimen of the poem in the popular version, strongly advised the young poet to continue it in the vernacular tongue; and that decision influenced the fate of Italian literature.

Petrarca is known to have considerably underrated the powers of Dante, whose style and manner he could not relish: indeed, no two writers could possibly have adopted a more opposite system of composition, and out of the same materials constructed poetry of so distinct a character. Rude, massive, and somewhat uncouth, the *terza rima* of the "infernal laureate" resembled the Doric temples of Pæstum; delicate, refined, and elegant, the sonnets of Petrarca assimilate in finish to the Ionic structure at Nismes dedicated to Diana. But the *canzoni* of Laura's lover are the most exquisite of his productions, and far surpass in harmony and poetic merit the *sonetti*. Such is the opinion of Muratori, and such also is the verdict of the ingenious author of the "Secchia Rapita." These *canzoni* are, in fact, the model and the perfection of that species of song of which the burden is *love;* and though some modern poets have gone farther in the expression of mere animal passion (such as Moore and Byron), never has woman been addressed in such accomplished strains of eloquence and sentiment as Donna Laura by the hermit of Vaucluse.

There may be some partiality felt by me towards Petrarca. He belonged to "my order;" and though the union of the *priest* and the *poet* (combined in the term VATES) is an old association, the instances in the Catholic priesthood have been too rare not to prize the solitary example of sacerdotal minstrelsey in the archdeacon of Parma. Jerome Vida, the bishop of a small town in Italy, was distinguished as a Latin poet—

"Immortal Vida, on whose honour'd brow
The critic's bays and poet's ivy grow;"
(POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*)

and several *Jesuits* have felt the inspiration of the Muse: but the excellence of Petrarca as a poet has caused his theological acquirements, which were of the highest order, to be quite forgotten. I was greatly amused some days ago, in turning over the volume of Bellarmin, "De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis," to find at page 227 (4to. Romæ, 1613) the following notice of the sonneteer:

"Franciscus Petrarca, archidiaconus Parmensis, lusit elegantissimis versibus amores suos erga Lauram, ut haberet materiam exercendæ musæ; sed tempus consumptum in illis cantiunculis deflevit, et multa opera gravia atque utilia scripsit. Piè obiit 1374."

The learned cardinal, no doubt, valued much more these *grave* and *useful works*, which are doomed to lurk amid cobwebs in the monastic libraries of the continent, than the exquisite outpourings of soul and harmony which have filled all Europe with rapture. *A chacun son goût.*

Long before I had crossed the Alps I had been an admirer of Petrarca. My residence at Avignon; my familiar acquaintance with the church of St. Clair, where, in his twenty-fifth year (Friday, April 6, 1337), he for the first time saw the Madonna Laura, then aged seventeen; my frequent excursions to the source

that limpid torrent, called by Pliny, Vallisclausa, and by the French, Vaucluse, had drawn my attention to his writings and his character. An enthusiastic love of both was the natural result; and I sometimes, in the perusal of his sentiments, would catch the contagion of his exquisite Platonism. Yes! Laura, after the lapse of five centuries, had made a second conquest!

> "Je redemandais Laure à l'écho du vallon,
> Et l'écho n'avait point oublié ce doux nom."—DELILLE.

It has been said, that no poet's mistress ever attained such celebrity as the Platonic object of Petrarca's affections: she has, in fact, taken her place as a fourth maid of honour in the train of "graces" that wait on Venus; and the romantic source of the Sorga has become the Castalian spring of all who would write on love.

ALLA FONTANA DI VAL-CHIUSA.

Canzone di Francesco Petrarca.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
Erba e fior, che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Con l' angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno,
Ov' amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;—
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.

S' egl è pur mio destino,
E 'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' amor quest' occhi lagrimand chiuda;
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra;
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
La morte fia men cruda,
Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbioso passo:
Che lo spirito lasso
Non poria mai in più riposato porto,
Nè 'n più tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata el l' ossa.

Tempo verrà ancor forse,
Che all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta;
E là, 'v' ella mi scorse

PETRARCA'S ADDRESS

To the Summer Haunt of Laura.

Sweet fountain of Vaucluse!
The virgin freshness of whose crystal bed
The ladye, idol of my soul! hath led
Within thy wave her fairy bath to choose!
And thou, O favourite tree!
Whose branches she loved best
To shade her hour of rest—
Her own dear native land's green mulberry!
Roses, whose earliest bud
To her sweet bosom lent
Fragrance and ornament!
Zephyrs, who fan the murmuring flood!
Cool grove, sequestered grot!
Here in this lovely spot
I pour my last sad lay, where first her love I wooed.

If soon my earthly woes
Must slumber in the tomb,
And if my life's sad doom
Must so in sorrow close!
Where yonder willow grows,
Close by the margin lay
My cold and lifeless clay,
That unrequited love may find repose!
Seek thou thy native realm,
My soul! and when the fear
Of dissolution near,
And doubts shall overwhelm,
A ray of comfort round
My dying couch shall hover,
If some kind hand will cover
My miserable bones in yonder hallowed ground!

But still alive for her
Oft may my ashes greet
The sound of coming feet!
And Laura's tread gladden my sepulchre!

Nel benedetto giorno,
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta
Cercandomi; ed, o pièta!
Già terra in fra le pietre
Videndo, amor l' inspiri
In guisa, che sospiri
Si dolcemente, che mercè m' impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo,
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

Da' be' rami scendea,
(Dolce nella memoria,)
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria,
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo;
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual sulle trecce bionde;
Ch' oro forbito, e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle:
Qual si posava in terra, e qual sull' onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando, parea dir, "Qui regna Amore."

Quante volte diss' io
Allor pien di spavento,
"Costei per fermo nacque in Paradiso;"
Così carco d' obblio,
Il divin portamento,
E 'l volto, e le parole, e 'l dolce riso
M' aveano, e sì diviso
Dall' immagine vera,
Ch' io dicea sospirando,
"Quì come venn' io, o quando?"
Credendo esser in ciel, non là, dov' era:
Da indi in quà mi piace
Quest' erba sì, ch' altrove non ho pace.

Relenting, on my grave,
My mistress may, perchance,
With one kind pitying glance
Honour the dust of her devoted slave.
Then may she intercede,
With prayer and sigh, for one
Who, hence for ever gone,
Of mercy stands in need;
And while for me her rosary she tells,
May her uplifted eyes
Win pardon from the skies,
While angels through her veil behold the tear that swells!

Visions of love! ye dwell
In memory *still* enshrined.—
Here, as she once reclined,
A shower of blossoms on her bosom fell!
And while th' enamoured tree
From all its branches thus
Rained odoriferous,
She sat, unconscious, all humility.
Mixed with her golden hair, those blossoms sweet
Like pearls on amber seemed;—
Some their allegiance deemed
Due to her floating robe and lovely feet:
Others, disporting, took
Their course adown the brook;
Others aloft, wafted in airy sport,
Seemed to proclaim, "To-day Love holds his merry court!"

I've gazed upon thee, jewel beyond price!
Till from my inmost soul
This secret whisper stole—
"Of Earth no child art thou, daughter of Paradise!"
Such sway thy beauty held
O'er the enraptured sense,
And such the influence
Of winning smile and form unparalleled!
And I would marvel then
"How came I here, and when,
Wafted by magic wand,
Earth's narrow joys beyond?"
O, I shall ever count
My happiest days spent here by this romantic fount!

In this graceful effusion of tender feelings, to which a responsive chord must vibrate in every breast, and compared with which the most admired of modern love-ditties will seem paltry and vulgar, the tenderness, the exalted passion, the fervid glow of a noble heart, and the mysterious workings of a most gifted mind, exhibit themselves in every stanza. What can be more beautifully descriptive than the opening lines, equalling in melodious cadence the sweetest of Horace,

"O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro;"

but infinitely superior in delicacy of sentiment and pathetic power! The calm melancholy of the succeeding strophe has been often admired, and has, of course, found great favour among the Tommy Moores of every country—

"Imitatores, servum pecus."

Tommy has given us *his* last dying-speech in that rigmarole melody,

"When in death I shall calm recline;"

but this bard's legacy is a sad specimen of *mock-turtle* pathos, and, with the affectation of tenderest emotion, is, in style and thought, repugnant to all notions of real refinement and simplicity. In the last will of Petrarca—a most interesting document—there is a legacy which any one may be pardoned for coveting; it is the poet's *lute*, which he bequeaths to a friend, with a most affecting and solemn recommendation: "Magistro Thomæ de Ferrara lego *leutum* meum *bonum*, ut eum sonet non pro vanitate sæculi fugacis, sed ad laudem Dei æterni."—(Testament, Petrar.) I am pretty certain that into whatever hands that bequest has since found its way our Tommy has not got hold of it.

As the Hibernian *melodist* has had his name thus smuggled into my essay on the "Songs of Italy," it may not be irrelevant (as assuredly it will be edifying) to point out some of his "*rogueries*" perpetrated in this quarter. Not content with picking the pockets of the French, he has extended his depredations to the very extremity of Calabria. I shall have many opportunities of recording as I go along these unblushing robberies; but Petrarca's case is one of peculiar hardship. Laura's lover, in the enthusiasm of eloquent passion, takes a wide range in one of his songs, and ransacks the world, east and west, for images drawn from the several phenomena which nature exhibits in each country through which his muse wanders uncontrolled. Among other curious comparisons and happy flights of fancy, he introduces the fountain of the Sun, near the temple of Jupiter Ammon; and, describing the occasional warmth and successive icy chill which he experiences in the presence or absence of his beloved, compares his heart to that mysterious water, which, cold at mid-day, grew warm towards eve. Would the reader wish to see with what effrontery Moore appropriates, without the slightest acknowledgment, the happy idea of Petrarch? Here are the parallel passages:

PETRARCA.	TOM MOORE.
"Sorge nel mezzo giorno, Una fontana, e tien nome del Sole, Che per natura suole *Bollir la notte*, e'n sul giorno esser fredda. * * * * Così avien a me stesso Che mio sol s' allontana Ardo allor," &c. *Canzoni di Petr.* 31, st. 4.	"Fly not yet! the fount that play'd, In days of old, through Ammon's shade, Though icy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began *To burn when night was near.* And thus should woman's heart and looks At noon be cold as wintry brooks, But kindle when the night's returning Brings the genial hour for burning."

The learned priest had been at the trouble of perusing Quintus Curtius, lib. iv. cap. 7, where he had found: "Est etiam Ammonis nemus; in medio habet fontem; aquam solis vocant; sub lucis ortum trepida manat, medio die frigida eadem fluit, inclinato in vesperam calescit, mediâ nocte fervida exæstuat." He had also, no doubt, read the lines in Silius Italicus, "De Bello Punico," referring to this same source:

"Quæ nascente die, quæ deficiente tepescit,
Quæque riget medium cùm sol ascendit Olympum."

But his property, in the application of the simile, has been invaded, and all the fruits of his labours have been enjoyed, by Tommy, who had read nothing of the sort—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!"

After all, I am wasting my time on such minor matters.

In the celebrated address above quoted of the hermit of Vaucluse to that immortal fountain, I have given what I consider a fair specimen of Italian amatory poesy: but though the poets of that genial climate are "all for love," still they are also "a little for the bottle." Hence it is that I consider it my duty, as an essayist, to bring forward a sample of their *bacchanalian* songs; and I do so the more readily as one suggests itself just now to my memory of a very early date and of a highly classical tenour. It has evidently been modelled on a well-known ode of Anacreon, and there is infused through it a vigour and a fancy indicative of sterling genius.

SONETTO DITIRAMBICO.

Claudio Tolomei.

Non mi far, O Vulcan! di questo argento
Scolpiti in vaga schiera uomini ed armi:
Fammene una gran tazza, ove bagnarmi
Possa i denti, la lingua, i labbri, e 'l mento.

Non mi ritrar in lei pioggia nè vento,
Nè sole o stelle per vaghezza darmi:
Non puo 'l Carro o Boote allegro farmi—
Ch' altrove è la mia gioia e 'l mio contento.

Fa delle viti ed alle viti intorno
Pendir' dell' uve, e l' uve stillin vino,
Ch' io bevo, e poi dagli occhi ebro distillo;

E 'n mezzo un vaso, ove in bel coro adorno,
Coro più ch' altro lieto e più divino,
Pestino l' uve Amor, Bacco, e Batillo!

THE WINE-CUP BESPOKEN.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

Great Vulcan! your dark smoky palace,
With these ingots of silver, I seek;
And I beg you will make me a chalice,
Like the cup you once forged for the Greek.
Let no deeds of Bellona "the bloody"
Emblazon this goblet of mine;
But a garland of grapes, ripe and ruddy,
In sculpture around it entwine.

The festoon (which you'll gracefully model)
Is, remember, but *part* of the whole;
Lest, perchance, it might enter your noddle
To diminish the *size* of the bowl.
For though dearly what s deem'd ornamental,
And of art the bright symbols, I prize;
Still I cling with a fondness parental
Round a cup of the true good old size.

Let me have neither sun, moon, nor planet,
Nor "the Bear," nor "the Twins," nor "the Goat:
Yet its use to each eye that may scan it,
Let a glance at its emblems denote.
Then away with Minerva and Venus!
Not a rush for them both do I care;
But let jolly old Father Silenus,
Astride on his jackass, be there!

Let a dance of gay satyrs, in cadence
Disporting, be seen mid the fruit;
And let Pan to a group of young maidens
Teach a new vintage-lay on his flute;
Cupid, too, hand in hand with Bathyllus,
May purple his feet in the foam:
Long may last the red joys they distil us!
Tho' Love spread his winglets to roam!

Each line of the above is pregnant with meaning; and the images are so gracfully arranged, that it would be an easy task for the artist to embody in basso-relievo the conceptions of the poet.

The songsters of Italy have not confined themselves so exclusively to the charms of the ladies and the fascinations of the flask, as not to have felt the noble pulse of patriotic emotion, and sung the anthem of independence. There is a glorious ode of Petrarch to his native land; and here is a well-known poetic outburst from a truly spirited champion of his country's rights, the enthusiastic but graceful and dignified Filicaia.

ALLA PATRIA.

Italia! Italia! o tu cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d' infiniti guai
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
T' amasse men chi del tuo bello a' rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte.

Che giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti;

Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta!

TO PROSTRATE ITALY.

Filicaia.

Hast though not been the nations' queen, fair Italy! though now
Chance gives to them the diadem that once adorn'd thy brow?
Too beautiful for tyrant's rule, too proud for handmaid's duty—
Would thou hadst less of loveliness, or strength as well as beauty!

The fatal light of beauty bright with fell attraction shone,
Fatal to thee, for tyrants be the lovers thou hast won!
That forehead fair is doom'd to wear its shame's degrading proof,
And slavery's print in damning tint stamp'd by a despot's hoof!

Were strength and power, maiden! thy dower, soon should that robber-band,
That prowls unbid thy vines amid, fly scourged from off that land;
Nor wouldst thou fear yon foreigner, nor be condemn'd to see
Drink in the flow of classic Po barbarian cavalry.

Climate of art! thy sons depart to gild a Vandal's throne;
To battle led, their blood is shed in contests not their own;—
Mix'd with yon horde, go draw thy sword, nor ask what cause 'tis for:
Thy lot is cast—slave to the last! conquer'd or conqueror!

Truly is Italy the "climate of art," as I have designated her in my version: for even the peasantry, admitted as they constantly are, by the wise munificence of the reigning princes, to all public collections of sculpture and painting, evince an instinctive admiration of the *capi d' opera* of the most celebrated masters, easily distinguishing them from the multitude of inferior productions with which they are generally surrounded. This innate perception appears the birthright of every son of Italy; and I have often listened with surprise to the observations of the artificers of Rome, and the dwellers of the neighbouring hills, as they strolled through the Vatican gallery. There is one statue in rather an unfrequented, but vast magnificent church, of the Eternal City, round which I never failed to meet a group of enthusiastic admirers: it is the celebrated Moses; in which Frenchmen have only found matter for vulgar jest, but which the Italians view with becoming veneration. One of the best odes in the language has been composed in honour of this glorious effort of Buonarotti's chisel.

IL MOSE DI MICHEL ANGELO.

Sonetto di Giambattista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in sì gran pietra scolto
Siede, gigante, e le più illustri e conte
Opre dell' arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte
Le labbra si che le parole ascolto?

Questi è Mosé; ben me 'l diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte;
Questi è Mosé, quando scendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.

Tal era allor, che le sonante e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno; e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fe tomba altrui.

E voi, sue turbe, un rio vitello alzaste?
Alzata aveste immago a questa eguale;
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

ODE TO THE STATUE OF MOSES

At the foot of the Mausoleum of Pope Julius II. in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, Rome—the Masterpiece of Michael Angelo.

Statue! whose giant limbs
Old Buonarotti plann'd,
And Genius carved with meditative hand,—
Thy dazzling radiance dims
The best and brightest boasts of Sculpture's favourite land.

What dignity adorns
That beard's prodigious sweep!
That forehead, awful with mysterious horns
And cogitation deep,
Of some uncommon mind the rapt beholder warns,

In that proud semblance, well
My soul can recognize
The prophet fresh from converse with the skies;
Nor is it hard to tell
The liberator's name,—the Guide of Israël.

Well might the deep respond
Obedient to that voice,
When on the Red Sea shore he waved his wand,
And bade the tribes rejoice,
Saved from the yawning gulf and the Egyptian's bond!

Fools! in the wilderness
Ye raised a calf of gold!
Had ye then worshipp'd what I now behold,
Your crime had been far less—
For ye had bent the knee to one of godlike mould!

There is a striking boldness in the concluding stanza, warranted however by the awful majesty of the colossal figure, of which no plaster-cast can furnish an adequate idea.

Smollett has given us a delightful "Ode to Leven Water," in which, with enraptured complacency, he dwells on the varied beauties of the Scottish stream, its flowery banks, its scaly denizens, and its numerous other aquatic excellencies. By way of contrast, it may not be unpleasant to peruse an abusive and angry lyric addressed to the Tiber by an Italian poet, who appears to have been disappointed in the uncouth appearance of that turbid river; having pictured it to his young imagination as an enchanting silvery flood. The wrath of the bard is amusing; but he is sometimes eloquent in his ire.

AL TEVERE.

Alessandro Guidi.

Io credea che in queste sponde
Sempre l' onde
Gisser limpide ed amene;
E che quì soave e lento
Stesse il vento,
E che d' or fosser l' arene.

Ma vagò lungi dal vero
Il pensiero
In formar sì bello il fiume;
Or che in riva a lui mi seggio
Io ben veggio
Il suo volto e il suo costume.

Non con onde liete e chiare
Corre al mare;
Passa torbido ed oscuro:
I suoi lidi austro percuote
E gli scuote
Freddo turbine d' Arturo.

Quanto è folle quella nave
Che non pave
I suoi vortici sdegnosi,
E non sa che dentro l' acque
A lui piacque
Di fondar' perigli ascosi.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE TIBER.

By Alessandro Guidi.

Tiber! my early dream,
My boyhood's vision of thy classic stream,
Had taught my mind to think,
That over sands of gold
Thy limpid waters roll'd,
And ever-verdant laurels grew upon thy brink.

But far in other guise
The rude reality hath met mine eyes.
Here, seated on thy bank,
All desolate and drear
Thy margin doth appear,
With creeping weeds, and shrubs, and vegetation rank.

Fondly I fancied thine
The wave pellucid, and the Naiad's shrine,
In crystal grot below;
But thy tempestuous course
Runs turbulent and hoarse,
And, swelling with wild wrath, thy wintry waters flow.

Upon thy bosom dark
Peril awaits the light confiding bark,
In eddying vortex swamp'd;
Foul, treacherous, and deep,
Thy winding waters sweep,
Enveloping their prey in dismal ruin prompt.

Suol trovarsi in suo cammino
Quivi il pino
Trà profonde ampie caverne;
D'improvviso ei giunge al lito
Di Cocito
A solcar quell' onde inferne.

Fast in thy bed is sunk
The mountain pine-tree's broken trunk,
Aim'd at the galley's keel;
And well thy wave can waft
Upon that broken shaft
The barge, whose sunken wreck thy bosom will conceal.

Quando in Sirio il Sol riluce,
E conduce
L' ore fervide inquiete,
Chi conforto al Tebro chiede
Ben' s' avvede
Di cercarlo in grembo a Lete.

The dog-star's sultry power,
The summer heat, the noontide's fervid hour,
That fires the mantling blood,
Yon cautious swain can't urge
To tempt thy dangerous surge,
Or cool his limbs within thy dark insidious flood.

Ognun sa come spumoso,
Orgoglioso,
Sin con mar prende contesa,
Vuol talor passar veloce
L' alta foce,
Quando Teti è d' ira accessa.

I've mark'd thee in thy pride,
When struggle fierce thy disemboguing tide
With Ocean's monarch held;
But, quickly overcome
By Neptune's masterdom,
Back thou hast fled as oft, ingloriously repell'd.

Quindi avvien ch' ei fa ritorno
Pien di scorno,
E s' avventa alle rapine:
Si divora il bosco, e il solco,
E il bifolco
Nuota in cima alle ruine.

Often, athwart the fields
A giant's strength thy flood redundant wields,
Bursting above its brims—
Strength that no dyke can check:
Dire is the harvest-wreck!
Buoyant, with lofty horns, th' affrighted bullock swims!

Quei frequenti illustri allori,
Quegli onori
Per cui tanto egli si noma
Fregi son d' antichi eroi,
E non suoi,
E son doni alfin di Roma.

But still thy proudest boast,
Tiber! and what brings honour to thee most,
Is, that thy waters roll
Fast by th' eternal home
Of Glory's daughter, ROME;
And that thy billows bathe the sacred CAPITOL.

Lui fan chiaro il gran tragitto
Dell' invitto
Cor di Clelia al suol Romano,
E il guerrier che sopra il ponte
L' alta fronte
Tenne incontro al re Toscano.

Famed is thy stream for her,
Clelia, thy current's virgin conqueror,
And him who stemm'd the march
Of Tuscany's proud host,
When, firm at honour's post,
He waved his blood-stain'd blade above the broken arch!

Fu di Romolo la gente
Che il tridente
Di Nettuno in man gli porse;
Ebbe allor del mar l' impero,
Ed altero
Trionfando intorno corse.

Of Romulus the sons,
To torrid Africans, to frozen Huns,
Have taught thy name, O flood!
And to that utmost verge,
Where radiantly emerge
Apollo's car of flame and golden-footed stud.

Ma il crudel, che il tutto oblia,
E desia
Di spezzar mai sempre il frend,
Spesso a Roma insulti rende,
Ed offende
L'ombre auguste all' urne in seno.

For so much glory lent,
Ever destructive of some monument,
Thou makest foul return;
Insulting with thy wave
Each Roman hero's grave,
And Scipio's dust, that fills yon consecrated urn!

Turn we now to Dante. I have always been of opinion, that the *terza rima* in which he wrote was so peculiar a feature of the language, and a form of verse so exclusively adapted to the Italian idiom, as to render any attempt to translate him in the same rhymed measure a dangerous experiment.* I think Byron, in adopting the triplet metre in his "Prophecy of Dante," has failed to

* [Longfellow's masterly translation of the whole of the Divina Commedia in *terza rima* has since then, as Mahony would have been the first to acknowledge, disproved this triumphantly.]

render it acceptable to our English ear. The "sonnet" is also, in my humble judgment, an unnatural poetic structure, and as little suited to our northern languages as the Italian villa-style of Palladio to our climate. No English sonnet has ever gained popular celebrity. There is a lengthened but not unmusical sort of line, in which I think the old Florentine's numbers might sweep along with something like native dignity.

LA PORTA DEL INFERNO.

Dante, Cant. III.

"PER ME SI VA NELLA CITTÀ DOLENTE,
PER ME SI VA NELL' ETERNO DOLORE,
PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE.
* * *
DINANZI A ME NON FUR COSE CREATE,
SE NON ETERNE ED IO ETERNO DURO,
LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI CH' INTRATE."

Queste parole, di colore oscuro,
Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta
Perch' io, "Maestro! il senso lor m' è duro."

Ed egli a me come persona accorta,
"Qui si convien lasciar ogni sospetto,
Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta.

Noi sem venuti al luogo ov' i' t' o detto,
Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose,
Ch' hanno perduto 'l ben' dell' intelletto."

E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose,
Con lieto volto, ond io mi confortai,
Mi mise dentro alle secrete cose;

Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aere senza stelle,
Perch' io nel cominciar ne lagrimai.

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,

Facevano un tumulto il qual s' aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come l' arena quando 'l turbo spira.

Ed io, ch' avea d' orror la testa cinta,
Dissi, "Maestro, che è quel' ch' i odo?
E che gent' è che par nel duol si vinta?"

Ed egli a me: "Questo misero modo
Tengon l' anime triste di coloro,
Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo,

Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli che non furon ribelli,
Nè fur fideli a Dio ma per sè foro.

Cacciarli i ciel' per non esser men belli,
Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,
Ch' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli."

Ed io: "Maestro, che è tanto greve
A lor che lamentar gli fa si forte?"
Rispose: "Dicerolti molto breve.

Questi non hanno speranza di morte,
E la lor cieca vita e tanto bassa
Che 'nvidiosi son d' ogni altra sorte.

Fama di lor il mondo esser non lassa;
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna,
NON RAGIONAM' DI LOR, MA GUARDA E PASSA!"

THE PORCH OF HELL.

Dante.

"SEEK YE THE PATH TRACED BYE THE WRATH OF GOD FOR SINFULL MORTALS?
OF THE REPROBATE THIS IS THE GATE, THESE ARE THE GLOOMY PORTALS!
FOR SINNE AND CRIME FROM THE BIRTH OF TYME DUGGE WAS THIS GULPH INFERNAL.
GUEST! LET ALL HOPE ON THIS THRESHOLD STOP! HERE REIGNS DESPAIR ETERNAL."

I read with tears these characters—tears shed on man's behalf;
Each word seem'd fraught with painful thought, the lost soul's epitaph.
Turning dismay'd, "O mystic shade!" I cried, "my kindly Mentor,
Of comfort, say, can no sweet ray these dark dominions enter?"

"My son!" replied the ghostly guide, "this is the dark abode
Of the guilty dead—alone they tread hell's melancholy road.
Brace up thy nerves! this hour deserves that Mind should have control,
And bid avaunt fears that would haunt the clay-imprison'd soul.

Mine be the task, when thou shalt ask, each mystery to solve;
Anon for us dark Erebus back shall its gates revolve—
Hell shall disclose its deepest woes, each punishment, each pang,
Saint hath reveal'd, or eye beheld, or flame-tongued prophet sang."

Gates were unroll'd of iron mould—a dismal dungeon yawn'd!
We pass'd—we stood—'twas hell we view'd!—eternity had dawn'd!
Space on our sight burst infinite—echoes were heard remote;
Shrieks loud and drear startled our ear, and stripes incessant smote.

Onward we went. The firmament was starless o'er our head,
Spectres swept by inquiringly—clapping their hands they fled!
Borne on the blast strange whispers pass'd; and ever and anon
Athwart the plain, like hurricane, God's vengeance would come on!

Then sounds, breathed low, of gentler woe soft on our hearing stole;
Captives so meek fain would I seek to comfort and console:
"O let us pause and learn the cause of so much grief, and why
Saddens the air of their despair the unavailing sigh!"

"My son! Heaven grants them utterance in plaintive notes of woe;
In tears their grief may find relief, but hence they never go.
Fools! they believed that if they lived blameless and vice eschew'd,
God would dispense with excellence, and give beatitude.

They died! but naught of virtue brought to win their Maker's praise;
No deeds of worth the page set forth that chronicled their days.
Fix'd is their doom—eternal gloom! to mourn for what is past,
And weep aloud amid that crowd with whom their lot is cast.

One fate they share with spirits fair, who, when rebellion shook
God's holy roof, remain'd aloof, nor part whatever took;
Drew not the sword against their Lord, nor yet upheld his throne:
Could God for this make perfect bliss theirs when the fight was won?

The world knows not their dreary lot, nor can assuage their pangs,
Or cure the curse of fell remorse, or blunt the tiger's fangs.
Mercy disdains to loose their chains—the hour of grace has been!
Son! let that class unheeded pass—unwept, though not unseen."

The very singular and striking moral inculcated by Dante in this episode, where he consigns to hopeless misery those "good easy souls" who lead a worthless career of selfishness, and are, as we express it familiarly in Ireland, neither good for "King nor country," is deserving of serious attention, and contains in its simple exposition,

Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly."

From Dante's "Hell," the transition to the "Wig of Father Roger Boscovich" may appear abrupt; but I never terminate a paper in gloomy or doleful humour. Wherefore I wind up this first dissertation on Italian song by a specimen of playful poetry, taken from a very scarce work printed at Venice in 1804, and entitled "Le Opere Poetiche dell' Abate Giulio Cesare Cordara," ex-Jesuit, who had been before the suppression ex-historiographer to the Society, and connected by long friendship with his *confrère*, the scientific and accomplished Boscovich, concerning whom there is a short notice, if I recollect rightly, in one of my papers entitled "Literature and the Jesuits," to which I refer my reader, should he be inclined to know more about the proprietor of the wig in question. Nor will a Latin translation of this *jeu d'esprit* be unacceptable, I trust, to lovers of polyglot poetry.

ALLA PERRUCCA DEL PADRE RUGGERO BOSCOVICH.

Capitolo dal Gesuita Giulio Cordara, dei Conti de Calamandra.

O crine, o crin che un dì fosti stromento
Di folli amori, e sol femminea cura,
Or sei del mio Rugger strano ornamento;

Conosci tu l' eccelsa tua ventura,
E ti saresti mai immaginato
Di fare al mondo una sì gran figura?

Qual che si fosse il capo in cui sei nato,
Fosse pur di leggiadro e nobil volto,
Certo non fosti mai tanto onorato.

Di vaga donna in fronte eri più colto;
Ma i dì passavi neghittosi e vili
A un lucido cristallo ognor rivolto,

Sol pensier vani, e astuzie femminili
Coprivi allor, e insidiosa rete
Co' tuoi formavi innanellati fili.

Quando costretto le follie consuete
A sentir d' un' amante che delira,
Quando smanie a veder d' ire inquiete.

Forse talor ti si avventò con ira
A scapigliarti un' invida rivale,
Come femmina suol quando s' adira;

Infin, nido di grilli originale,
Testimonio di frodi e di menzogne,
T' aveva fatto il tuo destin fatale.

Nè i fior vermigli e l' odorate sogne,
Nè la candida polve, ond' eri asperso,
Faccan compenso a tante tue vergogne.

Ma come fatto sei da te diverso,
Dacchè reciso dalla vil cervice,
Di non tuo capo in crin, fo sti converso.

Frà tutte le perrucche or sei felice,
  Che sebben' torta, incolta, e mal contesta,
(Come pur troppo immaginar ne lice),

  Puoi però gloriarti, e farne festa
Che altra non fu giammai dal ciel eletto
  A ricoprir si veneranda testa!

ODE TO THE WIG OF FATHER BOSCOVICH,

THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER.

By Giulio Cordara, Soc. Jesu.

With awe I look on that peruke,
  Where Learning is a lodger,
And think, whene'er I see that hair
Which now you wear, some ladye fair
  Had worn it once, dear Roger!

On empty skull most beautiful
  Appear'd, no doubt, those locks,
Once the bright grace of pretty face;
Now far more proud to be allow'd
  To deck thy "knowledge-box."

Condemn'd to pass before the glass
  Whole hours each blessed morning,
'Twas desperate long, with curling-tong
And tortoise-shell, to have a belle
  Thee frizzing and adorning.

Bright ringlets set as in a net,
  To catch us men like fishes!
Your every lock conceal'd a stock
Of female wares—love's pensive cares,
  Vain dreams, and futile wishes!

That *chevelure* has caused, I'm sure,
  Full many a lovers' quarrel;
Then it was deck'd with flowers select
And myrtle-sprig: but now a WIG,
  'Tis circled with a laurel!

Where fresh and new at first they grew,
  Of whims, and tricks, and fancies,
Those locks at best were but a nest:—
Their being spread on learned head
  Vastly their worth enhances.

From flowers exempt, uncouth, unkempt—
  Matted, entangled, thick!
Mourn not the loss of curl or gloss—
'Tis *infra dig.* THOU ART THE WIG
  OF ROGER BOSCOVICH!

DE FICTA COMA ROGERI BOSCOVICHII.

Elegia.

Cæsaries! vanum vesani nuper amoris
  Forsitan illicium, curaque fœminea,

Grande mei nuper gestamen facta Rogeri,
  Novisti an sortis fata secunda tuæ?

Sperâstine istud laudis contingere culmen,
Mortalesque inter tàm fore conspicua?

Culta magis fueras intonsæ in fronte puellæ,
Sed toti suêrunt turpiter ire dies;

Tunc coram speculo contorta, retorta gemebas,
Dum per mille modos futile pergit opus.

Nunc meliore loco (magnum patris ornamentum),
Esto sacerdotis, non muliebris, honos!

O quoties ferro imminti vibrata dolebas,
Ut fieres vafras cassis ad insidias!

Audîsti quoties fatui deliria amantis,
Vidisti et cæcus quidquid ineptit amor!

Forsan et experta es furias rivalis amicæ,
Dum gravis in cirros insilit ira tuos.

Quippe tuum fuerat lugubre ab origine fatum,
Esses ut tegmen fraudibus atque dolis,

Utque fores nidus gerris malè plenus ineptis,
Talo ministerium fata dedêre tibi;

Nec compensabant diræ mala sortis odores,
Unguenta, et pulvis vel nive candidior.

Nunc data tàm docto munimen forte cerebro,
Sis impexa licèt, sis licèt horridula,

Sume triumphatrix animos hinc jure superbos,
Quod tantum foveas ambitiosa caput!

There is extant among the poems of Cordara a sad lamentation, occasioned by the fact of this wig having been sold, after Boscovich's death, to a Jew broker—

"Venduta, o caso perfido e reo!
Per quindici bajocchi, ad un Hebreo!"

from whom it was purchased by a farmer, and ultimately fixed on a pole, in a cabbage-garden, to fright the birds, "*per spaventar gli uccelli.*"—But I feel an unusual drowsiness to-night, and cannot pursue the subject. Molly! bring my nightcap!

XII.

The Songs of Italy.

(*Fraser's Magazine, March*, 1835.)

[The number of *Regina* containing Prout's second and concluding batch of the Songs of Italy, gave as the fifty-eighth Literary Portrait, Croquis' delightful picture of Pierre Jean Béranger, seated in slippered ease by his fireside, with grapes, and pineapples, and wine on the table at his elbow—altogether presenting him to view very much as the Editor of the present volume has described him elsewhere (*see* "Footprints on the Road," p. 51), as he might well be imagined, with fairies playing at hide-and-seek between his slippers, or a stray Cupid secreting itself on the sly in one of his pockets, his cheek flushed with the praise rather than with the quaffing of the delicious draughts of the love, wine, and glory he had sung of: that old man in the old coat—slipshod and bald-pated—being *the* song-writer of his age, the boast of French literature, and the darling of the French population. Maclise's portrait of Béranger was reprinted from *Fraser*, in 1836, as an appropriate embellishment to the tenth Prout Paper on the first collective publication of the "Reliques." As original illustrations to the present twelfth instalment of the posthumous effusions of the Parish Priest of Watergrasshill, the same artist depicted first of all how "He (the Father) dieth and is chested"—Mahony in the picture thus entitled being represented as seated in his library by the side of the wide-open and well-filled coffer, holding in his hand some of the precious manuscripts—his housekeeper the while replenishing from the kettle a capacious jug upon a table laden with fruit, wine, and whisky; while in another drawing the draughtsman revealed "The Gift of Venus," to wit, the presentation, through the hand of Cupid, of a swan-quill to a dreaming lyrist.]

CHAPTER II.

"Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaïa pinguis arenis."—VIRG. *Georg. II.*

We've met with glees "*from the Chinese!*" translations "*from the Persian;*"
Sanscrit we've had, from Hydrabad, Sir William Jones's version.
We've also seen (in a magazine) nice jawbreakers "*from Schiller;*"
And "tales" by folks, who give us "jokes," omitting "*from Joe Miller.*"
Of plain broad Scotch a neat hotch-potch Hogg sends us from the Highlands.
There are songs, too, "*from the Hindû,*" and "*from the Sandwich Islands.*"
'Tis deemed most wise to patronize Munchäusen, Goëthe, Ossian;
To make a stand for "*fatherland,*" or some other land of Goshen.
Since we *must* laud things from abroad, and smile on foreign capers,
The land for me is Italy, with her SONGS "*from the Prout Papers.*"—O. Y.

THERE has arisen of late years in England a remarkable predilection for the literature of the continent. The establishment of that excellent periodical the

Foreign Quarterly is one of the many symptoms of this chronic distemper of the public mind; and the statistic returns of his majesty's custom-house, presenting a steady progression in the import of wit and thought from beyond seas, though highly gratifying to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have created considerable jealousy among our starving manufacturers of printed books at home. The great annual fair at Leipsic is, we are sorry to state, drawing more and more the attention of our booksellers; and "the Row" is doomed to experience all the manifold and often-commented-upon grievances, abuse, and abomination of a "foreign supremacy." Nor are our historians and poets, our artisans in the novel-making line (male and female), our humble cobblers at the dramatic buskin, and our industrious hodmen from the sister island who contribute to build Cyclopædias, the only labouring poor thrown out of employment by this unjust preference bestowed on a class of operatives totally unknown to the trade; but even our brothers in poverty and genius, the old English ballad-singers, blind fiddlers, and pipers, have been compelled to give place to the barrel-organ, a mere piece of machinery, which has superseded industry and talent. The patronage of the rich no longer flows into the accustomed and recognized channels; the old national claimants on public generosity, sailors with wooden legs and broken-down "match-venders," have given way to Polish "*Counts*" and Bavarian "*broom-girls.*" This is a deplorable state of things, but nevertheless a true picture.

Matters must have gone hard with Tom Moore, since we learn with deep feelings of compassion that he is driven to compile a "History of Ireland;" ostensibly for Dinny Lardner's "Cyclopædia," but we fear eventually for the *grocers.* Theodore Hook is determined to make hay while the sun shines, and has taken "the Bull" by the horns: we are to have three vols. 8vo, of "rost bif." Alas, Theodorick, hast thou never *ruminated* over the axiom of Boileau—

"Un dîner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien?"

Lady Blessington and Lady Morgan, aware of the prevailing epidemic, have just now come out with sketches of *continental* manners: the former graceful, dignified, and rational, as she is ever wont; the latter flippant, shallow, and pedantic—incapable of appreciating the social circle abroad, and degrading by vulgar caricature the circle from which she sprang at home. So convinced is our friend Tom Campbell of the utter hopelessness of giving to public taste any other save a foreign direction, that he has gone to Algiers determined on exploring the recondite literature of the Bedouins. We understand that he has made surprising progress in the dialects of Fez, Tunis, and Mauritania; and that, like Ovid among the Scythians, he has astonished the natives with his proficiency—

"Jam didici Getică Sarmaticèque loqui."

Fears are entertained lest he may venture too far into the interior of the country, and become a captive to some barbarian prince, who may detain him as a laureate. We hope not. Our partiality for so pleasing an author generates no wish to hear of his being "bound in Morocco."

And still even the taste for foreign *belles lettres* is subject to variation and vicissitude. The gorgeous imaginings of oriental fancy, of which the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and the elegant eclogues of Collins were the dawn, have had their day: the sun of the East has gone down in the western tale of the fire-*worshippers* to rise no more. A surfeit is the most infallible cure for an inordinate love of sugar-plums; and when we recollect the voracity with which "Lalla Rookh" was at first devoured, and the subsequent disrelish of the "reading public" for that most luscious volume, we become convinced that authors have to cater for the cravings of an overgrown child, waxing capricious from

indulgence, and ever calling out for change. There is an end to the run of popularity once enjoyed by camels, houris, bulbuls, silver bells, silver veils, cinnamon groves, variegated lamps, and such other stock items as made up the oriental show-box. This leads to a melancholy train of thought: we sometimes detect ourselves "wandering in dreams" to that period of our schoolboy reminiscences when Tommy was in high feather, a poetical *rara avis*—

> "And oft when alone at the close of the year,
> We think,—Is the nightingale singing there *yet?*
> Are the roses still sweet by the calm Bendemeer?"

He has since tried his hand at Upper Canada and Lower Egypt—he has spent some "evenings in Greece; but "disastrous twilight" is fast approaching, and the "chain of silence" (whatever that ornament may be) hangs over him.

We would recommend a joint-stock association of poor and enterprising authors, for the purpose of exploring that unvisited portion of the north-eastern hemisphere lying between the wall of China and the Arctic circle. The "*literature of the Calmuck Tartars*" would not fail to become a general favourite; and the tide of patronage, which under the influence of the *Foreign Quarterly* has been flowing towards New Zealand and Polynesia, might perhaps in the ebbings of that capricious flood visit the MSS. of Thibet and the elucubrations of poets in Kamskatka. "Horæ Sinicæ" found favour in the "barbarian eye;" and Viscount Kingsboro' has been smitten with the brunette muses of Mexico. Lord Byron set up "Hebrew Melodies," and had a season of it; but Murray was soon compelled to hang the noble poet's Jew's harp on the willows of modern Babylon. We recollect when there was a rage for German and High Dutch poetry. The classics of Greece and Rome, with their legitimate descendants, those of France, Italy, and England, were flung aside for the writers of Scandinavia and the poets of the Danube. Tired of nectar and ambrosia, my public sat down to a platter of sourcrôut with Kant, Goëthe, and Klopstock. The crude chimæras of transcendental and transrhenane philosophy found admirers!—'twas the reign of the nightmare—

> "Omnigenûmque Deûm monstra, et latrator Anubis,
> Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam."—*Æneid. VIII.*

But latterly Teutonic authors are at a sad discount; and, in spite of the Germanic confederacy of quacks and dunces, common sense has resumed its empire. Not that we object to the introduction of foreign literature amongst us, provided we get productions of genius and taste: far from considering it as derogatory to the national pride, we hail the strangers with enthusiastic welcome. The Romans in their palmiest day of conquest gave a place in the Pantheon to the gods of each province they had added to their empire; but they took care to select the most graceful and godlike of these foreign deities, eschewing whatever was monstrous, and leaving to the natives the comfort of possessing each idol too ugly to figure in company with Apollo. Turn we now to Prout and his gleanings in the fertile field of his selection, "*Hesperiâ in magnâ.*"

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Feb.* 1830.

I resume to-night the pleasing topic of Italian minstrelsy. In conning over a paper on this subject penned by me a few evenings ago, I do not feel, on second perusal, quite satisfied with the tenor of my musings: symptoms of drowsiness are but too perceptible in that performance of unhappy memory. The start from the fountain of Vaucluse was pretty fair; but after gliding along the classic Po and the majestic Tiber, it was an unseemly termination of the devious and meandering course of that essay to engulf itself in the cavity of an astronomer's bob-wig. The peruke of Roger Boscovich was an unlucky "*cul de sac*," into which I must have strolled under some somewhat of sinister guidance. Did Molly put an extra glass into my vesper bowl? 'Twas a boisterous night, and the old hag might have justified her *pia fraus* by that usual canonical plea, the "inclemency" of the weather. For the future I'll mix for myself.

When the frost is abroad and the moon is up, and naught disturbs the serenity of this mountain wilderness, and the bright cheerful burning of the fragrant turf-fire betokens the salubrity of the circumambient atmosphere, I experience a buoyancy of spirit and a certain intellectual vigour unknown to the grovelling sensualist or the decrepit votary of fashion's enervating pursuits. To them rarely does it occur to relish that highest state of human enjoyment, expressed with a curious felicity in the old ecclesiastical adage, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" Their nights are spent "in toys, and lust, and wine;" but, could they relish with blind old Milton the nocturnal visitings of poesy, or feel the deep enthusiasm of those ancient hermits who kept the desert awake with canticles of praise, or with that oldest of poets, the Arabian Job, commune with heaven, and raise their thoughts to the beneficent Being "*who giveth Songs in the night*" (*Job*, c. xxxv. v. 10), they would acknowledge that mental luxuries are cheaply purchased by the relinquishment of grosser delights, and that there are ecstasies undreamt of in their Epicurean philosophy. A Greek writer (Eustathius) gives to Night the epithet of *εὐφρονη*, or "parent of happy thoughts;" and the "Noctes Atticæ" of Aulus Gellius, noble prototype of the numerous elucubrations rejoicing in a similar title, from the "*mille et une nuits*" to the "*notte romane al sepolcro degli Scipioni*," from Young's plaintive "Night Thoughts" to the "Ambrosian Gossip" of Timothy Tickler,—all bear testimony to the genial influence of the stilly hour. The solemn bird of Minerva was the symbol of wisdom, not from any sagacious manifestations of a *primâ facie* nature, but from the mere circumstance of its midnight predilections, and its contempt for the vulgarities of day; and Horace sighs with becoming emotion when he calls to his recollection the glorious banquetings of thought and genius of which the sable goddess was the ministrant. *O noctes cœnæque Deûm!* The accomplished Tertullian, whose writings Tom Moore has had the impertinence to call "*harsh, muddy*, and *unintelligible*" (because above *his* pigmy comprehension), tells us, in the second chapter of the immortal "Apology" that the early Christians spent the night in pious melodies, and that morning often dawned upon their "songs"—*antelucanis horis canebant.* He refers to the testimony of Pliny (in the celebrated letter to Proconsul Trajan) for the truth of his statement. But, with all these matters staring him in the face, Tommy, led away by his universal levity, and addressing some foolish girl as giddy as himself, thinks nothing of the sinful proposal "to steal a few hours from the night, *my dear!*" a sacrilege which, in his eye, no doubt, amounted only to a sort of petty larceny; he having stolen, in the course of his "rogueries," property of a far more valuable description.* But Tom Campbell, with that philosophic turn of mind for which he is so remarkable, connects the idea of inspiration with the period of "sunset;" the evening of life,

* Vide Prout, in loco, passim.—O. Y.

according to the soothsayer of "Lochiel," never fails to bring "mystical lore." Imprest with these convictions, the father of Italian song, in the romantic dwelling which he had built unto himself on the sloping breast of the Euganean hills, spent the decline of his days in the contemplation of loftiest theories, varying his nocturnal devotions with the sweet sound of the lute, and rapt in the alternate elysium of piety and poetry. In these ennobling raptures he exhaled the sweet perfume of his mind's immortal essence, which gradually disengaged itself from its vase of clay. To use the beautiful words of the elegiast on "A Country Churchyard," "oblivion stole upon his vestal lamp:" and one morning he was found dead in his library, reclining in an arm-chair, his head resting on a book, 20th July, 1374.

I know not whether the enviable fate of Petrarcha may not be mine. My career has not been unlike his, as the revelations of yon chest, the posthumous disclosures of my history, the narrative of my sojourn in France and Italy, of my early affections and blighted hopes, may one day make manifest. But, like him, I find in literature and the congenial admixture of holier meditations a solace and comfort in old age. In his writings, in his loves, in his sorrows, in the sublime aspirations of his soul, I can freely sympathize. Laura is to me the same being of exalted excellence and cherished purity; and, in echoing from this remote Irish hill the strains of his immortal lyre, I hope to share the blessing which he has bequeathed to all who should advance and extend the fame of his beloved:

> "Benedette sian le voce tante ch' io,
> Chiamando il nome di mia donna ho sparte,
> E *benedette sian' tutte le charte,*
> Ove io fama ne acquisto."

If my "*papers*" can promote his wishes in this respect, I shall die happy. Disengaged from all the ties that bind others to existence, solitary, childless, unmolested by the busy cares of this world, what occupation more suitable to my remnant of life could I possibly adopt than the exercise of memory and mind of which these compositions are the fruit? When I shall seek my lonely pillow to-night, after "outwatching the bear," when exhausted nature will compel me to terminate this second chapter of Italian reminiscences, I shall cheerfully consign another document to "the chest," and bid it go rejoin in that miscellaneous aggregate the numerous mental progeny of my old age. This "*chest*" may be the coffin of my thoughts or the cradle of my renown. In it my meditations may be nursed and matured by some kind editor into ultimate strength and manhood, to walk the world and tell of their parentage, or else it may prove a silent sarcophagus, where they may moulder in gradual decay, and perish with the hand that traced them for posterity. But in either case I am resigned. I envy not the more fortunate candidates for public favour: I hold enmity to none. And as for my readers, if I have any, all I wish or expect on their part is that they may exhibit towards a feeble garrulous old man the same kindly disposition he is sure he feels for them. Ὅσην διανοιαν ἐγω διατελω ἐχων προς παντες ὑμας τοσαυτην διατελεσται μοι προς τουτονι τον αγωνα. (Δημοσθ. περι στεφαν.)

This reference to the beautiful exordium of that grand masterpiece of Greek eloquence, in which the Athenian orator vindicates his title to the crown of gold presented by his admiring fellow-citizens, leads me by a natural transition to a very memorable event in Petrarcha's life, that splendid ebullition of national enthusiasm, when the senators of Rome, at the suggestion of Robert, King of Naples, and with the applause and concurrence of all the free states of Italy, led the poet in triumph to the Roman Capitol, and placed on his venerable

head a wreath of laurel. The coronation of the *laureate*, who first bore the title, and first received that proud and flattering distinction, is too important a circumstance to be lightly glanced at in a paper like this. The ingenious German novelist, Madame de Staël (a lady who has done more to give vogue and currency to her country's literature than the whole schüttery of Dutch authorship and the "landesfolge" of Teutonic writers), in her beautiful romance of "Corinna," has seized with avidity on the incident, and has made it one of the most striking features of her narrative.

Concerning this triumphant reception of our songster by the Roman people, and his solemn incoronation on that rock of imperishable glory, *Capitoli immobile saxum*, we have from the pen of an eye-witness, Guy d'Arezzo, the most circumstantial details, told in style most quaint, and with sundry characteristic comments. In those days of primeval simplicity, in the absence of every topic of excitement (for the crusades had well nigh worn themselves out of popular favour), the novelty and *éclat* attendant on this occurrence attracted the attention of contemporary *quidnuncs*, and the proceedings possessed a sort of European interest. The name of the "*Laureate*" (a title which, after centuries of eventful vicissitude, is now worn by the venerable dweller of the lakes, the patriarch Southey) was then first proclaimed, amid the shouts of applauding thousands, on the seven hills of the Eternal City, and echoed back with enthusiasm from the remotest corners of Christendom. In a subsequent age, when the same honour, with the same imposing ceremonial, was to be conferred on Tasso, I doubt whether the event would have enlisted to the same extent the sympathies of Europe, or the feelings of the Italian public. It were bootless, however, to dwell on the probabilities of the case, for Death interposed his veto, and stretched out his bony hand between the laurel wreath and the poor maniac's brow, who, on the very eve of the day fixed for his ovation, expired on the Janiculum hill, in the romantic hermitage of St. Onuphrio. Oft have I sat under that same cloister wall, where he loved to bask in the mild ray of the setting sun, and there, with Rome's awful volume spread out before me, pondered on the frivolity of fame. The ever-enduring vine, with its mellow freight dependent from the antique pillars, clustered above my head; while at my feet lay the flagstone that once covered his remains; and "OSSA TORQUATI TASSO," deep carved on the marble floor, abundantly fed the meditative mind. Petrarcha's grave I had previously visited in the mountain hamlet of Arquà, during my rambles through Lombardy; and while I silently recalled the inscription thereon, I breathed for both the prayer that it contains—

> "FRIGIDA FRANCISCI TEGIT HIC LAPIS OSSA PETRARCÆ
> SUSCIPE VIRGO PARENS ANIMAM! SATE* VIRGINE PARCE!
> FESSAQUE JAM TERRIS, CŒLI REQUIESCAT IN ARCE."

But a truce to this moralizing train of thought, and turn we to the gay scene described by Guy d'Arezzo. Be it then understood, that on the morning of Easter Sunday, April 15, 1341, a period of the ecclesiastical year at which crowds of pilgrims visited the shrine of the apostles, and Rome was thronged with the representatives of every Christian land, after the performance of a solemn high mass in the old Basilica of St. Peter's (for religion in those days mixed itself up with every public act, and sanctified every undertaking), the decree of Robert, King of Naples, was duly read, setting forth as how, after a diligent examination and trial in all the departments of poetry and all the

* The Rev. Laurence Sterne, in his very reputable work called "Tristram Shandy," has the brazen effrontery to translate the curse of Ernulphus, *Ex auctoritate Dei et Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ*, "By the authority of God and of the Virgin, mother and *patroness* of our Saviour!" thus wilfully perverting and distorting the original, to insinuate a foolish prejudice against a class of fellow-Christians. Fie, Yorick!—PROUT.

accomplishments of elegant literature, in addition to a knowledge most extensive of theology and history, Francis Petrarcha had evinced unparalleled proficiency in all the recognized acquirements of scholarship, and given undoubted proofs of ability and genius; wherefore, in his favour, it seemed fit and becoming that the proudest mark of distinction known among the ancient Romans should be conferred on him, and that all the honours of the classic triumph should be revived on the occasion. It will be seen, however, from the narrative of Guy, that some slight variations of costume and circumstance were introduced in the course of the exhibition, and that the getting up of the affair was not altogether in literal accordance with the rubrics which regulated such processions in the days of Paulus Æmilius, when captive kings and the milk-white bulls of Clytumnus adorned the pageantry—

"Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos."—*Georg. II.*

Here are some details from the Italian chronicler, descriptive of the outfit and robes of the poet, who must have presented a strange figure in the accoutrements allotted to him:

"They put on his right foot (Guy *loquitur*) a sandal of red leather, cut in a queer shape, and fastened round the ankle with purple ligatures. This is the way tragic poets are shod. His left foot they then inserted into a kind of buskin of violet colour, made fast to the leg with blue thongs. This is the emblem worn by writers in the comic line, and those who compose agreeable and pleasant matters. Violet is the proper colour of love.

"Over his tunic, which was of grey silk, they placed a *mantle* of velvet, lined with green satin, to show that a poet's ideas should always be fresh and new. Round his neck they hung a chain of diamonds, to signify that his thoughts should be brilliant and clear. There are many mysteries in poetry.

"They then placed on his head a mitre of gold cloth, tapering upwards in a conical shape, that the wreaths and garlands might be more easily worn thereon. It had two tails, or skirts, falling behind on the shoulders like the mitre of a bishop. There hung by his side a lyre (which is the poet's instrument) suspended from a gold chain of interwoven figures of snakes, to give him to understand that his mind must figuratively change its skin, and constantly renew its envelope, like the serpent. When they had thus equipped him, they gave him a young maiden to hold up his train, her hair falling loose in ringlets, and her feet naked. She was dressed in the fur of a bear, and held a lighted torch. This is the emblem of folly, and is a constant attendant on poets!"

The account of the day's proceedings would have been a godsend to the penny-a-liners, and other gentlemen of the press (if such a thing existed in those times), far more fertile in incident than the Lord Mayor's show, or the King's going down to open the new parliament. It appears, too, that when "the business of the day" was over, the modern fashion of winding up such displays was perfectly well understood even at that remote period, and that a capital dinner was given to the lion of the hour in the still sumptuous hall of the Palazzo Colonna. The "feeding time" being duly got through, poetry and music closed the eventful evening; and the same trusty reporter from whom I have borrowed the above particulars, informs us that Petrarcha delighted his noble host and the assembled rank and fashion of Rome by dancing a Moorish "pas seul" with surpassing grace and agility. This is a part of the ceremony which it may be advisable to revive now-a-days, when public entertainments are given to distinguished characters in the political world. Many of these honourable guests would be found fully adequate to the task, being for the most part skilled in that branch of the saltatory art called the "pirouette."

Covered with honours and flushed with the applause of his fellow-countrymen, the father of Italian song was not insensible to the fascinations of literary renown, nor deaf to the whisperings of glory; but love, the most exalted and refined, was still the guiding star of his path and the arbiter of his destiny. He

has left the avowal himself, in that beautiful record of his inmost feelings which he has entitled "Secretum Francisci Petrarchæ," where, in a fancied dialogue with the kindred soul of St. Augustin, he pours forth the fulness of his heart with all the sincerity of nature and of genius. In the midst of his triumph his thoughts wandered away to the far distant object of his affection; and his mind was at Vaucluse while the giddy throng of his admirers showered garlands and burnt incense around his person. He fondly pictured to himself the secret pride which the ladye of his love would perhaps feel in hearing of his fame; and the *laurel* was doubly dear to him, because it recalled her cherished name. The utter hopelessness of his passion seemed to shed an undefined hallowedness over the sensations of his heart; and it must be in one of those moments of tender melancholy that he penned the following graceful, but mysterious, narrative of a supposed or real apparition.

SONETTO.

Una candida cerva sopra l'herba
Verde m' apparve con duo corna d' oro,
Fra due riviere à l' ombra d' un alloro
Levando il sol à la stagion acerba.

Era sua vista si dolce superba
Ch' i' lasciai per seguirla ogni lavoro,
Come l' avaro che 'n cercar thesoro
Con diletto l' affanno desacerba.

"NESSUN MI TOCCHI," al bel collo d' intorno
Scritto havea di diamanti e di topati
"LIBERO FARMI AL MIO CESARE PARVE."

Ed era il sol già volto al mezzogiorno
Gli occhi miei stanchi di mirar non sati
Quand io caddi nel' aqua, ed ella sparvè.

THE VISION OF PETRARCHA.

A form I saw with secret awe—nor ken I what it warns;
Pure as the snow, a gentle doe it seemed with silver horns,
Erect she stood, close by a wood between two running streams;
And brightly shone the morning sun upon that land of dreams!

The pictured hind fancy designed glowing with love and hope,
Graceful she stept, but distant kept, like the timid antelope;
Playful, yet coy—with secret joy her image filled my soul;
And o'er the sense soft influence of sweet oblivion stole.

Gold I beheld and emerald on the collar that she wore;
Words too—but theirs were characters of legendary lore:
"CÆSAR'S DECREE HATH MADE ME FREE; AND THRO' HIS SOLEMN CHARGE,
UNTOUCHED BY MEN O'ER HILL AND GLEN I WANDER HERE AT LARGE."

The sun had now with radiant brow climbed his meridian throne,
Yet still mine eye untiringly gazed on that lovely one.
A voice was heard—quick disappeared my dream. The spell was broken.
Then came distress—to the consciousness of life I had awoken!

Still the soul of Petrarch was at times accessible to sterner impressions. The call of patriotism never failed to find a responsive echo in the breast of Italy's most distinguished son; and when, at the death of Benedict XII., which occurred at this juncture, there arose a favourable chance of serving his country, by restoring the papal residence to the widowed city of Rome, he

eagerly offered himself as one of the deputies to proceed to Avignon for the accomplishment of this wished-for consummation. Whether a secret anxiety to revisit the scene of his early affections, and to enjoy once more the presence of his mistress, may have mixed itself up with the aspirations of patriotism, it would not be easy to decide, but he entered into the project with all the warmth of a devoted lover of Italy. His glorious dythyrambe to that delightful, but conquered and divided land, so often quoted, translated, and admired, is sufficient evidence of his sentiments: but he has taken care to put the matter beyond doubt in his vigorous pamphlet, *De libertate capessendâ, exhortatio ad Nicolaum Laurentium.* This "Nicholas" was no other than the famous tribune Rienzi, who, mainly excited by the prose as well as the poetry of Petrarch, raised the standard of independence against the petty tyrants of the Eternal City in 1345, and for a brief space rescued it from thraldom.

Poetry is the nurse of freedom. From Tyrteus to Béranger, the muse has befriended through every age the cause of liberty. The pulse of patriotism never beats with bolder throb than when the sound of martial song swells in the full chorus of manly voices; and it was in a great measure the rude energy of the "Marseillaise" that won for the ragged and shoeless grenadiers of the Convention the victories of Valmy and Jemmappe. In our own country, Dibdin's naval odes, full of inspiriting thought and sublime imagery, have not a little contributed to our maintaining in perilous times the disputed empire of the ocean against Napoleon. Never was a pension granted with more propriety than the tribute to genius voted in this case at the recommendation of George III.; and I suppose a similar reward has attended the authors of the "Mariners of England," "The Battle of Copenhagen," and "The Sea! the Sea!" If not, it is a crying disgrace to the country. As we have come insensibly to the topic of maritime minstrelsy, I imagine that a specimen of the stuff sung by the Venetian sailors, at the time when that Queen of the Adriatic reigned over the waters, may not be uninteresting. The subject is the naval victory which, at the close of the fourteenth century, broke the colossal power of the Sublime Porte; for which occurrence, by the bye, Europe was mainly indebted to the exertions of Pope Pius V. and the prowess of one Miguel Cervantes.

BARZELLETTA DA CANTAR PER LA VITTORIA DI LEPANTO.

Cantiam tutti allegramente
Orsù putti attentamente
Cantiam tutti la rovina
Ch' alla gente Saracina
Dato tra Dio si fortemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramen te
Che con straccio al fier dragone
Squarciò il fronte sì crudele
Che mai più drizzerà vele
Che nel mar sia si possente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente
Cantiam putti pur ognora
Ch' il ladron di Caracossa
Fatt' a l' aqua-salsa rossa
Del suo sangue di serpente.

Cantiam putti allegramente
Di tre sei d' otto e di venti
Galeotte e altri legni
Fu il fracasso—o Turchi degni
Del gran fuoco eternamente!

Cantiam pur allegramente
Come poi più delle venti
Ne fur prese cento e ottanta
E dei morti poi sessanta
Mila e più di quella gente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente—
Ma ben duolmi a dir ch' i nostri
Fur da sette nila ed otto
Ivi morti (se 'l ver noto)
Combattendo audacemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente—
Dopo questi, altri guerrieri
Vendicar coll' arme in mano
Quelli e il nom Christiano
Per virtu d' Iddio clemente.

Cantiam tutti allegramente
Per cotal vittoria e tanta
Doveremmo ogni au far festa
Per che al mondo altra che questa
Non fu mai d' alcuno in mente.

POPULAR BALLAD ON THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

Let us sing how the boast of the Saracen host
  In the Gulf of Lepanto was scattered,
When each knight of St. John's from his cannon of bronze
  With grape-shot their argosies battered;
Oh! we taught the Turks then that of Europe the men
  Could defy every infidel menace—
And that still o'er the main float the galleys of Spain,
  And the red lion standard of Venice!

Quick we made the foe skulk, and we blazed at each hulk,
  While they left us a splinter to fire at;
And the rest of them fled o'er the waters, blood red
  With the gore of the Ottoman pirate;
And our navy gave chase to the infidel race,
  Nor allowed them a moment to rally;
And we forced them at length to acknowledge our strength
  In the trench, in the field, in the galley!

Then our men gave a shout, and the ocean throughout
  Heard of Christendom's triumph with rapture,
Galeottes eighty-nine of the enemy's line
  To our swift-sailing ships fell a capture;
And I firmly maintain that the number of slain
  To at least sixty thousand amounted;—
To be sure 'twas sad work—if the life of a Turk
  For a moment were worth being counted.

We may well feel elate; yet I'm sorry to state,
  That although by the myriad we've slain 'em,
Still the Sons of the Cross have to weep for the loss
  Of six thousand who fell by the Paynim.
Full atonement was due for each man that they slew,
  And a hecatomb paid for each hero;
But could all that we'd kill give a son to Castille,
  Or to Malta a brave cavalhéro?

St. Mark for the slain intercedes not in vain—
  There's a mass at each altar in Venice;
And the saints we implore for the banner they bore
  Are *Our Lady*, *St. George*, and *St. Denis*.
For the brave while we grieve, in our hearts they shall live—
  In our mouths shall their praise be incessant;
And again and again we will boast of the men
  Who have humbled the pride of the Crescent.

The Venetians have been ever remarkable for poetic taste; and the very humblest classes of society amongst them exhibit a fondness for the great masters of their native language, and a familiarity with the glorious effusions of the national genius, quite unknown in the corresponding rank of tradesmen and artisans in England. Goldoni, who wrote in their own dialect, knew the sort of critics he had to deal with; and it is a fact that the most formidable judges of dramatic excellence at the theatres of Venice were the gondoliers. Addison, or rather Isaac Bickerstaff, tells us a droll story about a certain trunkmaker, who stationed himself in the gallery of Drury Lane, and with a whack of his oaken cudgel ratified the success or confirmed the downfall of each new tragic performance. I think the author of the *Spectator* must have had the original hint of that anecdote during his stay at Venice, where such a verdict from such a quarter was a matter of habitual occurrence. There is great delicacy of feeling and polish of expression in the following ingenious popular barcarolle of Venetian origin:—

BARCAROLLE.

Oh pescator dell' onda,
Fidelin,
Vieni pescar in quà
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va,
Fidelin, lin, là.

Che cosa vuol, ch' io peschi?
Fidelin,
L'anel che m'è cascà
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Ti darò cento scudi,
Fidelin,
Sta borsa ricamà
Colla bella sua barca
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Non voglio cento scudi,
Fidelin,
Nè borsa ricamà
Colla bella sua barca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Io vo un basin d' amore,
Fidelin,
Che quell mi paghera
Colla bella sua bocca.
Colla bella se ne va, &c.

"Pr'ythee, young fisherman, come over—
Hither thy light bark bring;
Row to this bank, and try recover
My treasure—'tis a ring!"

The fisher boy of Como's lake
His bonny boat soon brought her,
And promised for her beauty's sake
To search beneath the water.

"I'll give thee," said the ladye fair,
One hundred sequins bright,
If to my villa thou wilt bear,
Fisher, that ring to-night."

"A hundred sequins I'll refuse
When I shall come at eve:
But there is something, if you choose,
Ladye, that you can give!"

The ring was found beneath the flood;
Nor need my lay record
What was that ladye's gratitude,
What was that youth's reward.

A Milanese poet, rejoicing in the intellectual patronymic of *Nicodemo*, has distinguished himself in a different species of composition, viz. the *heroic*. There is, however, I am free to confess, a rather ungenerous sort of exultation over a fallen foe perceptible in the lyrical poem which I am about to introduce for the first time to a British public. Dryden has very properly excited our commiseration for the "great and good Darius, deserted in his utmost need by those his former bounty fed;" but far different are the sentiments of Signor Nicodemo, who does not hesitate to denounce the vanquished in no very measured terms of opprobrious invective. I suspect he has been equally profuse of lavish encomium during its prosperous days on that Power which he seeks to cover with derision in its fall: and I need not add that I totally dissent from the political opinions of the author. However, let the gentle reader form his own estimate of the poet's performance.

La fuga di Napoleone Buonaparte senza spada, e senza bastone, e senza capello, e ferito in testo; l' acquisto' fatto dei Prussiani di oro, argento, brillianti, e di suo manto imperiali; e finalmente il felice ritorno nella citta di Parigi di sua maestà Luigi XVIII. Di Nicodemo Lermil.

Aria di "*Malbrook.*"

Già vinto Napoleone,
Con fuga desperata
Frà la Prussiana armata
De trapassar tentò;

A true Ballad, containing the Flight of Napoleon Bonaparte, with the loss of his sword, his hat, and imperial baton, besides a wound in the head; the good luck of the Prussians in getting hold of his valuables, in diamonds and other property; and, lastly, the happy entry of his Majesty, Louis Dixhuit, into Paris. From the Italian of Nicodemus Lermil.

Tune, "*On Linden when.*"

When Bonaparté, overcome,
Fled from the sound of Prussian drum,
Aghast, discomfited, and dumb,
Wrapt in his roquelaure—

Ma sgombro di tesori,
Deluso nei disegni—
Privo d' impero e regni,
Qual naque, ritornò.

To wealth and power he bade adieu—
Affairs were looking mighty blue:
In emblematic tatters flew
The glorious tricolor.

Afflitto e delirante,
Confuso e sbi gottito,
Col capo suo ferito
Il misero fuggì.

What once had seemed fixt as a rock,
Had now received a fatal shock;
And he himself had got a knock
From a Cossack on the head!

Senza poter portarsi,
Spada, baston, capello,
Involto in un mantello
Da tutt' i suoi sparì.

Gone was his hat, lost was his hope;
The hand that once had smote the Pope,
Had even dropped its telescope
In the hurry as he fled.

Argento, oro, brillianti,
Il manto suo imperiale
Con gioia universale
Da Prussi s' acquistò.

Old Blucher's corps a capture made
Of his mantle, sabre, and cockade;
Which in "Rag Fair" would "from the trade"
No doubt a trifle fetch.

Ma non potè acquistarsi
(Ben che non v' è paura)
L' autor d' ogni sventura
Che tutti rovinò.

But tho' the Prussians ('tis confest)
Of all his wardrobe got the best
(Besides his military chest),
Himself they could not catch.

Fugitto Bonaparté,
Subito entrò in Parigi
Il buon sovran Luigi
Che tutti rallegrò.

He's gone somewhere beyond the seas
To expiate his rogueries:
King Louis in the Tuileries
Has recommenced to reign.

Fu la città di notte
Da ognuno illuminata;
Più vista amena e grata
Giammai non si mirò.

Gladness pervades the allied camps,
And nought the public triumph damps;
But every house is lit with lamps,
Even in each broken pane.

Rembombo de' canoni,
Acclamazion di, evviva
Per tutto se sentiva
Frequente replicar.

Paris is one vast scene of joy;
And all her citizens employ
Their throats in shouting *vive le roy*,
Amid the roar of cannon.

La candida bandiera,
Coi gigli che teneva,
Per tutto si videva
Piu spesso ventilar.

Oh! when they saw the "*blanc drapeau*"
Once more displayed, they shouted so,
You could have heard them from the Po,
Or from the banks of Shannon.

Spettacolo si vago,
Ricordo si giocondo,
Parigi Italia, il mondo,
Fe tutti consolar.

Gadzooks! it was, upon my fay,
An European holiday;
And the land laughed, and all were gay
Except the *sans culottes*.

Perche fuggì ramingo,
E con suo deshonore,
L' indegno usurpatore—
E non puo piu regnar.

You'd see the people playing cards,
And gay grisettes and dragoon guards
Dancing along the boulevards—
Of brandy there was lots!

* * *

Murat e Napoleone
Tenete i cuori a freno
Non vi avvilite almeno
Che è cosa da schiattar.

Now Bonaparté and Murat,
My worthy heroes! after that,
I'd like to know what you'll be at—
I think you must feel nervous!

Ma si desperazione
Mai vi togliese il lume
Il piu vicino fiume
Potete ritrovar.

Perhaps you are not so besotted
As to be cutting the "*carotid*"—
But then—the horsepond!—there I've got it!
From such an end preserve us

If this poet Nicodemo be in reality what I surmise he is, a literary renegade,

and a wretch whose venal lyre gives forth alternate eulogy and abuse, just as the political thermometer indicates rise or fall, I should deem him a much fitter candidate for the "horsepond" than either Bony or Joachim. But, alas! how many sad instances have we not known of similar tergiversation in the conduct of "gens de lettres." I just now happened to mention the name of Dryden, commonly denominated "glorious John," and what a sad example is there of political dishonesty! The only excuse I can see for Master John's unsteadiness, is the fact of the habitual state in which he generally was to be found, and from which I suppose originated the surname of *glorious*, applied in his case. After flattering in turns Oliver Cromwell and Charles II., King James and King William, the poor devil died of a broken heart, deserted by all parties. I cannot help indulging in a melancholy sort of smile when I read his panegyric on that canting thief old Noll, the opening lines of which are worth any money. It would seem that the poet was at a loss how to grapple with his mighty subject, and could not discover a beginning to his praise; the perfect rotundity of the theme precluding the possibility of finding either a commencement or an end

"Within a fame so truly *circular!*"

But turning from such conceits, and from the affectation of courtly writers to a simpler and more unsophisticated style of thought, may I venture to think this trifling, but genuine rustic lay worthy of perusal:—

CANZONETTA.

Son povera ragazza
E cereo di marito
Se trovo buon partito
Mi voglio maritar
Ma chi sa?
Chi lo sa?
Io cerco di marito
Se lo posso ritrovar?

Io faccio la sartora,
Questo è il mio mestiero,
Vi dico si davvero
E so ben travagliar
Ma chi sa?
Chi lo sa?
Io cerco di marito
Se lo posso ritrovar?

Gia d' anni vinticinque
Mi trovo cosi sola,
Vi giuro e do parola
Mi sento alfin mancar.
Ma chi sa?
Chi lo sa?
Io cerco di marito
Se lo posso ritrovar?

VILLAGE SONG.

Husbands, they tell me, gold hath won
More than aught else beside;
Gold I have none; can I find one
To take me for his bride?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day?

I can embroider, I can sew—
A husband I could aid;
I have no dowry to bestow—
Must I remain a maid?
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day?

A simple maid I've been too long—
A husband I would find;
But then to ask—no!—that were wrong;
So I must be resigned:
Yet who knows
How the wind blows—
Or who can say
I'll not find one to-day?

Simplicity is the inseparable companion of the graces; and the extreme perfection of art is to conceal itself under the guise of unstudied negligence. This excellence is only attainable by few; and (if I be allowed to dogmatize) among all the writers of antiquity is most remarkable in the delightful pages of Xenophon. Never in my mind will the "true ease in writing," which, according to that most elaborate versifier, but still most fluent writer, Pope, "comes from art, not chance," be acquired otherwise than by a diligent study of the old classics, and in particular of what Horace calls the *exemplaria Græca*. Flaccus himself, in his *sermo pedestris*, as well as in his inimitable

lyrics, has given us beautiful specimens of what seems the spontaneous flow of unstudied fancy, but is in reality the result of deep thought and of constant "*limæ labor.*" Menzini, the author of the following sonnet on a very simple subject, must, in my opinion, have drunk deeply at the source of Grecian elegance,

IL CAPRO (MENZINI).

Quel capro maledetto ha presa in uso
Gir trà le vite, e sempre in lor s' impaccia :
Deh ! per farlo scordar di simil traccia
Dagli d' un sasso trà le corna e 'l muso.

Se Bacco il guata, ei scendera ben giuso
Da quel suo carro a cui le tigri allaccia ;
Più feroce lo sdegno oltre si caccia
Quand' è con quel suo vin' misto e' confuso.

Fa di scacciarlo, Elpin ; fa che non stenda
Maligno il dente ; e più non roda in vetta
L' uve nascenti, ed il lor nume offenda.

Di lui so ben ch' un di l' altar l' aspetta ;
Ma Bacco è da temer che ancor non prenda
Del capro insieme e del pastor vendetta.

THE INTRUDER.

There's a goat in the vineyard ! an unbidden guest—
He comes here to devour and to trample ;
If he keep not aloof, I must make, I protest,
Of the trespassing rogue an example.
Let this stone, which I fling at his ignorant head,
Deep imprest in his skull leave its moral,
That a four-footed beast 'mid the vines should not tread,
Nor attempt with great Bacchus to quarrel.

Should the god on his car, to which tigers are yoked,
Chance to pass and espy such a scandal,
Quick he'd mark his displeasure—most justly provoked
At the sight of this four-footed Vandal.
To encounter his wrath, or be found on his path,
In the spring when his godship is sober,
Silly goat ! would be rash ;—and you fear not the lash
Of the god in the month of *October !*

In each bunch, thus profaned by an insolent tooth,
There has perished a goblet of nectar ;
Fitting vengeance will follow those gambols uncouth,
For the grape has a jealous protector.
On the altar of Bacchus a victim must bleed,
To avert a more serious disaster ;
Lest the ire of the deity visit the deed
Of the goat on his negligent master.

But still it is not part of my code of criticism to tolerate, under the plea of simplicity, that maudlin, enervated style, which some modern scribblers have adopted, and which finds an appropriate refuge in the pages of a certain decayed magazine. Haynes Bayly is the grand lama of this sect of poetasters. And indeed among the Italians, owing to the smoothness of the language and the facility of finding rhyme (when reason is scarce), there are many

lamentable specimens of Haynesbaylyism. Here is one which I have very inadequately done into English :—

A SERENADE (VITTORELLI).

Guarda che bianca luna
Guarda che notte azzurra
Un' aura non susurra
Non tremola uno stel.

L' usignuoletto solo
Va dalla siepe all' orno
E sospirando intorno
Chiama la sua fidel

Ella che il sente appena
Gia vien di fronda in fronda
E par che gli risponda
Non piangere, son qui.

Che dolci affetti, o Irene,
Che gemiti son questi !
Ah mai tu non sapesti
Rispondermi cosi.

Pale to-night is the disc of the moon, and of azure unmixt
Is the bonnie blue sky it lies on ;
And silent the streamlet, and hushed is the zephyr, and fixt
Is each star in the calm horizon ;
And the hamlet is lulled to repose, and all nature is still—
How soft, how mild her slumbers !
And nought but the nightingale's note is awake, and the thrill
Of his sweetly plaintive numbers.

His song wakes an echo ! it comes from the neighbouring grove—
Love's sweet responsive anthem !
Lady ! list to the vocalist ! dost thou not envy his love,
And the joys his mate will grant him ?
Oh, smile on thy lover to-night ! let a transient hope
Ease the heart with sorrow laden :
From yon balcony wave the fond signal a moment—and ope
Thy casement, fairest maiden !

The author of the above is a certain Vittorelli, celebrated among the more recent poets of Italy for the smooth amenity of his anacreontics; which, however, I regret to state, are of a very washy consistency, and present for the most part nothing but what the French critics call "*de l'eau claire.*" An additional sample of his style will give a sufficient notion of his capabilities in the sentimental line :—

IL DONO DI VENERE.

Cinta le bionde chiome
Della materna rosa
Sull' alba rugiadosa
Venne il fanciullo amor.

E colla dolce bocca
Mi disse in aria lieta :—
"Che fai gentil poeta
D' Irene lodator ?"

THE GIFT OF VENUS.

With roses wreathed around his ringlets,
Steeped in drops of matin dew,
Gliding soft on silken winglets,
Cupid to my study flew ;
On my table a decanter
Stood—perhaps there might be two—
When I had with the enchanter
(Happy bard !) this interview.

Sure it was the loveliest vision
Ever poet gazed upon—
Rapt in ecstasy elysian,
Or inspired by *cruiskeen lawn.*
"Poet," said the urchin, "few are
So far favoured among men—
Venus sends by me to you her
Compliments and a new pen.

Questa nevosa penna
Di cigno immacolato
Sul desco fortunato
Io lascio in dono a te.

"Take this quill—'tis soft and slender,
Fit for writing *billets doux*—
Fond avowals, breathings tender,
Which Irené may peruse.
'Tis no vulgar acquisition—
'Twas from no goose pinion drawn;
But, by Leda's kind permission,
Borrowed from her favourite swan.

Serba la ognor, geloso!
E scriverai d' amore;
Non cede il suo candore
Che a quel della tua fè.

"Sully not the virgin candour
Of its down so pure and white;
Let it ne'er be dipt in slander,
Nor lascivious ballads write.
Lend it not to that Patlander,
Denny Lardner; and be sure
That it never acts the pander,
Like the pen of 'Little' Moore."

What a difference between the feeble and emasculate tone of these modern effusions, and the bold, manly, and frequently sublime conceptions of the bards who wrote in the golden age of Leo X., under the influence of that magic century which gave birth to such a crowd of eminent personages in all the walks of literature. The name of Michel Angelo is familiar to most readers in the character of an artist; but few, perhaps, will be prepared to make his acquaintance in the capacity of a poet. Nevertheless, it gives me unmixed satisfaction to have it in my power thus to introduce the illustrious Buonarotti to the British public, as a poetical writer of no ordinary merit; a greater proof of which will not be requisite than the following noble and edifying composition:—

AL CROCIFISSO.

Giunto è già il corso della vita mia,
Per tempestoso mar con fragil barca,
Al comun porto ove a render se varca
Conto e ragion d' ogni opra triste e pia.
Ma l' alta affettuosa fantasia,
Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,
Conosco or ben quanto sia d' error carca,
E quel che mal suo grado ognun desia;
Gli amorosi pensier già vani e lieti
Che fien or s' a due morte m' avvicino?
D' uno so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.
Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
L' anima volta a quel amor divino
Che aperse in croce a prender noi le braccia.

MICHEL ANGELO'S FAREWELL TO SCULPTURE.

I feel that I am growing old—
Thy flame, my lamp of clay, behold!
'Gins to burn low: and I've unrolled
My life's eventful volume!

The sea has borne my fragile bark
Close to the shore—now, rising dark,
O'er the subsiding wave I mark
This brief world's final column.

'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
For holy calm and solitude;
Then cease henceforward to delude
Thyself with fleeting vanity.

The pride of art, the sculptured thought,
Vain idols that my hand hath wrought—
To place my trust in such were nought
But sheer insanity.

What can the pencil's power achieve?
What can the chisel's triumph give?
A name perhaps on earth may live,
And travel to posterity.

But let, O Rome! thy Pàntheon tell,
If for the soul of Raffaelle
His glorious obsequies could quell
The JUDGMENT SEAT'S severity?

Yet why should Christ's believer fear,
While gazing on yon image dear—
Image adored, maugré the sneer,
Of miscreant blasphemer.

Are not those arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon thy head?
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, tread
Far from thy paths, Redeemer?

Such was the deeply religious tone of this eminent man's mind, and such the genuine *ευσεβεια* of Michel Angelo. An unfeigned devotedness to the doctrines of our common Christianity, and a proud consciousness of the dignity which the avowal of those feelings is calculated to confer in the view of every right-minded person, are traits of character which we never fail to meet in all the truly great men of that period. Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Tasso, Raffaelle, Sannazar, Bembo, Brunelleschi, and a host of imperishable names, bear witness to the correctness of the remark. Nor is Petrarcha deficient in this outward manifestation of inward piety. The death of Laura forms an epoch in his biography; and the tendency of his thoughts, from that date to the hour of his death, appears to have been decidedly religious. Those exquisite sonnets, into which he has breathed the pious sentiments of his soul, rank among the most finished productions of his muse; and the intensity of his kindling fervour awakens corresponding emotions in the reader's breast. So true it is that the poet who sings not of religion has broken the finest chord of the lyre. Laura, spiritualized into an angelic essence, still visits his nocturnal visions, but only to point the way to that heaven of which she is a dweller, and to excite him to deeds worthy of immortality. The opening stanza of one of these songs, which form the *second* part of the collection, thus distinguished from those written during the lifetime of his beloved, will suffice as a specimen of the tone that pervades them all.

CANZONE DOPO LA MORTE DI DONNA LAURA.

Quando il soave mio fido conforto
Per dar riposa alla mia vita stanca
Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca
Con quel suo dolce ragionar accorto;
Tutto di pietà e di paura smorto
Dico "Onde vien tu ora, o felice alma?"
Un ramoscel di palma
E un di lauro trae del suo bel seno
E dice:—"Dal sereno
Ciel empireo, e di quelle sante parti,
Mi mossi: e vengo sol per consolarti &c. &c.

PETRARCHA'S DREAM.

AFTER THE DEATH OF LAURA.

She has not quite forgotten me! her shade
My pillow still doth haunt,
A nightly visitant,
To soothe the sorrows that herself had made:
And thus that spirit blest,
Shedding sweet influence o'er my hour of rest,
Hath healed my woes and all my love repaid.
Last night, with holy calm,
She stood before my view,
And from her bosom drew
A wreath of laurel and a branch of palm:
And said, "To comfort thee,
O child of Italy!
From my immortal home,
Petrarcha, I am come!" &c., &c.

Towards the close of his career, when the vanity of all earthly affection became still more palpable to his understanding, there is something like regret expressed for having ever indulged in that most pardonable of all human weaknesses, the hopeless and disinterested admiration of what was virtuous and lovely, unmixed with the grossness of sensual attachment, and unprofaned by the vulgarities of animal passion. Still he felt that there was in the pursuit of that pleasing illusion something unworthy of his profession as a clergyman; and he has recorded his act of contrition in the following beautiful lines, with which I close:—

I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
Senza levarmi a volo, avend' io l' ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empi,
Re del cielo invisibile, immortale;
Soccorri all' alma disviata e frale,
E 'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi;
Sichè s' io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mori in pace ed in porto; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta;
TU SAI BEN, CHE'N ALTRUI NON HO SPERANZA.

THE REPENTANCE OF PETRARCHA.

Bright days of sunny youth, irrevocable years!
Period of manhood's prime,
O'er thee I shed sad, but unprofitable tears—
Lapse of returnless time:
Oh! I have cast away, like so much worthless dross,
Hours of most precious ore—
Blest hours I could have coined for heaven, your loss
For ever I'll deplore!

Contrite I kneel, O God inscrutable, to thee,
High heaven's immortal king!
Thou gavest me a soul that to thy bosom free
Might soar on seraph wing:

My mind with gifts and grace thy bounty had endowed
To cherish thee alone—
Those gifts I have abused, this heart I have allowed
Its Maker to disown.

But from his wanderings reclaimed, with full, with throbbing heart,
Thy truant has returned:
Oh! be the idol and the hour that led him to depart
From thee for ever mourned.
If I have dwelt remote, if I have loved the tents of guilt—
To thy fond arms restored,
Here let me die! On whom can my eternal hopes be built,
SAVE UPON THEE, O LORD!

XIII.

Barry in the Vatican.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1835.)

—o—

[As originally published in *Regina*, this thirteenth of the Prout Reliques was vaguely entitled "Notte Romane nel Palazzo Vaticano." Afterwards, in its reprinted form, it was headed at once more laconically and more specifically "The Painter Barry." Its designation in its present re-issue indicates at a glance both its hero and its locality. The coarseness and vulgarity of Oliver Yorke were, perhaps, never more flagrantly evidenced than by the flippant remarks prefixed to this paper, in which the great master of fiction, who had but just then created a soul under the ribs of death by re-peopling with pagan life the disentombed solitudes of Pompeii, was insolently denounced for what was in reality an achievement in literature, as though he had been guilty, on the contrary, of perpetrating some high crime and misdemeanour. The passages to which allusion is here made have been struck out by the present editor with the scorn to which they are alone entitled. Maclise's pencilling, by the way, in the same number of *Fraser*, presented to view, elaborately veiled and frilled, and meditatively stirring a cup of coffee, Miss Jane Porter, authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," and "The Pastor's Fireside."]

ROME, 1769.

"Nothing could have made me more really happy than your very kind letter. It came most opportunely to support my spirits at a time when I was ill of a fever, which I believe was occasioned by a cold caught while working in the Vatican."

JAMES BARRY (R.A.) to (SIR) JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum."

Æneid. II.

His magic wand PROUT waves again, and opes
Those hallowed halls inhabited by Popes:
Where (*through* an odd rencontre *that befell*) he
Enjoys some "table talk" with GANGANELLI.—O. Y.

THE historian on whom, in a future age, will devolve the melancholy task of tracing "*à la Gibbon*" the decline and fall of English literature, must necessarily devote an ample chapter to our modern writers of romance. This class of authors has obtained, in our days, a predominance which will suffice to establish, in the dispassionate judgment of after years, the degenerate imbecility of the national mind during the period of its influence. A motley and undisciplined horde, emerging from their native haunts on the remote boundary of the literary domain, these lawless dwellers of the regions of fiction, these denizens

of the frontier provinces that confine on the legitimate territory of the *belles-lettres*, have rushed down with a simultaneous war-whoop on the empire of learning, and seriously threaten not to leave a vestige of sober knowledge or classic taste throughout the wide range of their Vandalic excursions. No portion of antiquity's most precious records, no memorable transaction of bygone centuries, no important epoch in the annals of the world, is held sacred from the rude inroad and destructive battle-axe of the "*Historical*" novelist. The ghost of old Froissart revisits nightly the glimpses of the moon to complain of those who molest and torture his simple spirit. Rapin, Matthew Paris, Hollingshed, De Thou, Hume, Clarendon, and Robertson are doomed to undergo a *post-mortem* species of persecution, which those eminent chroniclers scarcely anticipated as the fruit of their learned labours. The gentle sisterhood of the sacred valley have taken the affair seriously to heart, and each muse in her turn sheds a tear of sympathy and condolence over the disfigured page of Clio.

Nor has the department of individual biography been exempt from the general devastation. Richelieu, Cromwell, William Wallace, Henri Quatre, Cardinal Borromeo, Queen Elizabeth, Brinsley Sheridan, and a host of similar illustrious victims, have been successively immolated with barbarous rites on the shrines of Colburn and Bentley. Vain is it henceforward to hope that any great man's ashes may be suffered to repose in their monumental urn. After disinterring by dozens the memorable dead who fain would sleep in Westminster Abbey, these literary ghouls have traversed the continent, with true vampire voracity, in quest of prey; and few, indeed, are the distinguished characters of European celebrity on whose substance they have not fed their indiscriminate and insatiate maw.

It is very unfair to accuse Sir Walter Scott of being the parent of this literary monster; it was full grown, or, at least, in its teens, when he adopted it, flinging the mantle of his genius over its native deformity. Towards the close of the last century the muse of a French abbé, *Marmontel*, brought it forth in "Bélisaire." Florian stood sponsor to the urchin in "Gonsalve de Cordoue;" and Jane Porter acted the part of wet nurse in "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

To the philosophic observer of the secret workings by which the human soul reveals its hidden attributes, unconscious of its own betrayal, it may be a fruitful study to watch how each of these novels reflects, as in a toilette mirror, the personal feelings and private life of its author or fair authoress. Le Comte de Buffon showed vast sagacity in his celebrated academic discourse, wherein he proved the startling proposition "*Le style c'est l'homme;*" but of our recent dabblers in fiction, it may be still more confidently asserted that the writer's own biography is sure to exhibit a "*bout d'oreille*" through the assumed envelope of his story. Tom Moore, in a production called the "Epicurean," painted an Egyptian miniature of his own emasculate *little*-ness; but as the book is long since defunct, *de mortuis nil*, &c., &c. We observe with satisfaction that our friend Rookwood-Ainsworth, a clever fellow, and a decided lady-killer, is about to give us *his* adventures under the convenient blind of a new romaunt, to be entitled "The Admirable Crichton." And why not? since Rousseau published "Confessions"—since Theodore Hook, under the name of "Gilbert Gurney," shrives himself every month, infusing a vein of quicksilver into the pages of a stupid periodical. If Madame de Staël thought proper to depict herself in "Corinne," why should not our especial favourite, the accomplished L. E. L., be permitted to shadow forth, with delicate tints, fresh carnation, and delicate drapery, her own graceful image as "Francesca Carrara?" Revelations such as these, which never would have been vouchsafed to our dull ears were it not for the allegorical vehicle through which it suits modesty to whisper its claims on our admiration, are surely enough to reconcile us to this sort of authorship. Let us, then, rather congratulate ourselves on the invention of the *historical novel*, if it furnish us

with details which through no other channels could possibly find their way to the public; and let us join in the judicious conclusion of that scapegrace Voltaire—

"Tous les gens sont bons—hors le genre ennuyeux."

We have been led into these remarks by the circumstance of meeting among the papers of our sacerdotal sage (which are far from being exhausted) a singular account of men and of things which now belong to history—a startling narrative which, did we not deprecate the imputation, might be taken for romance.

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, *March*, 1830.

DR. JOHNSON, among his admirable essays, under the character of a "Rambler," has a paper, if I recollect right, entitled "The Journey of a Day: a Picture of Human Life." In it "*Obadiah sets out in the morning*," and so on, to the close of the gentleman's adventures. But the story of *my* earthly career, comprised in the miscellaneous contents of yonder chest, will not, I fear, present that regular progression and chronological method observed in the biography of "Obadiah." The chronicler of my life must, I apprehend, take the trouble of collating and systematizing the various and confused records which will form this posthumous collection. Indeed, the safest and easiest style of publication would be to pull forth a handful at random, and affixing thereto the title of "Proutiana," give thus, volume after volume, in the "prevailing monthly form," until the whole shall have been exhausted. This, however, is no concern of mine, and as Chief Baron O'Grady once said to a jury of his countrymen, in recapitulating, after a protracted trial in Tipperary, the usual mass of conflicting evidence, "Gentlemen," say I to my future publishers, "there's the bone—pick it as you like."

I have been a sojourner in many lands. In the days of my youth I felt the full value of that vigorous period's unwasted energies, and took care that my faculties of body and mind should not be sluggishly folded in a napkin, and hidden beneath the clod of my native isle. Hence, wafted joyfully o'er the briny barrier that encloses this unfortunate "gem of the western world," I early landed on the shores of continental Europe, and spent my best and freshest years in visiting her cities, her collegiate halls, her historic ruins, her battle-fields. Tommy Moore and I may say with truth, that

"We have roamed through this world."

But my proceedings (unlike Tommy's) bore no resemblance to the conduct of "a child at a feast." It was not in pursuit of pleasure that I rambled through distant provinces; neither, like Childe Harold, did I travel to stifle the voice of remorse—to

"Fling forgetfulness around me."

I had other views. A transient, but not unobservant pilgrim, I have kept the even tenor of my way through many a foreign tract of interesting country; rarely mingling in the busy hum of men, though carefully noting down with meditative mind the varieties of character and demeanour, the discrepancies of national thought and feeling as I went along. I have been keenly awake to each passing occurrence in the cities where I dwelt, though, like the stranger at Carthage, unnoticed myself and unperceived:

"Per medios, miscetque viris neque cernitur ulli."—(*Æneid. I.*)

But I have paused longer at Rome. Not that other cities were divested of

attraction: other places possessed interesting features, no doubt: they claimed and they obtained their share of a traveller's attention; yet, at no inferior threshold, at no minor shrine, could I be induced to depose the staff, the scrip, and the scallop-shell. Eager to hasten forward, and carefully reserving my best homage for that unrivalled sanctuary of the scholar's worship, of the antiquary's idolatry. The name and the history of so memorable a spot had long been familiar to my childhood. Even now, in the decline and decrepitude of old age, the reminiscences of the seven hills, recalling all my youthful associations, and refreshing the verdant enthusiasm of my boyhood, return sweetly, welcomed like the visits of early friendship; and although I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintanceship with the cities of France some thirty years ago, at the peace of Amiens, still the recollections of my Roman sojourn, bearing the remote millesimo of 1769, have kept themselves (to use a consesecrated expression) "*greener*" in my soul. O Rome! how much better and more profitable I feel it is to dwell, though but in spirit, amid the glorious ruins of thy monumental soil, than corporeally to reside in the most brilliant and frivolous of modern capitals. Quanto minùs est cùm reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!

There is a splendid song by some English bard, highly expressive of the sentiments of patriotic attachment, which the poet must have felt for the island that gave him birth—sentiments enhanced by a reference to the proud position it holds among the countries of Europe in arms, in arts, in the comforts of civilization, commerce, and freedom; but the very soul of the composition is exhaled and finds utterance in that brief condensation of impassioned eulogy, "England, the Home of the World!" What this country now is, Rome was. That city the philosopher Seneca terms (in his treatise De Consolatione, cap. 6) *communem gentibus patriam;* and the idea is re-echoed by the naturalist Pliny in nearly the same words (lib. 35, cap. 5). How often does the sensitive mind of the Mantuan shepherd dwell with complacency on the attractions he found in the city of his adoption—

"Rerum pulcherrima Roma!" (*Georgic. III.*)

And again:

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem."
(*Eclogue I.*)

Not less perceptible is the real tendency of Horace's affections. When that genuine specimen of a Roman "man on Town," slyly exhorts some friend to try the effects of rustication—

"Omitte mirari *beatæ*
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ!"

But Ovid's case is more peculiarly interesting in this respect. He who had formed the chief ornament of polished society, the sought for and the caressed of every Roman boudoir, the arbiter of refinement and elegance at the brilliant court of Augustus, is suddenly banished to Scythia, a province much resembling the bogs of modern Iveragh, or the wilderness of Connemara. Placed in so woful a predicament, is it to be wondered at that he should envy the happiness of his own books, which would go through so many editions in the capital, and be handed about in every circle, while he himself was pining among the tasteless brutes and ignorant savages of the *paludes Propontidis.*

"Parve . . . sine me liber ibis in Urbem
Hei mihi quo Domino non licet ire tuo."

Thus even at a later age, in the decline of the Empire, that eminent scholar

and highly-gifted writer, St. Jerome, having withdrawn from the fascinations of the Eternal City to a romantic hermitage in Palestine, complained sadly that his retirement was invaded, and his solitude perpetually haunted, by the well-remembered images of the Roman ladies, and certain fairy visions of profane beauty and accomplishments. This is recorded by Erasmus in the life of the saint prefixed to the *editio* princeps—(S^{ti} Hieronomi Opera, t. i. folio, Basileæ, 1526). But a truce to these frivolous preliminaries. Rome was not recommended to my affections and cherished in my heart merely because of her Pagan excellence, her martial glory, her literary fame. I was a Christian man, and I aspired to the Christian priesthood in that city, which the code of Justinian has not hesitated, in ancient days, to call the fountain of sacerdotal honour—"fons sacerdotii," in that city which St. Prosper, a graceful poet and a father of the Church (A.D. 470), addressed in terms of veneration and endearment:

> "Sedes Roma Petri, quæ pastoralis honoris
> Facta caput mundo quidquid non possidet armis.
> Regligione tenet;"

in that city which a modern French poet, the unfortunate Gilbert, has characterized in the following splendid line—

> "*Veuve* d'un peuple roi, mais *Reine* encore du monde."

I looked on Rome as the grand cemetery of the thousand *martyrs*, whose ashes commingle there with the dust of the Scipios, and whose bones (to use the strange words of the Bishop of Antioch, Ignatius) were ground into flour by the lions of the amphitheatre, to become the bread of Christ. I remembered that on this spot Peter suffered, and Paul bled in vindication of our common Christianity; and therefore I looked on Rome with the eyes of old Chrysostom, whose glorious declaration comes fresh on my memory when, commenting on Paul's Epistle to the Romans, he beautifully exclaims: Εγω και την Ρωμην δια τουτο φιλω και μακαριζω οτι και ζων αυτοις συνουσ ην και τον βιον εκει κατελυσε. Διο και επισημος η πολις ευτευθεν, η απο των αλλων απαντων· και καθαπερ σωμα μεγα και ισχυρον οφθαλμους εχει δυο λαμποντας, των αγιων τουτων τα σωματα. Εκειθεν αρπάγηστετο Παυλος, εκειθεν Πετρος* Ενυοησατε τε και φριξατε οιον οψετο θεαμα Ρωμη, τον Παυλον εξαιφνης ανιστάμεγον ατο της θηκης εκεινης μετα Πετρου, και αρομενον εις απαντησιν του Κυριου. Οια αποστελλει τω Χριστω ροδα η Ρωμη (Homilia in Epist. Paul, ad Romanos, ad finem). An eloquent effusion thrilling with magnificent enthusiasm, the spirit of which may be recognized in a hymn of our Church composed by St. Prudentius in the fifth century, for the festival of Peter and Paul:

> "O Roma felix quæ duorum principum
> Es consecrata glorioso sanguine.
> Horum cruore purpurata cæteras
> Excellis orbis una pulchritudines!"
>
> Ex officio Breviar. Rom. 29 Junii.

So alluring a topic, as I confess this to be, suggesting to my mind so many solemn reflections, must not however lead me away from the subject of to-night's paper, which I intend shall relate an occurrence that befell myself and my old schoolfellow, the painter Barry, in the capital of the Christian world. It is an inveterate habit with my imagination to run riot when once the reins are loosed and the ground tempts to a fit of discursiveness, nor is it the first time in the course of these compositions that I have felt conscious of over-

freely indulging in illustration and soliloquy. I beg leave to apologize to the gentle reader for trespassing on his patience, and I do so without availing myself of the excuse an erratic French poet gives for the aberrations of his muse:—

"Pardon, messieurs, si je m'égare,
C'est que j'imite un peu Pindare!"

Which, being interpreted, will be found to mean—

"I've got a fault I cannot hinder,
A knack of imitating Pindar."

Promising, therefore, to keep, as far as human frailty will allow, with straightforward adherence to the thread of my narrative, I will eschew unnecessary speeches, and though memory should be ever so anxious to pour forth the mellow gatherings of her horn of plenty, I will sternly decline the offerings of the pleasant but whimsical cornucopia.

It was towards the close of the autumn of 1769 that I reached the Eternal City. Never shall I forget the rapturous exaltation with which I caught a glimpse from the heights above the "Pons Milvius" of that glorious landscape of ruins; most distinctly is my mind still impressed, at this distance of space and time, with the solemn silence of those seven hills, the deep gliding of the voiceless Tiber, the frequent cypress rising in the suburban solitude—and, above all, yon gorgeous dome of the Galilean fisherman, swelling in triumph over the circus of Nero. Onward I went with eager eyes, with throbbing heart, and with elastic step; for I had alighted from the clumsy vehicle of my Florentine *vetturino*, sure to rejoin him at the traveller's inevitable *rendezvous*, the Dogana Pontificia; alone and on foot I arrived at the gate of Rome, and stood on the Piazza del Popolo. What was the precise current of cogitation that flowed through my mind I cannot exactly remember, but I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the rough grasp of honest and affectionate welcome; and mine eye gazed on the well-known countenance of *James Barry*. Then and there was I destined to meet thee once more, best loved of my boyhood and earliest associate of my school-days! with whom I had often played the truant from the hedge-academy of Tim Delany.

"Meorum prime sodalium!
Cum quo morantem sæpe diem
Fregi."—*Hor.* lib. ii. ode 7.

Ay, then and there was it my lot to encounter him, whom I had remembered a shoeless, stockingless, and reckless urchin, yet withal the life and soul of fun in the classic purlieus of Blarney Lane; ripe for every mischief, but distinguished among the pupils of our excellent didasculus by the graphic accuracy with which his embryo genius could trace in chalk on the school-door, or with slate pencil on those tablets sacred to Euclid, the aforesaid pedant's respectable proboscis. A red cow, *in fresco*, over Mick Flannagan's public-house, still exists to attest the early development of his pictorial talent; and even then his passion for the fine arts was demonstrated by the fact of his having removed from its pedestal, and conveyed in the dead of night to his own garret, the wooden effigy of a blackamoor that adorned the Widow Brady's tobacco shop. I afterwards lost sight of him when he migrated from Cork to the miserable hamlet of Passage, on the harbour. There his father, who had been a builder while in town, became, it appears, the owner of a small coasting craft; in which, sadly against his inclination, my poor James was doomed to roam the blue deep, until he at last rebelled against his maritime destiny, and "taking up arms against a sea of troubles," determined, in opposition to parental authority, at once to "end them." His subsequent fate and fortunes since he

had "cut the painter" I had no means of ascertaining, till thus accosted by what seemed, to my startled eye, the most unaccountable of apparitions; nor was it till I had fairly scanned his outward semblance, and heard the genuine Munster brogue, in its pure unsophisticated Atticism, vibrate on his tongue, that doubt gave place to the unfeigned delight of mutual recognition. Barry's wonderment at discovering his quondam acquaintance in a semi-ecclesiastical garb, was not the least amusing feature in the striking group we both presented under the pedestal of Aurelian's obelisk, that flung its lengthy shadow across the spacious piazza as the glorious Italian sun still lingered on the verge of the horizon.

An immediate adjournment was voted, by mutual acclamation, to the nearest hospitable shed; which, I remember well, was that most classically-named establishment the *Osteria della Sybilla*, in the "Corso." There, to use the language of a kindred soul in a similar rencontre—

> "O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
> Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico"
>
> (*Iter Brundusii*)—

mine host was summoned to produce flask after flask of sparkling *Orvieto* and generous "lachryma;" nor was the swelling tear of joyous enthusiasm unnoticed by me in the full eye of kindling genius, when subsequently, we drank to his "art," and his "hopes," both coupled with the name of "*Edmund Burke*, his noble, his generous protector!"

We parted at a late hour, after fully comparing and collating our autobiographies, well pleased at the coincidence that had reunited us once more. Barry had but to cross the street to his modest stanzina, in the "Vicolo del Greco." I tarried for the night in the cave of "the sybil," and dreamed over many a frolic of bygone days, over many a deed of Roman heroism; commingling the recollections of Tim Delany with those of Michael Angelo, and alternately perambulating in spirit the "Via Sacra" and "Blarney Lane."

This renewal of acquaintanceship was of no small advantage to us both during the period of our residence in Rome. Though the object of our several inquiries, and the path of our respective pursuits, were widely dissimilar, there was necessarily on both sides much of acquired attainment: the interchange of which was mutually delightful. In all that could illustrate the memorials of Roman story, the early annals of the republic, with reference to trophies, triumphal arches, the deciphering of inscriptions, and such antiquarian lore as could be gathered from the previous perusal of much that had been written on this exhaustless topic, Barry found in his friend an humble but cheerful nomenclator—an almanac of constant and useful reference, more especially in that department of sacerdotal knowledge which embraces the records and proceedings of primitive Christianity; of which Rome, its catacombs, its churches, its sepulchres, and its MSS. are the richest and most faithful depositories.* In return for such hints, suggestions and traditionary legends, as I was enabled to communicate, it was Barry's pride to develop to me the sound principles of taste and criticism—the whole theory of the art he loved—those noble views and comprehensive speculations which he had derived from nature, and from the cultivated intercourse of "A Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful." Commingling thus our notions of the pleasing reciprocity of observation and judgment, together we explored all the monumental remains that lay strewn in giant fragments over the seven hills, from that magnificent relic of imperial

* There is an elaborate work, by Father Aringhi, bearing the quaint title of *Roma Subterranea*, 2 vols. folio, Rom. 1663, which embodies much of the information here alluded to.—PROUT.

grandeur "Tanfiteatro Flavio," to that mighty utilitarian deposit of sepulchral glory, the "Cloaca Maxima."

Among the attributes of a powerful mind, and the peculiarities of extraordinary intellect, there has been often noticed an occasional playfulness, a whimsical boyishness, with which the tame prudery of mediocre talent is rarely chargeable, and the dull eye of commonplace thinkers is awfully scandalized. This remarkable characteristic in the idiosyncrasy of the mental faculties was observable in Barry: he had retained in the maturity of manhood that never-failing accompaniment of inborn genius—he possessed the unsophisticated heart of childhood still fresh and warm in his breast. My friend dearly loved a frolic. I know not whether it was the irresistible impulse of those early school day associations which my unexpected presence had then and there communicated to his brain, but certain it is, that in the most sober and solemn localities, when the inspirations of the spot would seem to preclude the remotest idea of fun, a sudden unaccountable whim would take possession of his fancy—the distinguished painter would disappear by some enchantment and leave nought behind but the wild urchin of the streets of Cork. Thus, for instance: in examining the environs of the Capitol and surveying the well-known topography of that classic neighbourhood, it suddenly occurred to him, as we looked up with reverential awe at the *ci-devant* precipice yclept the Tarpeian Rock, to suggest that I should climb the pinnacle, and place myself in the attitude of an ancient criminal about to take the last fatal step, in supposed accordance with the *senatus consultum* in such cases made and provided. Of course I had no objection to gratify his wishes thereupon, but had scarcely folded my classical gown into the most approved fashion of a Roman toga, and assumed a look of the most sublime and devoted attachment, even in death, to the laws of my country, extending my arm to the statue of Jupiter Stator,—when a blow of a cabbage stump, aimed with unerring precision from the kitchen garden where Barry stood below, had well-nigh completed the tragic performance and hurled me from my "evil eminence," thus adding another to the crowd of distinguished characters whose final departure for the nether world (to speak with Homer) that rock had witnessed—

Πολλας δ' ιφθιμους ψυχας αιδι προϊαψεν Ηρωων. Κ. τ. λ.

Fruitlessly did I remonstrate with the wayward artist, and vainly did I claim the protection of canon law, which excommunicates the perpetrator of a similar enormity (*Si quis, suadente diabolo, clericum percusserit*, &c. canon 2 *de percussoribus*, sect. 3, de jactu caul.); for he would urge my own oft-repeated quotation from Horace, expressly authorizing poets and painters to attempt anything within the range of human audacity, with impunity,—*quidlibet audendi* (De Arte Poet., v. 10).

We loved, at the solemn hour of sunset, ere twilight grey had flung his misty mantle o'er the scene, to ascend together the Janiculum Hill (near the Vatican) because of the unrivalled prospect which, from the grand reservoir of the Acqua Paolina, on the summit of that elevation, may be enjoyed in the cool of the evening, commanding a view over the whole surface of the ancient and modern city,—its palaces, its domes, and its campanili contrasting in picturesque confusion with the giant pillars of Trajan and Antonine,—the full circumference of its walls—its aqueducts stretching in broken series across the desolate campagna,—the silent course of the Tiber winding its serpent length through the whole compass of the horizon, with the distant hills of Tivoli and Alba on the verge of the landscape, that lost itself among the Apennines,—there would we sit and contemplate awhile the matchless vision, with emotions far deeper than those felt by Catullus, whose eye scanned the same tract of land from the same eminence in olden days:—

"Hinc septem dominos videre montes
Et totam licet æstimare Romam."

Then anon the sportive spirit would rush upon Barry, and, strangely jarring on the harmony of local reminiscences, amid the awfulness of historic cogitation, would burst forth with a wild and grotesque song, composed in honour of the maritime village where he had spent his young days—manifestly an imitation of that unrivalled dythyramb "The Groves of Blarney," with a little of its humour and all its absurdity.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A FASHIONABLE IRISH WATERING-PLACE.

The town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated
Upon the say,
'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer's day:
There you may slip in
To take a dipping,
Forment the shipping
That at anchor ride.
Or in a wherry
Come o'er the ferry,
To Carrigaloe,
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming,
With sailor garments
Hung out to dry;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
In their straw-built sty.
It's there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings
And oyster-shells;
Nor any lack, O!
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
In whisky-punch;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country
You came hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification,
With a parish priest
That's called "Father Tom."*

* This cannot possibly refer (without a flagrant anachronism) to the present incumbent, the *Rev. Thomas England*, P.P., known to the literary world by "a life" of the celebrated Friar, Arthur O'Leary, chaplain to a Club which Curran, Yelverton, Earls Moira, Charlemont, &c., &c., established in 1780, under the designation of "The Monks of the Screw."—O. Y.

Of ships there's one fixed
For lodging convicts,
A floating "stone jug"
Of amazing bulk;
The hake and salmon,
Playing at backgammon,
Swim for diversion
All round this "hulk;"
There "Saxon" jailors
Keep brave repailots,
Who soon with sailors
Must anchor weigh
From the em'rald island,
Ne'er to see dry land
Until they spy land
In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

Some people will think this conduct of my departed friend very childish, and so it was, doubtless: but, to quote the language of his patron, Edmund Burke, in one of those immortal pamphlets, replete with a wisdom and a philosophy never granted to the soul of an utilitarian, "Why not gratify children? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. Is the world all grown up? is childhood dead? or is there not in the bosom of the worst and the best some of the child's heart left to respond to its earliest enchantments?" There is a remark made by Coleridge relative to the propensity of superior mental power to humble itself to the capacity and the pursuits of the infant mind, which, if I recollect his exact words, I would here record;* but I have constantly observed in my own experience of life, and my own range of reading, that such has ever been the tendency of all gifted and extraordinary men in every age, from Agesilaus to Henri Quatre—from the prophet who adapted himself to the proportions of infancy, "*his mouth upon his mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, his hands upon his hands*" (2 Kings, chap. iv. v. 34), to our own immortal patriot Grattan, who, in the home a nation gave him, amid the woods of Finnahinch, played hide-and-seek with his children; where (as Tom Moore says) he who had guided the councils of the collective wisdom,

"The most wise of the old,
Became all that the youngest and simplest hold dear."—*Monody*, &c.

Some weeks passed on, and I began to see less of Barry. Anxious to store my mind with whatever knowledge was to be obtained in the haunts of learning of the metropolis, I spent my days in frequenting the halls of the University (*archigymnus, rom*) and imbibing the wisdom of its professors. To some of these I willingly pay the tribute of grateful acknowledgment; they were men of acute and quick perception, clear and lucid delivery, easy and affable intercourse; their lectures were at once animated and substantial; while others (alas!), like our modern Denny Lardners, operated on the crowd of eager students like the reading of the riot act—dull-plodding, pompous, pragmatical, and empty-headed.

While I was thus engaged in sounding the depths of Thomas Aquinas, my friend and countryman was ardently pursuing his favourite vocation, and diligently studying the antique; while I was busied with the rude forms of syllogistic disputation, he was tracing the graceful shapes of fawn and nymph

* The remark, of which Prout only recollects the substance, may be found in Coleridge's *Autobiograph. Liter.*, Vol. 1, p. 85. "*To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood is the privilege of genius.*" &c., &c. Pope seems to have had a foretaste of the metaphysical discovery made by Coleridge when he wrote that line on his friend Gay—

"In wit a *man*, simplicity a *child*."—O. Y.

—Psyche and Ganymede; I wrestled with Duns Scotus and Peter Lombard, he grappled with the dying gladiator, or the still-breathing Laocoon; that huge block called the torso of Hercules was the grand object of his idolatry; *I* worshipped an equally ponderous and gigantic folio of Cornelius à Lapide.

Months rolled away. I began to receive occasional visits from the painter; but I could observe that his brow wore the mask of a disturbed and unquiet spirit, and that he laboured under fits of depression and annoyance. He made no difficulty of communicating to me the subject of his tribulations, which had little foundation in reality, but were sufficient to sting to madness an over-sensitive mind such as my friend unfortunately possessed. He had persuaded himself that the English artists in Rome were in a combination against him, that he was doomed to be for ever the victim of jealous envy, that his efforts to gain celebrity, and take his allotted place among the ornaments of his profession, would be ever thwarted, by undue preferences bestowed on inferior craft and intriguing dulness. To these troubles of his fancy's creation there was superadded the straitened circumstances in which he was placed; wholly dependent on the small annuity which Edmund Burke (by no means wealthy at that period) contrived to bestow on him (50*l.*)*

All these symptoms of his internal organization, which afterwards in London broke out into such fearful manifestations of irritability and unhappy temper, required my utmost skill in the art of persuasion to soothe and to pacify. Poets have been termed an angry, susceptible, and sensitive race, ever prone to take umbrage at the most imaginary slight, and industriously conjuring up spectral apparitions of unintentional offence and visionary wrongs; but Barry belonged to the most exalted class of the *genus irritabile*, and this unfortunate impatience of mind, in conjunction with, and deriving intensity from, physical and constitutional habit, brought on his premature death, ere that plenitude of fame, and that fulness of renown, on which he might securely have counted, could in the course of human affairs be granted to his too eager anticipation. How beautifully is the line of observation into which I have thus been inadvertently led, followed up, and how feelingly is the same sentiment expressed, by le Baron de Fontanes in his consolatory address to M. de Chateaubriand!—

"Ainsi les maîtres de la lyre
Partout exhalent leur chagrins,
Vivants la douleur les déchire;
Et ces dieux que la terre admire
Ont peu compté de jours sereins,

Longtemps une ombre fugitive
Semble tromper leur noble orgueil;
La Gloire enfin pour eux arrive,
Et toujours sa palme tardive
Croît plus belle au pied d'un CERCUEIL."

I've marked the youth with talents cursed,
I've watched his eye, hope-lit at first—
Then seen his heart indignant burst
To find his genius scorned!

* Barry was not the only English (?) artist whose poverty at Rome was proverbial; the eminent landscape painter Wilson was sadly unprovided with the precious metals while a student in the capital. There is an odd story told of his doffing his coat one fine day for a game of tennis in the baths of Caracalla (where the English had got up a sort of ball alley), when lo! on his back, by way of lining to his waistcoat, a splendid waterfall with grottos, &c., &c., became visible; a contrivance, no doubt, of his laundress to turn his productions to some profitable purpose.—O. Y.

Soft on his secret hour I stole,
And saw him scan with anguished soul
Glory's immortal muster-roll
His name should have adorned !

His fate had been, with ardent mind
To chase the phantom fame,—to find
His grasp eluded :—calm, resigned—
He knows his fate—he dies !

Then comes RENOWN ! then FAME appears !
Glory proclaims the COFFIN hers ;
Aye greenest over sepulchres
Palm-tree and laurel rise.

In the midst of those manifold vexations, there arose on the destiny of my friend a guiding star, a light to illumine his path, and to cheer him on his pilgrimage, a mild and holy influence, which had it not been withdrawn suddenly, and for ever, might have rescued Barry from the dominion of his own unruly imaginings and linked him to social existence. The rudest and most ungovernable natures are the most docile and pleasant under the angelic sway of female loveliness; and there is a secret spell, by which the gentle voice of beauty's admonition finds access to the most ironbound and intractable tempers. In his frequent visits to the Vatican, Barry had been noticed by the old custode who tenanted the *Torrione dei Venti* at the extreme end of the palace. Fabio Centurioni (such was the honoured name of this respectable veteran, the senior officer of the Vatican gallery) was in himself an object not unworthy of the antiquarian's attention. He belonged to a race of men totally distinct in character, feeling, and outward semblance from the vulgar crowd of Italians who crawl through the streets of Rome. He was of an old transtiberine family; that is to say he claimed, in common with the *trasteverini*, or inhabitants of that quarter of the city separated from the rest by the Tiber, an undoubted and uncontaminated pedigree, ascending through all the vicissitudes of intervening barbarism to the ancient masters of the world. Whether he traced the relationship to Fabius Maximus

"Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem" (*Ennius*)—

is a point which I omitted at the time to ascertain; but if a solemn, imperturbable gait, a gravity of deportment, an absence of all unnecessary speed in word or gesture, were symptoms of genealogical import, his descent in a direct line from the great *Cunctator* was unquestionable. His affection for young Barry originated in a sort of fancied resemblance to the old Roman character which he thought he could trace in the young foreign artist, and certainly, as far as energy, vigour, a proud and generous disposition, and an uncompromising dignity were typical of the sons of Romulus, the Irish painter justified the old gentleman's sagacity and vindicated his discernment; hence he entertained for my friend a predilection which he took every opportunity of exhibiting, being heard to declare that Barry was more of a Roman than the whole tribe of degenerate wretches who dwelt on the right bank of the river. But what set the seal to the custode's approbation, and firmly established the foreigner in his esteem, was the unbounded veneration and respectful homage which both felt in common for the huge torso of Hercules at the extremity of the gallery—a colossal fragment, well-known throughout Europe from the many casts that have been taken therefrom, and which in shape, size, and wonderful attributes can only be compared to the Blarney stone, of which, to the uninitiated vulgar, it appears an exact fac-simile. Fabio's eye glistened with delight as he watched our enthusiast sketching his glorious block day after

day, in every position and attitude. An invitation to his apartments in the palace was the result; and thus Barry became acquainted with the accomplished, the unrivalled Marcella.

Pure, delightful, heavenly being! sixty years have passed over my head, and revolutions have swept over the face of Europe, and monarchies have passed away, and for more than half a century thy ashes have slept in the church of *Santa Cecilia in trastevere*, but thy image is now before me, lovely and animated as when thy smile cheered the wild Irish artist, whom thou didst devotedly and unfeignedly love! In that church, near the tomb of the martyred saint (thy model and thy patroness), a marble tablet, carved by the hand of thy heart-broken father, may yet be seen, with the words—"MARCELLA CENTURIONI, DI ANNI 13, VERGINE ROMANA, PACE IMPLORA."

That peace is assuredly thine. Of too gentle a texture wert thou to endure the trials of life, and the rude contact of adversity. Hence in mercy wert thou withdrawn from this boisterous world, and received into the harbour of eternal rest. With grief I record thy early fate: but I sorrow not for thee! My mind loves to dwell on the probable destiny of my friend had Heaven but granted him a partner through life, an adviser, a helpmate, a tutelary deity, in the adored person of her whom he had the unspeakable misfortune to lose for ever. But of what avail are the fond speculations of friendship? Both are long since no more, and I myself must soon rejoin them in the mysterious region that stretches out beyond the grave.

Never shall I forget the Christmas of 1769. In Italy, the annual recurrence of that merry festival is accompanied, in the family circle, as well as in the public rejoicings, with certain demonstrations of religious feeling, and is not merely, as in England, a season of carousing and revelry. The picturesque appearance and grotesque costume of the rustic minstrels, who come down from the Apennines at that period of the year and fill the city with the melody of their bagpipes (not unlike a group of Bethlehem shepherds), is not the least interesting feature of the solemnity. The ceremonies and liturgy of the Church, appealing to the senses of the people (for, in spite of the march of intellect, there must ever be an outward and visible display of religious worship for the bulk of mankind), kindle in a marvellous degree the fervour of those southern votaries of our common Christianity, and are admirably adapted for impressing them with sentiments appropriate to the commemoration of Christ's nativity. It was then that, through Barry, who was a constant visitor of Fabio Centurioni, and, in fact, was looked upon in the light of an accepted son-in-law, I became intimate with the old custode's family. Many were the pleasant hours, and countless the happy evenings, we spent in the society of those good and hospitable people—many the moments of unmixed, ineffable enjoyment. Excellence in musical accomplishments is the birthright of every daughter of Italy; but Marcella's voice thrilled with a delicacy of feeling and a depth of expression it has never been my fortune to meet in any part of the continent. Memory will occasionally, at this distance of time, bring back some fleeting snatches of that exquisite melody; and just now a simple ballad, replete with graceful piety, which I believe to be of her own composition, presents itself to my recollection. It is but a fragment; but as I never saw it anywhere in print, I cannot supply the portion that is deficient, to complete the poem, which contains a supposed dialogue between the Virgin Mary, a gipsy, and St. Joseph, in the land of Egypt.

LA ZINGARELLA.

Ben venuto vecchiarello
Con questo bambino bello
Che' sto core m' inamora;
Dio ti salvi, bella signora!

Siete stanchi e meschini
Credo, poveri pellegrini,
Che cercate d' alloggiare
Vuol signora scavalcare?

Alla tua bella presenza
Tutta mi sento riverenza,
E ancor credo per certo
Che venite del deserto.

Siete stanchi della via,
Vi offerisco la casa mia;
Benchè sono poverella,
Son una donna Zingarella.

Se non è come meritate
Signoruccia perdonate,
Quest' onor volete farmi?
Questo piacer volete darmi?

Aggia quà una stallella
Buona per' sta somarella;
Paglia e fieno ce ne getto
Vi è per tutti lo ricetto.

E tu, vecchiarello, siedi!
Sei venuto sempre a piedi;
Avete fatto, o bella figlia,
Da trecento e tante miglia.

O ch' è bello' sto figliarello
Che par fatto con pennello,
Non ci so dar assomiglio
Bella madre e bello figlio.

Non aveta piu paura
V' indovino l' aventura,
Noi signora così sino
Facciam sempre l' indovino.

Quel picciolin' mi tocca il core
Mostra mi dunque per favore,
Fammi grazia signorina
Dammi qùi la sua manina, etc.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A Ballad.

There's a legend oft told of a gipsy that dwelt
In the land where the Pyramids be;
And her robe was embroider'd with stars, and her belt
With devices right wondrous to see.
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child
On his mother's immaculate breast;
When he fled from his foes—when to Egypt exiled,
He went down with St. Joseph the Blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, methinks,
And the future was given to her gaze;
For an obelisk mark'd her abode, and a sphinx
Kept watch on her threshold always.
She was pensive, and ever alone, nor was seen
In the haunts of the dissolute crowd,
But communed with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,
And with visitors wrapp'd in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day
With a maid on a mule, by that road,
And a child on her bosom reclined—and the way
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode:
And they seem'd to have travell'd a wearisome path
From their home, many, many a league—
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,
Spent with toil, and o'ercome with fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwelling, and pray'd
That the pilgrims would rest there awhile;
And she offer'd her couch to that delicate maid,
Who had come, many, many a mile;
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,
And she begg'd the old man would repose;
'Here the stranger," she said, "ever finds free access,
And the wanderer balm for his woes."

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led,
To a seat in her grotto so cool,
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits; and a shed
With a manger was found for the mule:

With the wine of the palm-tree, with dates newly cull'd,
All the toil of the road she beguiled;
And with song in a language mysterious she lull'd
On her bosom the wayfaring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Ethiop hand
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,
Oh 'twas fearful to see how the features she scann'd
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!
Well she noted each mark, and each furrow that cross'd
O'er the tracings of destiny's line:
"WHENCE CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment lost,
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINEAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment is dyed
In the blood of the children he slew.
We were told to remain till an angel's command
Should appoint us the hour to return;
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me," said the gipsy with joy,
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;
Many years have I pray'd that the Israelite boy
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles) would come."
And she kiss'd both the feet of the infant, and knelt,
And adored him at once—and a smile
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

The character and prospects of Barry never presented themselves to his friends under a brighter aspect than during the period of his intimacy with the amiable and cultivated indwellers of the *Torrione de' Venti* in the Vatican gardens. The soothing influence of the milder affections became manifest in the submissive and *quasi*-filial attention with which he deferred to the counsels of Marcella's father, who, having, in virtue of his office, seen many successive generations of young enthusiasts engaged in the same professional walk, was eminently qualified to guide and to advise. The privilege of access to the gallery at hours when, by the established regulations, all others were excluded, was an advantage which Barry knew how to appreciate, and which I particularly notice, because it gave occasion to an occurrence of which I alone was witness, and which I promised during his lifetime never to disclose. Since his death, I have had no motive either for publishing or concealing this anecdote; and, to tell the truth, I apprehended that its very singularity would, perhaps, in the estimation of many, be a sufficient reason for refusing all credence to the narrative; but in the eyes of the select few, for whom I write (*contentus paucis lectoribus*), I venture to hope that the romantic nature of the transaction will not, merely on that ground alone, damage the statement or prejudice my veracity; it being a recognized truth, that matters far more extraordinary have occurred in real life than are recorded in the wildest pages of contemporary fiction.

Barry loved to study in the Vatican gallery by night—an indulgence which the mildness of the season (it was now the close of May, 1770) in the genial climate of Italy) would occasionally allow of. The modern custom of permitting foreigners to explore the museum by torchlight, on payment of certain fees, and under particular circumstances, had not yet been established, so that James had no apprehension of intruders on the privacy of his studious hours. There, by the glare of a bronze lamp, he would sit while the city

was hushed in repose; and while the glimmering flame would cast its shadowy lustre on the contour of some antique group, he would delight to sketch the ghostlike forms of the mighty dead, drinking deep of the pure fount of Greek inspiration. I believe that I have before adverted to the strange notion he had imbibed that the English artists at Rome were jealously watchful of his studies; that they sought to appropriate the conceptions of his teeming fancy and to rob him of his originality. Hence, to Barry, the conviction of being alone and unobserved constituted the real charm of these nocturnal pursuits: none but I could boast of ever being allowed access to his vigils in the gallery.

On the evening of the 20th of May (the date I have not forgotten) we had both been staying up late with the old custode in the *Torrione*, and Barry had been rather warmly engaged with his host in a controversy respecting the relative merits of the recumbent Cleopatra, and the reclining figure of a colossal river god, generally supposed to be the Nile; when, as he imagined I took some interest on behalf of his favourite the Cleopatra, he offered to accompany me thither with, the old custode's permission, and give me ocular demonstration of the correctness of his views. As by this time (it was near midnight) we had demolished not a few flasks of *gensano*, I felt nothing loth: so we folded our cloaks about us, and I bore the torch. I question whether Diomed and Ulysses, in their famous night excursion across the plain of Troy, experienced loftier emotions than did we, as with echoing tread we paced the solemn halls of the pontifical palace between ranks of antique statues, confronting us in every possible variety of attitude—menace, grief, admiration, welcome, or terror.

Nothing to my imagination appeared so illustrative of a visit to the shades of Erebus, such as were penetrated by the hero of the "Æneid" and his mystic guide—

> "Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,
> Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna" (vi. 268).

Barry would occasionally pause before some of his marble favourites, introduce me to their individual merits, and teach me to throw the light judiciously, delivering himself withal of some of those striking theories which I loved to trace in his subsequent printed lectures on the art he adored. But as we slowly approached the *Sala de Cleopatra*, the term of our appointed pilgrimage, a sudden and unaccountable start on the part of my friend dashed the torch out of my hand—and "I'll be hanged, Prout!" cried he, "if the ruffians a'nt listening to every word I utter: did you not see that scoundrel Nollekens lurking there behind the Antinous?—by G—d, 'tis he!" "For shame!" I rejoined; "can't you keep from cursing at this hour of night, and in the very residence of the sovereign pontiff?" "'Tis true, by hell!" cried out my infuriated friend, reckless of that stern reporter for the celestial press, the recording angel, who, no doubt, dropped a detersive tear upon an oath the decided offspring and evidence of monomania: "but I'll teach the rascal to exercise elsewhere his talents as an eavesdropper, a spy, and a plagiarist!" So saying, he rushed to the spot where he fancied he had seen his foe: and spite of the obscurity of the hall, on the floor of which lay the extinguished torch, I could still perceive that he had, in fact, grappled not with a mere creature of his troubled fancy, but with a *bonâ fide* human shape, muffled in the ample folds of a long ecclesiastical robe, and yielding, apparently without resistance, to the rude energy of his assailant. Barry soon relaxed his grasp, when he had clearly ascertained that his prisoner was an old priest and an Italian; but muttered still with indomitable wrath, "You may thank your stars, my boy, that you weren't that blackguard Nollekens." "*Grazie tante*," was the ejaculation of the venerable captive, when he had sufficiently recovered from his fright. "Your mistake has well-nigh had consequences which none would regret more

than yourselves. You are foreigners, and, if I may judge from your idiom, English; I am a resident of the palace. No doubt a love for the arts has occasioned your presence here at this unusual hour. 'Tis well. Follow me towards the Sala di San Damaso." There was something authoritative, as well as conciliatory, in the tone of our new acquaintance: and as I showed a disposition to accept the invitation of one whom I guessed to be a dignitary of the Papal court, Barry did not hesitate to accompany me.

We paused not, we spoke not. Onwards we went through the different corridors and antechambers that separate the Vatican gallery from that portion of the palace which our guide had mentioned. Each *busola*, each door seemed to recognize the passage of a master, flying open at his touch. At length we entered what appeared to be a study. The walls were hung with Flemish tapestry, and a bronze lamp of antique fashion, dependent from the gilt oak ceiling, faintly illuminated the apartment. In the centre, a table, inlaid with exquisite mosaic, was strewed with various documents, seemingly of an official character; amongst which, a single book, though torn and disfigured, quickly attracted my eye. I knew at a glance the familiar folio. It was a copy of that splendid code of unrivalled philosophy and exalted wisdom, the *magna charta* of science combined with religion, the standard regulations of my old tutors—"INSTITUTUM SOCIETATIS JESU." We were seated at the Italian prelate's request. A servant in the papal livery was summoned, by a rapid signal, from the adjoining room: a brief order to bring wine and refreshments was delivered, and executed with magic promptitude. Meantime, Barry kept his eye on me to ascertain what I thought of our singular position. Our host left no space for reflection, but pressed us with genuine hospitality to partake of what lay before us. Wine is the great dissolvent of all distrust, the great generator of cordiality. Never was this recognized truth more forcibly exemplified than in my friend's case, who, totally oblivious of the late awkward scuffle between himself and the most reverend dignitary, launched out into a diversity of topics connected with the fine arts, of which our entertainer appeared to be a sincere and ardent admirer.

Thinking it high time to mix in the conversation, "I am happy to find," said I, quaffing a glass of Malaga, "that the Jesuits have a friend at the court of Ganganelli."

"Speak you thus, abbatino!" rejoined our host. "You are, then, an admirer of Loyola's institute. Are there many such in France, where, it appears, you have studied?"

I described the whole episcopal body of the Gallican Church, than which there never existed, in any age of Christianity, a more learned and pious body of men, as unanimously adverse to the proposed destruction of that invaluable Society.

"The King of France and the Kings of Spain and Portugal happen to think differently, young man," said the prelate with some warmth, and with a tone that only served to kindle my zeal in defence of my old professors.

"The profligate Duke de Choiseul and the very reputable Madame de Pompadour may have persuaded the imbecile Louis XV. to adopt the views of the writers in the "Encyclopédie." D'Alembert and Diderot may possibly think that the conductors of that troublesome periodical, *Le Journal de Trevoux*, might be advantageously suppressed; the Minister of his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain may no doubt fancy the property of the Society in the mother country, in South America, and in the East Indies, a fair object of plunder; the respectable Marquis de Pombal may entertain similar opinions at Lisbon: but surely the judgment of a knot of courtly conspirators acting in unhallowed concert, should find its proper weight in the balance of the sanctuary. If I mistake not, Catherine of Russia and the great Frederick of Prussia (heretics though they be) think differently of the merits of those extraordinary men, and openly pro-

fess their readiness to offer them an asylum in their respective territories. But if it be true (as it is rumoured in the Piazza Colonna) that the restoration of Avignon and its confiscated territory, estreated by France during the late pontificate, is to be the reward of Ganganelli's subserviency in this matter to the court of Versailles, then I must say, and I don't care who hears me, that a more flagrant case of simony and corruption never disgraced the annals of the Vatican. As to the wretched province regained to the Holy See by such means, it may well bear the denomination given of old to the *Potter's* field, HAKELDAMA!"

A dismal scowl passed over the brow of the prelate. "Is it not the first duty of the supreme pastor," he hastily observed, "to conciliate the heads of the Christian flock? Your own country teaches a lesson on pontifical obstinacy. Had Clement VII. shown less rigour in refusing to propitiate your Eighth Harry, by sacrificing to his whim the rights of Queen Katherine, England would at this day be the most valuable feoff of St. Peter's domain. In bygone days, the request of Philippe le Bel, backed by the Emperor and the Kings of England and Spain, was deemed sufficient in the teeth of evidence to condemn the noble brotherhood of the Temple. These orders are of human institution: the Jesuits must be yielded up to the exigency of the times. To appease the outcry, to calm the effervescence of the moment, the Pope may safely dismiss his 'Janissaries.'"

"Yet the day may come," I replied, "when Catholicity may want the powerful aid of science and of literature—when the paltry defence of ignorant bigotry will be no longer of any avail, when all the motley host of remaining monks and friars, white, black, and grey, will find their inability to fill the space left void by the suppression of that intellectual and redeeming ORDER, and when all the resources of learning and genius will be required to fight the battle of Christianity."

Two hours had now elapsed since our midnight adventure, and the warning chime of the palace belfry gave me an opportunity, in accordance with Barry's repeated signals, to take leave. The prelate, having carefully ascertained our names and address, placed us under the guidance of the attendant in waiting, who led us by the *cortile dei Suizzeri* to the *Scala Regia;* and we finally stood in front of St. Peter's Church. We paused there awhile, little dreaming that it was the last night we should pass in Rome. The moon was up, and the giant obelisk of Sesostris, that had measured the sands of Lybia with its shadow, now cast its gnomon to the very foot of that glorious portico. Gushing with perennial murmur, the two immense *jets d'eau* flung out their cataracts on each side of the sublime monument, and alone broke with monotonous sound the silence of the night.

Poor Marcella! those two hours had been a space of severe trial and sad suspense for thee; but we knew not till months had elapsed the fatal consequences that ensued. Barry, when he parted with her father, had promised to remain but a moment in the gallery, and old Centurioni bade his daughter wait up for his guests while he himself sought his quiet pillow. Hours rolled on, and we came not. The idea of nocturnal assassination, unfortunately too familiar to the Roman mind, awakened by the non-appearance of the Irish artist, took rapid possession of her kindling imagination as she watched in the *Torrione* in vain for his return.

The transition from doubt to the certainty of some indefinable danger was the work of an instant. Yielding to the bold impulse of hereditary instinct, she seized the bronze lamp that burned on the mantelpiece, grasped a Damascene blade, the weapon of some crusader in olden time, and gliding with the speed of thought, was soon far advanced in her searching progress through the corridors and galleries of the palace. Had the statue of Lucretia leaped from its pedestal, it might present a similar appearance in gesture and deportment.

Alas, she was never to re-enter the parental dwelling! Ere the morning dawned the romantic girl was a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, under suspicion of being employed by the Jesuits to assassinate Ganganelli!

Strange whispers were current at break of day—"An Irish painter and an Irish priest, both emissaries of '*the Society*,' had been detected lurking in the Vatican: an assault had been made on the sacred person of the pontiff: they had avowed all in a secret interview with his Holiness, and had confessed that they were employed by Lawrence Ricci, the general of the order." At the English coffee-house in the *Piazza di Spagna*, the morning's gossip was early circulated in Barry's hearing. The truth flashed on his mind at once. He ran to my apartments: I was thunderstruck.

Nothing had as yet transpired concerning Marcella's imprisonment; and we, unfortunately, resolved on a step which gave a colourable pretext to accusation. In the hurry of our alarm we agreed on quitting Rome at noon. Barry took the road to Bologna, and I was by noon in the Pontine marshes on the road to Naples. Our friends thought us safely immured in those cells which the "holy office" still keeps up at its headquarters in the Dominican convent called, ironically enough, La Minerva.

Old Centurioni was debarred the privilege of seeing his daughter; in silent anguish he mourned over the fate of his child, and bemoaned that of the young foreigners, who, he doubted not, were equally in the hands of "justice." But the worst was to come. That angelic being, whose nature was too pure, and whose spirit was too lofty, to endure the disgrace and infamy imputed to her, remained haughtily and indignantly passive under the harsh and unmerited infliction. She gave no sign. An inflammatory fever, the combined result of uncertainty concerning the fate of her lover, and irritation at the very thought of such heinous guilt thus laid to her charge, closed, in less than a fortnight, her earthly career. Her death set the seal on my friend's evil destiny through the remainder of his unblest and reckless pilgrimage.

XIV.

The Days of Erasmus.

(*Fraser's Magazine, May*, 1835.)

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[Through this paper of Prout's as curious a side-light is thrown upon the history of Erasmus as that cast upon it fully a quarter of a century afterwards by Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," a work which, it may be interesting to remark, is, among all its author's writings, his own especial favourite. That the good Father of Watergrasshill had an almost painful interest in and sympathy for the theme he had here selected is *naively* enough admitted by him at its very outset. It is with the sense as of a random shaft that rankles—*hæret lateri lethalis arundo*—that he cites from Pope in allusion to Erasmus "the glory of the priesthood and the shame." In his scholarship and in his wit, if in nothing else, Mahony was distinctly Erasmian. In the number of *Fraser* containing this ingenious dissertation on the Dutch scholiast appeared Maclise's sketch of Lady Morgan, author of "O'Donnell," or, better still, of "Florence Maccarthy," as the once wild Irish girl Sydney Owenson was supposed to look in her maturity, when critically trying on her new bonnet in front of a cheval glass. The fleering spirit of the time in which Prout and his Fraserian compeers flourished, was signally evidenced by Maginn's allusions, in the accompanying letterpress, to Lady Morgan's sire having been a gentleman's gatekeeper, and to her husband having been an apothecary who had suffered the penalty of knighthood at the hands of a facetious lord-lieutenant.]

ΕΡΑΣΜΙΗ πελεια
Πόθεν πόθεν πεπασσαι
Πόθεν μυρων τοσουτων
Επ' ἠρος θεουσα
Πνεεις τε και ψεκαζεις.

ANACREON, Ode 9.

Gentle shade of the scholar whose writings combined
With the lore of the priesthood the views of a sage:
Wit and wisdom allied in thy volumes I find,
And the perfume of piety breathes from thy page.
Prout.

THE restoration of letters, with the general revival of classic taste, of which the pontificate of Leo X. gave the signal to Europe, forms an epoch of surpassing interest, and we are not displeased at the opportunity afforded us, by the following rhapsody from Prout's coffer, of reverting to those "prime of days." Right pleasing and delectable, in mental as well as physical enjoyments, is variety. Hence, turning awhile from the frivolous pastimes of a novel-writing generation, it is our design to commune for a sober hour with men of another age, to exchange the foolscap octavo and the glittering Annual

for the parchment tome and the copper-fastened folio. Thus shall we best eschew the horrors of monotony, and "minister to the mind diseased" a dose of true "physic for the soul."

To us, deep pondering on the present posture of literary affairs, and much meditating on the future prospects of the learned republic, the retrospect becomes an exercise of solemn and official duty, nor is it without befitting anxiety that we are compelled to notice, in comparing our actual position with the past, strong symptoms of a state which we will describe best in our friend Lardner's phraseology, by the scientific terms "backward advancement and retrograde progression." For it will sometimes occur to us, in our meditative soliloquy, to pass in review before our mind's eye and name aloud one by one the most illustrious of our living authors: and when we have gone through the motley nomenclature, a palpable conclusion offers itself as the result of our scrutiny; we find that we have arrived at a period when, to flourish as a literary character, it is no longer necessary to have devoured and digested the contents of libraries, to have wasted a puncheon of midnight oil, to have lived on terms of long and close intimacy with the coy sisterhood (who are known to be rather shy of indiscriminate acquaintanceship), or to have held converse with the mighty dead, whose shades will not arise unless evoked by a kindred spirit. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Far different are the qualifications required to obtain success in the field of modern publication. The candidate for celebrity in the current literature of the day need not have impaired the energies of his intellect by too intense thinking, or, what is equally destructive, a too extensive perusal of bygone authors. His (or her) mind must be as nearly as possible a delightful blank—what in the philosophy of Locke and Descartes is denominated a *tabula rasa*—what Tom Moore calls a "virgin page" on which study has made no previous impression whatsoever. It is of the utmost consequence that the neophyte who is anxious to be numbered among the elect, that he (or she) carefully avoid the habits and pursuits of a bookworm: antiquated practices which (to quote the same distinguished poet and moralist) should be abandoned, like "points of belief,"

"To simpleton sages or reasoning fools,"

the memory of modern *literati* being of too polished a surface, their fancy of too delicate a texture, their ideas too "transient and brief,"

"To be sullied or stained by the dust of the schools."

Hence, if there happen to be some traces of early reading, some remnants faint and indistinct, of classical instruction, the sooner they are obliterated the better. The scribes who flourished during the "decline and fall," when they got hold of a vellum disfigured by compositions of the Augustan age, took especial pains to efface every appearance of the previous characters ere they converted it into a *palimpsest.*

A striking circumstance in the condition of modern authorship is the multitude of female aspirants to literary renown. But we think we can readily account for it. The sex is quick-sighted. Perceiving that it was no longer necessary, under the new system, to have accumulated (*oleo vigilante*) a stock of ideas ere commencing business as a bookmaker, they could not brook that the men should enjoy a monopoly. Learning hath no longer any *propria quæ maribus.* Heretofore they had abstained, from the false notion that there existed some such kind of Salic law in the republic of letters; but on bringing the point to issue, they have found no disqualifying obstacle to their ambition. Already do we contemplate literature in that state which, to French jurisprudence, is known by the term "*tombée en quenouille.*" Success the most triumphant has crowned their labours; for these female lucubrations

possess a *je ne sçais quoi* not given to the dull effusions of their male competitors. Who would not prefer a treatise on utilitarian philosophy by Martineau or Edgeworth to the Benthamite ravings of Brougham or Bowring? Can Basil Hall as a writer of travels bear comparison with the sagacious Trollope? Is the poetry of Haynes Bayly or Bob Montgomery a whit better than that of Mrs. Norton or Mrs. Barry Wilson? Does not the eccentric and flaring planet of Mother Morgan run a career of glory in breadth and brilliancy far surpassing the narrow orbit through which creeps along the minor star of ——— ———? And since the appearance of a late work on the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," have we not seen the transcendent blue light of Mrs. Somerville, F.R.A.S., rise to an astonishing altitude in the regions of astronomy, while the lantern of Lardner sank proportionally below the horizon? How much superior is the learned lady to the discomfited quack, and how well does she wear her laurels!

> "D'où vient qu'elle a l'œil troublé et le teint si ténue?
> C'est que sur le calcul, dit-on, de Cassini,
> Un astrolabe en main elle a, dans sa gouttière,
> A suivre Jupiter passé la nuit entière."
>
> *Boileau, Sat.* x. v. 430.

It was formerly considered the peculiar attribute of Bologna to produce female lecturers on the abstruse sciences; but that celebrated city can no longer boast of exclusively possessing she professors.

Nor, in contemplating the surrounding phenomena of the publishing world, should we overlook the labours of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge—that wondrous apparition! foreseen and foretold as early as the reign of Queen Anne by the author of a poem called the "Dunciad," who, through a vista of coming years, in the depth of futurity got a glimpse of the many-plumed phantom sitting on the dome of the London University,

> "With wings outspread,
> To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead."

The benevolent individuals with whom this diffusive project originated saw that learning, like landed property, was very unequally divided among mankind; and with a philanthropic ardour resolved to apply the principle of the agrarian law, which had hitherto only been thought applicable to estates and visible wealth, to the riches of the intellect. Strange to say, people have been found so wedded to existing abuses, as to question whether society would, in either case, be bettered by the achievement; and the intellectual levellers have been accused of wishing to introduce that chaos and confusion into the domain of the mind which their brethren, the radicals, seek to establish in the political world. Meantime "*fervet opus*," the *Penny Magazine* circulates its thousands, and the "Penny Cyclopædia" its tens of thousands. The old modes of acquiring knowledge, our traditionary routines of study, our halls and collegiate institutions, must shortly give place to a more enlightened system. But, alas! that the writers thus enlisted and en-regimented in the service of diffusion should be so generally known as a motley crew of half-taught blockheads. Even so, and it doth certainly seem unto us, who state the fact with sorrow, that the selection of the men appears to have been made on the principle adopted by Gideon in the choice of his soldiers, to wit, all who have stooped down to drink deep and leisurely of the stream that flows from the fountain of Helicon, have been carefully excluded, to make way for those ruder heroes who have quaffed in their rugged palm *en passant* barely enough to moisten their barbarous lips ere they set out on their crusade of "diffusion." Whether the light that is to shine from their broken pitchers, and the dis-

cordant noise of their penny trumpets, will be eventually triumphant, time will tell.

The sixteenth century opened with different views, and the writers of that day were folks of a different calibre. Long and well-regulated study, a constant recurrence to the great models that adorned the age of Tully and Pericles, laborious habits, indefatigable enthusiasm, cautious inquiry, with modesty and diffidence, are qualities invariably found in those who, at the time of Leo X., contributed to the development of solid information and the spread of classic taste—*Sic fortis Etruvia crevit.* It may be useful to glance at the period of the revival in these utilitarian days, when the value of such studies is more than questioned; when a shower of *useful* publications shot forth from the crater of "diffusion," like the ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii, bid fair to bury in oblivion every trace of classic literature, every vestige of Greek and Roman elegance.

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, 1830.

ERASMUS of Rotterdam, who was, according to a Catholic poet,

"The glory of the priesthood, and the shame" (*Pope*),

may naturally enough be supposed to have drawn on his character, writings, and biography much of sacerdotal attention. His "Life and Times" present interest and attraction for all, because mixed up with two coeval events, the most important in modern times—the restoration in letters and the reformation in religion, but to "his order" such a man must ever be an object of curious speculation and careful study. What the Εικων Βασιλικη is to kings should the "Opera Erasmi" be to priests—a manual of deep and wholesome reflection.

It was the fate of Erasmus during life to be abused by the blind zealots of both parties, while the enlightened and pacific spirits on either side invited him to their ranks, and claimed him as a friend. The abettors of the reformation still seek to number him among the promoters and instigators of that daring measure, while the sincere and dispassionate defenders of the old faith indignantly deny the claim, and pronounce him decidedly their own. Troy and Greece contended for the corpse of Patroclus: angels fought for the body of Moses.

The learned Benedictine, Montfaucon, in that work of wonderful erudition, "Diarium Italicum" (4to, Paris, 1792), at page 50, gives us an account of a certain library in Venice, belonging to the Dominican friars, in which, to his surprise, he found Erasmus figuring among a group of illustrious heretics carved in wood, and undergoing appropriate chastisement in effigy, a sight which seems to have roused the bile of the distinguished traveller and judicious ecclesiastic, who thus records his disapproval—"*Bibliotheca ist hæc ornata ligneis statuis est Catholicorum insignium virorum hinc hereticorum inde; inter hereticos visuntor* ERASMUS, *catenis onustus et* Gulielmus a Sto. Amore pariter alligatus appositis dicteriis (lampoons) hosce VIROS quam Lutherum et Calvinum INFAMANTIBUS." * Such has ever been the practice of ignorant fanatics; if you denounce their mischievous intolerance, or

* Those exquisite wood-carvings by Brustolini which, in 1702, excited the attention of Montfaucon, have in the course of events been removed from the library of SS. Giovanni e Paulo at Venice, and have found their way, after sundry vicissitudes, to this country, and are now exhibited at No. 21, Bond Street; and have been pronounced by connoisseurs to be admirable specimens of that species of sculpture of which the "truncus fientous" supplies the material.—O. Y.

ridicule their cherished absurdities, you will infallibly be proclaimed the foe of Virtue and Religion, with which they have the modesty to identify themselves.

" Qui n'aime pas Cotin n'estime pas son roi,
Et n'a (selon Cotin) ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi."

This tendency to repudiate the most distinguished of their brethren, and to stigmatize with odious imputations characters in whom they ought to glory, is too frequently observable among certain classes of churchmen: and it is pitiful to find a similar attempt to tarnish the fair fame of the Franciscan Roger Bacon, by *the historian of his order* (*Wadding*, A.D. 1278, § 26). The inventor of gunpowder was, it appears, by no means in good odour among his cowled brethren, who fancied him in league with Beelzebub. There was, doubtless, a certain atmosphere redolent of brimstone in his cell; he was accordingly doomed to expiate, in canonical confinement, the sin of genius. Roger Bacon laboured in his day under strong suspicion of heresy or atheism, from which, however, he has been fully absolved by the just verdict of posterity.

" Vois-tu dans la carrière antique
Autour des coursiers et des chars
Voler la poussière olympique
Qui les dérobe à nos regards!
Dans sa course ainsi le génie,
Par les nuages de l'envie,
Marche longtemps environné
Mais au terme de la carrière
Des flots de l'indigne poussière
Il sort vainqueur et couronné."

Lamartine.

" Hast thou marked, in the Circus of Rome,
The course of the charioteer?
While his figure, obscured by the dust and the foam,
Grows confused on the sight, through the broad hippodrome
Still he holds his proud career.
Thus Genius is doomed to awaken the wrath
Of the envious and dull, in his conquering path
Proclaimed as an offender:
But the victor anon, amid welcoming friends,
While the vapours subside, from his chariot descends
At the goal in a flood of splendour."

He who records in these pages his honest admiration of the sage of Rotterdam may possibly come in for a share of the abuse lavished on his hero; but he has provided, in posthumous publication, a comfortable method of escaping from the dunce's comment and the bigot's uncharitableness. Into whatever hands those papers are destined to fall, whatever eye they are fated to meet, whether, mixed in gay confusion with the novels of the season, they are predestined to bestrew the rosewood table of the boudoir, or, wrapped in parchment winding-sheet, they are to be solemnly inurned in the British Museum with the Cottonian and Harleian MSS.; whether they are to ride swimmingly on the tide of public favour, or sink to the bottom with the " Cabinet Cyclopædia," many years before their contents undergo perusal, their unknown and unpretending writer shall have gone down into the impregnable security of the grave. Unheeded as the empty wind, the voice of calumny may whistle over his resting-place, the incense of flattery may breathe alike its disregarded fragrance on the breeze that fans his mountain-bed. Prout will sleep on, safe from the clamour, the passions, and the bitterness of the world.

He hopes, with the blessing of Heaven, never to pen a sentence which, dying, he should wish to blot; but dead, he must be henceforth insensible to all

worldly considerations. Cicero, writing to his friend, the historian Lucceius, on a subject of peculiar delicacy, begins his letter with the celebrated maxim, *Epistola non erubescit.* But whom does the *ci-devant* incumbent of Watergrasshill care to propitiate or fear to offend? What fellow-mortal's opinion can benefit or injure him, who has already appeared before that tribunal where all shall, in due time, take their turn with naught to follow them but their works,* where each shall have to account for a career of usefulness or a life of indolence, of honourable exertion or dishonourable sloth, where all things will be reduced to their simplest expression, and all men will find their proper level —the unsceptred monarch, the unermined judge, the unmitred prelate, the uncowled monk, and the unmasked hypocrite.

The drift and tendency of those remarks will be caught by the initiated for whom he writes. To them it will not be necessary, in the language of old Chrysostom, to cry out ισασιν οι μεμυημενοι τα λεγομενα. To those who have known the pastor of Watergrasshill, it will be needless to protest of his unalterable fidelity to that Church which first won his affectionate adhesion and kept it to the last unimpaired.

> "Illa meos primûm quae me sibi junxit, amores
> Abstulit: illa habeat secum servetque sepulchro."
> *Æneid. IV.*

But he thinks it right thus to lay stress and emphasis on the sincerity of his attachment to that faith, lest it might be presumed for a moment that, in chasing the foes of enlightenment and of literature, his aim was directed against what he holds sacred—lest what occurred to Diomed under the walls of Troy, might happen to Prout in the course of his rambling essay, if, by a fatal mischance, he should wound a goddess in seeking to slay an enemy of the Grecians.

I find I have quoted from the Greek bishop one of those formulas which early Christianity borrowed from the Eleusinian mysteries, when a warning to depart was intimated to all persons not qualified to take part in the subsequent rites. Its introduction here may serve as a signal for the frivolous and profane to relinquish any further perusal of this paper, of which they will relish little and comprehend less. Should any such persist in following the writer through the details and disquisitions that may ensue, disappointed in the results, they will most probably act like some who visited the incommunicative Sibyl in her cave,—

> "Inconsulti abeunt, sedemque odére Sibyllæ."

The period during which Erasmus thought, wrote, and travelled, alternately shedding the influence of his genius over Germany and England, Italy and France, happens to coincide with that brilliant epoch selected by the judicious Robertson, as the most fitted for the display of his comprehensive views as an historian. Throughout that valuable essay, the professor has proved himself an acute inquirer into the secret causes that worked out the destinies of society during the reign of Charles V. Most diligently and impartially has he set forth the awful changes of that eventful crisis when first began those religious struggles that have long convulsed Europe, and which now seem to have concentrated their most ferocious energies within the narrow circle of these islands:

* This strain of melancholy musing seems to have been an hereditary accomplishment transmitted to Prout from his illustrious parent, the Dean, who, in a poem entitled "Verses on my own Death," thus supposes his friends to commemorate the event:—

> "Where is this favourite of Apollo?
> Departed—and his works must follow," &c.—O. Y.

"Motum ex Metello consule civicum
Bellique causus . . . . . et arma
Nondum expiates uncta cruoribus."

In that first outbreak of politico-theological warfare, many men played many parts. But Robertson appears, in allotting to each power and each potentate his due share in producing the general result, to have overlooked or underrated the importance of one whom he affects to regard as a mere *homme de lettres*. The sword of Francis, the sceptre of Henry, the imperial diadem of Charles, the hat of Wolsey, the tiara of Leo, have ensured to them a proportionate space in the chronicler's narrative. Amidst the tumult of contending armies and the political movement of the sixteenth century, we are made distinctly to hear the boisterous harangues of the rebel Saxon monk, answered by the echoing thunders of the Vatican; the quiet tracings of the pen are not heard; yet in the midst of the turbulence of the reformers and the denunciations of their antagonists, there was a gentle spirit at work, whose calm effusions, not addressed to the passions of the mob, but conveyed with persuasive efficacy to the ear of dispassionate reason, obtained wholesome ascendency over thinking minds. The opinions of Erasmus, fraught with moderation and clothed with elegant diction, taught Europe that the cause of enlightenment was not exclusively advocated by the enemies of Rome; his views of the point at issue between us and the reformers showed how abuses might be corrected and rotten boughs lopped off, without laying the axe to the root of that parent tree which for so many ages had overshadowed the earth; and his exertions on its behalf proved, that though some of the clerical body might be satisfied to repose under its branches while it fed them in indolence (*glande sues lueti*), others were feelingly alive to the necessity of working for its preservation. The circulation obtained by the writings of Erasmus would be prodigious at the present day. Those exquisite compositions, falling like drops of oil on the waters of controversy, to a certain extent controlled and lulled the fury of theological wrath. By the grace of style, and the charm of wit, a simple ecclesiastic, in the retirement of his study, perceptibly swayed the judgment of his contemporaries, and became the arbiter of Opinion at a time when it exercised a vital influence on the destiny of nations; thus he, too, might have exclaimed, like Mirabeau, when reminded of the "powers" of Europe, "*Cette tête est aussi une puissance.*"

Neither am I satisfied with the sort of cursory notice bestowed on Erasmus in Bosio's "Leo X." The intimacy and affectionate correspondence which subsisted between those two distinguished churchmen, so well fitted to appreciate each other, did honour to both; but it would not be easy to decide, on a close scrutiny of causes and effects, the relative proportion in which the munificent patronage of the pontiff and the indefatigable labours of the priest contributed to the diffusion of classic taste and the revival of elegant literature. It is with pleasurable feelings that I record as it occurs *en passant* a gratifying proof of co-operation between those two kindred minds; I allude to the edition of the New Testament in Greek, the first ever published,* which Erasmus appropriately dedicated to the liberal occupant of the papal chair; a homage accepted by Leo with pride, and becomingly acknowledged in a brief, dated 1516. The pope reiterated his approbation in 1518, when a monkish clamour had been raised against the editor in Spain and the Low Countries. But I anticipate on the events which marked the career of the learned priest in the progress of his literary life—a career which brought him in contact with almost

* The Polyglot Bible of Alcala, which comprised, of course, the Greek Testament (and for which the world is indebted to Cardinal Ximenes), though printed in 1514, was not published till 1522, so that the honour of the *editio princeps* belongs to Erasmus.—PROUT.

every contemporary personage of celebrity in Europe. Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, 28th October, A.D. 1467, and thus saw the light shortly subsequent to the discovery of the printing press. There is a species of romance connected with his parentage. She who gave him birth was the daughter of a physician in the small hamlet of Sevenberghen, in Brabant. An attachment grew up between this girl and a youth named Gerard; but the friends of the latter most unreasonably opposed their lawful union. Harsh treatment was resorted to, and threats held out to deter the lover from the proposed alliance. Forced at length to fly from Holland, he took refuge in Rome, where in the character of a copyist, being a skilful penman, and the craft not yet being superseded by the "mighty engine," he contrived to maintain himself, and prosecuted his studies as a disciple of physic, being resolved to conquer an independence and, in spite of destiny, marry the object of his affections. Meantime the evil fate attendant on true love tracked his footsteps across the Alps; reports and letters, and irrefragable proofs, were conveyed to him by his relatives of the death of her who alone made life and its pursuits of value to the enthusiastic student. This was a concocted falsehood, but it accomplished the object of his persecutors. Careless of future happiness on earth, and turning his undivided aspirations towards the immortal existence of which he fondly imagined his love was already participant, he presented himself as a candidate for the priesthood, and thus solemnly renounced all ties of perishable and worldly affection. And yet his Marguerite of Sevenberghen was living; nay, more, *μιχθεις εν φιλοτητι* ere he had quitted Holland, he had become the parent of Erasmus. Fearing the shame of disclosure, the young lady secretly withdrew to Rotterdam, and there, in a house still honoured by the worthy citizens of that respectable seaport, gave birth to the greatest man in literature that ever claimed Holland as the place of his nativity. Stratford-on-Avon is not prouder of her Shakspere than they of their learned townsman. Sundry inscriptions adorn the old-fashioned mansion, composed in a vast variety of idioms—Greek, Latin, Spanish, and High Dutch; nay, it would further appear that the infant, when grown up to the maturity of manhood, duly ratified the choice of his parent in the selection of his birthplace, for in all his writings, epistles, and title-pages, he invariably glories in the surname of *Rotterdamus:* Desiderius Erasmus "of Rotterdam."

His luckless parent was shortly afterwards carried off by the plague; and his father, who only returned from Rome to learn the full extent of the sacrifice he had made in becoming an ecclesiastic, did not survive many months the object of his youthful attachment.

A learned pundit of the subsequent century, *Pontus Heuterus*, has written a singular book, which he has entitled "De Libera Hominis Nativitate." It is a faithful exposition and *catalogue raisonée* of the quantity of talent and genius which, from time to time, has been thus illegitimately introduced into the world. Among others similarly circumstanced, the chronicler dwells, with peculiar emphasis, on the birth of three writers, whose works formed the substratum on which the canon law, the theology and ecclesiastical history of the middle ages, were entirely built, though all three had been smuggled into this sublunary state of endurance by the same process that regulated the *entrée* of him of Rotterdam. These worthies were Petrus Lombardus, the "Master of the Sentences," Gratianus, the compiler of the "Decretals," and Petrus, the author of the "Historia Scholastica." And accordingly, in the spirit of the pious Æneas—

"Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non laudatus abibit,"

Lombard, or Peter *Magister*, enjoyed in his day, A.D. 1150, the title which is now conferred by Teutonic *literati* on one whose writings bear many traits of resemblance to the book of the "Sentences"—I mean, with all deference, "*Der*

meistre" Goethe. For if a bold, rambling, discursive mysticism made the fortune of Lombardus in the dark ages, the modern German prodigy is fairly entitled to his due share of contemporary applause. Both founded "a school," both have had their sworn adherents, and both equally deserved the enthusiastic admiration of the kindred herd whom they lead to pasture, *et vitulâ tu dignus et hic.* The number of writers who, taking for their text the "Master of the Sentences," sought to unfold the recondite philosophy therein contained, was prodigious in bygone days, but Thomas Aquinas was by far his most celebrated commentator, and truly evinced wonderful ingenuity in his "Summa," a vast repertory, devoted to the discussion of the brilliant ideas of "the master." Aquinas possessed an intellect of undoubted superiority, though the industrious exercise of so much thought on such unsubstantial theories reminds one irresistibly of the avocations of the shades in Elysium of whom Scarron singeth—

> Et la sous l'ombre d'un rocher
> Nous vimes l'ombre d'un cocher
> Qui frottait l'ombre d'un carrosse
> Aveque l'ombre d'une brosse.

An occupation of the mind which was known to the ancient Greeks under the name of σχιομαχια.

The labours of Gratianus were of a more positive and less visionary character. He devoted himself, during twenty-four years, to the diligent collection and systematic arrangement of the early canons of the church, the decrees of the councils, and the edicts issued by papal authority. These, with extracts from the code of Theodosius, and scraps from the capitularies of Charlemagne, have long formed the groundwork of church discipline and canon law, and have supplied the basis of innumerable works on jurisprudence and divinity. Finally, Petrus "*Comestor*" was so called, not because he was a gross feeder, but allegorically, in allusion to the supposed quantity of learning which he must have accumulated in absorbing the contents of innumerable libraries. Still it does not appear that good digestion followed this extraordinary mental appetite; his "Historia Scholastica" is a strange jumble of holy writ, Sanchoniathon, Plato, Josephus, and the Talmud. He died in 1185, and was honoured with an appropriate epitaph:—

> "Petrus eram quem petra tegit—dictusque 'comestor,'
> Nunc comedor, praebens vermibus ipse cibum!"

Which quaint effusion I would not think worthy of quotation did it not bear some reference to my subject, inasmuch as it furnished the idea of the following two lines by Friar Stunica, who appears to be the representative of the wit and judgment of the whole fraternity:

> "Hic jacet Erasmus, qui vivens pravus erat mus
> Hunc vermes rodunt, rodere qui solitus."

I have been led accidentally into this episode by the work of Pontus on brilliant illegitimates (with which, by the way, Cobbett seems to be totally unacquainted); but to complete the picture of ecclesiastical authorship previous to the days of Erasmus, I should devote more space to the writers of the preceding century than would be either convenient or judicious. The works of Albertus Magnus, the subtleties of Duns Scotus, and, above all, the career and extravagances of Abelard, who in more than one respect resembled Origen of Alexandria, and from whom his most brilliant disciple, Peter Lombard, derived the raw material of the "Sentences," would draw me into an interminable and inextricable maze of confused and inextricable speculations.

> "Quo signa sequendi
> Falleret indeprendus et insemeabilis error."—*Virgil.*

We have but few memorials of the early studies of Erasmus, yet the name of his first didasculus has been preserved in the grateful remembrances of the Dutch; and thus posterity will not be ignorant that one Peter Winkel kept in those remote days a sort of hedge-school, in the village of Tergoa, near Rotterdam. We next find him at the flourishing academy of Deventer, in Guilderland; there he had for a schoolfellow a sedate Flemish lad, subsequently elevated to the papal chair under the name of Adrian IV., but who, at the head of the Christian world, was as fondly and admiringly attached to his quondam College chum as in the freshest days of unsophisticated boyhood. To Adrian is dedicated the edition of "Arnobius:" and few indeed of the writings of Erasmus have come to us unaccompanied with lines of distinct approval from the pen of the future pontiff.

From Deventer, our student passed to an experimental acquaintanceship with monastic observances among the canons regular of Stein, but his sojourn in the cloister seems to have been a monotonous blank in his youthful career, to which he rarely alludes; and when he does refer to that period of his life, it is with few commendations of the monastery or its inmates. From Stein, however, is dated the first (A.D. 1489) of his voluminous epistolary effusions; and in this remarkable composition he warmly espouses the cause of the celebrated grammarian Laurence Valla, then at loggerheads with the same sort of unteachable dunces whom he himself was destined through life to encounter, and who (to borrow a phrase from Edmund Burke) yelped at his heels in the persevering hunt of calumny to his very grave. He was released from the dulness of Stein by the Bishop of Cambray, by whom he was supplied with funds to prosecute his studies at Paris, in the College of Montagu (1496). Of this College, of its sour wine and rotten eggs, we have a graphic description in his "Colloquy on Fish Diet;" and it would seem that the principal advantage that accrued to our student from his stay in Paris was the acquaintance he there formed with young William Blount, Lord Montjoye, who chose him as his tutor, and by whose introduction he became known to the leading men of the day in England. We find him at Oxford in 1499. This first visit appears to have been one of short duration, for in the same year we have an account of his being despoiled at Dover by the Custom House officers, on his leaving our shores, of his stock of the precious metals, amounting to fifty angels, or £20, under some statute prohibiting the exportation of bullion—a species of plunder of which he loudly complains, and, I imagine, not unreasonably. The exchequer of Henry VII. could well have spared the scholar's mite at this epoch. We have letters dated Paris 1501, and Orleans same year, Louvain 1502, and St. Omer 1503; in which last residence he composed and published his first work, a very remarkable production for that period, the "Militia Christiani." This treatise is a judicious and manly exposition of Catholic piety, in which, while the main features of our ancient religion are carefully preserved, the excrescences of fanatical folly, and the mischievous delusions of false devotion, are unsparingly dealt with; it is a manual of true catholicity, presenting our doctrines in such a light as to disarm the hostility of our bitterest foes, and refuting by anticipation the yet unborn assertions of Luther and Calvin. Had such unexceptionable views of the ancient faith been more generally entertained at the period preceding the reformation, it is probable that no such event had occurred to unsettle Christianity and convulse the world.

His reputation as a literary character seems to have early entitled him to the notice of courts and princes, for we find him selected to pronounce the panegyric on Philippe le Beau, on his arrival at Brussels in 1504; an effusion of eloquence for which he received a present of fifty gold ducats. In May, 1506, we discover him again in England, at the country seat of Lord Montjoye, near Greenwich; from which his visits to Thomas More, then a simple student in chambers at Lincoln's Inn, were frequent, and, no doubt, mutually delightful.

In his retrospective essay prefixed to the collected edition of his works, published *long* afterwards at Bâle (1540), he recurs with pleasing emotion to those interviews with the embryo chancellor, and, among other circumstances, records the details of a visit which he and More made on horseback to Eltham,* then a sort of nursery for the family of Henry VII. "There we saw all the royal progeny, except Arthur, the eldest. Henry, then only a boy of nine years old, seemed a boy of goodly promise; on his right was Margaret, his sister, since married to King James of Scotland; the Lady Mary, four years old, was playing on his left, and the infant Edmund was carried in arms." In the same curious document he relates a singular conversation which he had with Groscyn, in the boat that plied at Lambeth ferry, as he returned from a visit to Archbishop Wareham, to whom he had been presenting his new translation of the "Hecuba" of Euripides.—*Oper. Eras.*, tom. 1, Basil, 1540.

The same year he started from England for Italy with young Montjoye. At Bologna he witnessed the triumphal entry of the warrior Pope, Julius II., the only occupant of the papal chair of the five pontiffs who flourished in succession in the days of Erasmus, by whom he was not cherished and patronized. The opinions he entertained on the subject of *war*, even when waged by mere secular princes, stood recorded in his treatise called "Querela pacia undique profligata," and it is highly probable that they were not to the taste of the warlike representative of Peter, who seemed to confine his reading of the life of the apostle to that passage where he cuts off with his trusty sword the ear of Malchus. The love of peace, and a decided aversion to violent and sanguinary measures, constituted the most prominent feature of the scholar's character; and some German Quakers have long since collected from his works and published, under the title of "Antipolemes," his sentiments on the folly and depravity of the belligerent mania of the time.† Nor is his hatred of bloodshed less conspicuous (on a smaller scale) in the energy with which he denounces the practice of flogging schoolboys, *apropos* of Dean Colet's practice at the academy of St. Paul's—*Quam multa felicitissima ingenia perdunt isti carnifices, &c., &c.*; though Solomon appears to have entertained a different opinion in his celebrated commendation of the rod—an opinion most fatal to all successive generations of boyhood, and by which the King of Israel has occasioned to after-ages the demolition of more birch-trees than he had cut down in his lifetime cedars of Lebanon.

But to return to Bologna. At this Italian university he condescended to receive the degree of doctor, though it is manifest that he attached but little value to so sadly profaned a designation; he also completed there the most laborious and learned of all his works, the "Adagiorum Chiliades," in which gigantic undertaking, unaided and alone, by the mere force of reading the most extensive, and memory the most retentive, he has contrived to embody all the wisdom and wit of antiquity—Greek, Roman, and barbarian—ranging through every century and every land, collecting from every source the proverbs, axioms, trite sayings, condensed and pointed expressions of every country and every age—their origin, idiom, and tendency; illustrating them with anecdote, corollary, and comment as he goes along. This vast repertory has supplied the writers who succeeded him with inexhaustible stores of ready and cheap erudi-

* Eltham in Kent was the residence of the Roper family; and it is possible that More's visit had another object beside that of seeing the King's nursery, and that he was then contemplating the establishment of one for himself.—PROUT. [The Father, in saying this, is apparently forgetful of the fact that it was not More himself but his daughter Margaret who married into the Roper family.]

† Leigh Hunt, between whom and Erasmus, in style, genius, and spirit there are many points of resemblance, has lately given us, under the title of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," a no less ingenious than benevolent effusion, in which most of the thoughts are truly Erasmian.—O. Y.

tion, and more than once in modern compositions has it been my lot to recognize most enjoyingly "original" reflections and "novel" remarks, startling propositions and brilliant "ideas" which I could at once identify as "lost," "stolen," or "strayed" from the fold of Erasmus.

A printer was to be found worthy of the work. He therefore repaired to Venice, where old Aldo Manuzio had just then set up his immortal presses, and to whom Erasmus was a godsend of no every-day occurrence. The Aldine Academy was at once formed; its members were Bembo (subsequently cardinal and secretary to Leo X.); Bolzani, author of the first Greek grammar; Navigero, Alcander, Erasmus, and Demetrius Calchondylus, who gave the first edition of Homer. The workshop of the printer was the centre of literary attraction throughout Europe. Erasmus blushed not to perform the part of corrector-general of the proof sheets, as each classic author issued forth in succession, an occupation which his enemy Scaliger had the bad taste soon after to cast in his teeth as a reproach, in one of those furious invectives wherein he asserts, with incredible impudence, that, getting drunk on Cyprus wine, our hero occasionally disturbed the pressmen, and threw everything into confusion: *Nonne tu in Aldi officinâ quaestum fecisti corrigendis exemplaribus!—Jul. Cæs., Scal., cr.* ii.

On the strength of this infuriate and unprincipled diatribe, the elder *Scaliger,** a name hitherto unknown to the republic of letters, first obtained a sort of celebrity. It was a most discreditable *début*, and was felt as such by him who inherited the name and redeemed it from odium, Joseph Scaliger duly apologizing for the offensive proceeding of his parent Julius. The thing had originated in an ingenious satire which Erasmus had published against a sect of writers known as Ciceronians, who affected to eschew every Latin term not sanctioned by the authority of the Roman orator. The ridiculous purism superinduced by these enthusiasts was forcibly exposed by our scholar, and found a fit champion in the pedant who took up the gauntlet in its defence. He had hoped to draw from Erasmus a reply, which he knew would inevitably carry his name to posterity. But the grub was not destined to be preserved in amber. No immortalizing essay was elicited from his lofty antagonist, and the father of the Scaligers was compelled to adopt a less objectionable path to eminence as a writer. He was consequently more successful in giving his attention to matters more consonant to his professional pursuits: the "Botany" of Theophrastus, the "Physics" of Aristotle, and "Insomnia" of Hippocrates, subjects on which he has thrown some light, while in literature and things poetical he has evinced a most depraved taste, and a most preposterous judgment, ranking the dramatic works of Seneca with the tragedies of Euripides, pronouncing Juvenal superior to Horace, and finding nought but what was "vulgar" and "trivial" in the graceful effusions of Catullus.

Meantime, the labours of Erasmus in the Aldine workshop were incessant, and seem to have been fully appreciated by that illustrious father of typography, who rendered such important service to the cause of solid learning at that interesting period. To the meritorious printer, his learned friend has paid a fitting homage in his "Adagia," in the article "Festina lente." From these avocations he was, however, summoned, in pursuance of an agreement entered into ere his departure from England, to take charge of an illustrious pupil at Padua, in the person of the young Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural son of James, King of Scotland. This scion of royalty, according to the mischievous practice of those days, since happily discontinued, had been invested in early youth with the archiepiscopal dignity, and sent to pursue his ecclesias-

* In her last novel, Lady Blessington very properly rebukes old Scaliger for "his petulant attack on Erasmus," vol. iii. p. 210. The whole chapter is full of judicious criticism, put in the form of a conversation between "two gentlemen at Verona," in the amphitheatre by moonlight.—O. Y.

tical studies at a foreign university. Erasmus seems to have brought his whole mind to the education of the future Archbishop, for whom he composed sundry treatises; and it would no doubt have been a happy circumstance for Scotland had his pupil lived to rule, as primate, that Church which was so soon to be visited by the frenzy of Knox, and was to witness the brutal murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The sentiments of liberal and tolerant theology which, from the see of St. Andrews, would have spread around their wholesome and tranquillizing influence, might have averted the subsequent scenes of fanaticism and barbarity. But the career of the Erasmian primate was cut short ere any beneficial result could ensue from the principles instilled by so qualified a preceptor; he fell with the flower of Scottish chivalry on Flodden Field. Ecclesiastical dignitaries were not exempt in those days from fulfilling their feudal obligations by personal attendance at the army. The son of James was one of that ill-fated host who met their doom in that disastrous camp: victory, as usual, awaiting on the standard of St. Cuthbert, which was never known to return inglorious from battle, and which was that day displayed for the last time by an English monarch. Sir Thomas More commemorated the death of the young Archbishop in a feeling and appropriate elegy; and so endeared was his memory to Erasmus that he affectionately preserved, and used on all occasions, a signet given to him by his pupil, formed of antique *pierre gravée*, the subject a terminus with the motto "CEDÒ NULLI," a device which gave rise to much silly and uncharitable comment.*

In company with his *élève*, he proceeded to Sienna and thence to Rome. The Eternal City had long been the favourite object of his aspirations, and it may well be imagined with what mental jubilee he explored its monuments, its libraries, and its MSS. On more than one occasion did he subsequently regret his refusal to accept the many pressing invitations of the papal court to fix his abode in the midst of so many resources for the prosecution of his learned labours, but more especially the friendly solicitations of the Cardinal John de Medicis, whose discriminating mind soon discerned the merit of the learned Dutchman. I love to contemplate the probable result of his permanent sojourn in that capital: it is one of the favourite day-dreams in which I indulge at times, when the rancour of polemics and the horrors of religious controversy, embittering all the relations of society around me, force my mind to revert to the origin of those calamitous differences. Fondly, in those visionary imaginings, do I picture to myself Erasmus quitting the counsels of his distinguished patron, who has ascended the papal throne as Leo X.; in that pleasing illusion I fancy him exerting a salutary influence over the superior pastor, not merely promoting the interests of literature and art, but advising the adoption of conciliatory plans for the speedy termination of theological wrangling. I discover him with complacency seeking to heal the wounds of the Church which the unskilfulness of fanaticism had only tended to exasperate; counselling the infusion of more oil and less vinegar; and addressing the shepherd of the flock of Christ in words not less elegant than forcible, from their graceful allusion to his family patronymic:—

"Et MEDICAS adhibere manus ad vulnera pastor!"

Georg. III.

As an adviser of Leo at the perilous crisis which was shortly to ensue, and as a member of the pontifical council at the outbreak of the Lutheran disturbance, Erasmus would have been a most valuable accession to the Vatican interest;

* The dunces who took offence at this motto, imagining it to be spoken by Erasmus in *propria personâ*, and not understanding its reference to the engraved figure on the gem, loudly denounced his arrogance and presumption; like Stunica, who, finding in one of his devotional works the phrase *germanum apostolorum theologium*, accused him of representing the apostles as being imbued with the *German* (!) doctrines of Luther.

but when Paul III. subsequently offered him a cardinal's hat, and proposed sending him as his representative to the Council of Trent, the favourable opportunity of conciliating the Reformers had passed away, the *mollia tempora fandi* had been suffered to elapse, and the plague of irretrievable dissension was entailed on Europe for ever.

While he was thus resident in the capital of the Christian world, mingling in the society of its most distinguished *sçavans*, in constant communication with Jerôme Vidas, Saunazar, Fracastor, and the other wits of the day, and enjoying the wondrous spectacle which Rome then presented in the creations of painting, sculpture, and architecture, as they hourly developed their rival prodigies, a hurried despatch reached him from Sir Thomas More urging his immediate return to England. The letter announced to him the agreeable tidings of young Henry's accession to the throne: and More dwelt with confidence on the expectations which this event gave him reason to entertain. Nor was Erasmus less disposed to augur favourably of the new sovereign: and the terms in which he couched his reply designating the young king as "*Henricus Octavus seu forsam* OCTAVIUS," sufficiently expresses the nature of his anticipations. He set out on horseback (his invariable mode of travelling), and reached England towards the end of May. It was during this equestrian expedition, and while crossing the Alps, that his ever-active mind conceived the plan and collected the materials of that most exquisite composition the Μωρίας ἐγκωμιον. This fact I gather from the preface, in which he dedicates the "Praise of Folly" to More:—"*Superioribus diebus cum me ex Italiâ in Angliam reciperum ne totum id tempus quo equo fuit inseden dum illiteratis fabulis tereretur, statui vel aliquid de communibus nostris studiis agitare vel amicorum recoredatione frui inter quos tu mi More vel in primis occurrebas*, &c. &c. He then proceeds to demonstrate the fitness of things in the selection of Μωρος as the patron of his undertaking, perpetrating that lowest species of witticism called a pun, but by no means authorizing the author of the "Fudge Family" to make use of the joke in after times, as if it had been with him an original discovery. 'Tis "too bad" that we cannot go a step in the domain of literature without alighting on some of the innumerable rogueries of Tommy.

To those who are not intimately conversant with the graces of Latin phraseology, it would be hopeless to attempt an exposition of what constitutes the excellence of this elaborate trifle; its perpetual allusion to classic passages, its terse and lively diction, its sparkling elegance, and perfect purity of style, are lost to the "country gentleman," and to members of the "London University." But it evinces at the same time a knowledge of the world, and gives an insight into the social system during the days of Erasmus, which must appear extraordinary, as the production of a man supposed to have vegetated all his life amid the dust and cobwebs of black-letter acquirement. With the keen penetration and withering irony of Swift, it unites the smooth facility and harmonious elegance of Addison—a playful and discursive fancy, an inexhaustible power of illustration, a tone of delicate persiflage, of which antiquity had supplied no model, and in which he has not been surpassed by any writer of modern times.

If there be a department of literary excellence in which we have fairly outshone "the ancients," it is in this species of composition. The extreme simplicity of classic wit, and the quiet jocularity of Greek and Roman *bon mots*, do not come up to the standard of modern fastidiousness. Their "epigrams" are proverbially obtuse; and to excite laughter in former days, it apparently required but little expenditure of fancy. Phædrus gravely tells us that his "Fables" were intended to provoke the risible faculties of contemporary readers.

"*Duplex libelli desert quod risum movet*," &c. &c., and Cicero, an eminent

punster and humorist in his day informs us that a Roman joke was vastly superior to a Greek one,—*Romani sales salsiores sunt quam illi Atticorum.* However, as a set-off against the orator's opinion, we have the testimony of Cæsar in favour of the comic talent of the Athenians, in those celebrated lines in which he styles Terence a *dimidiatus Menander*, and wishes him to attain the piquancy of his prototype, *Utinam adjuncta foret vis comica*, &c. &c. Still I rather suspect that when Angelo Mai is fortunate enough to discover this long-lost budget of fun comprised in the writings of Menander, the laughing public will be sadly disappointed. Lucian and Aristophanes are but sorry dogs compared with Cervantes, Molière, Fielding, or Rabelais; and the Jesuit Vavasseur has written an express treatise, "De Sermone Ludicre," to prove the distaste of the ancients for this favourite modern accomplishment.

Erasmus was the first to set the example and to show the efficacy of well-directed ridicule. He was not only witty himself, but could appreciate the wit of others; for the perusal of the "Epistole Obscurorum Virorum," from the pen of his friend Bullenger, published shortly after, so affected him, that in the paroxysms of laughter, an aposthume of the face, under which he laboured at the time, and which the usual remedies had failed to cure, burst from the exertion, and immediate relief was the result.

Having had occasion to make a cursory mention of Rabelais, and as that celebrated pundit flourished in those days at the court of Francis I., it might not be amiss, after the manner of the Bœotian Plutarch, to institute a parallel between the curate of Meudon and the sage of Rotterdam. But, on second thoughts, I fear it would be derogatory to the elegant scholarship and truly sacerdotal accomplishments of the one, to place him in any sort of contact or contrast with the gross buffoonery of the other. The chronicler of Gargantua possessed, doubtless, a very extensive, though perplexed and ill-assorted stock of learning, and this unworthy member of the Franciscan order was endowed with a keen perception of the vices and follies of his age; but he appears not to respect himself, and his reader can have no personal esteem for an author of his description. So much profane and ribald merriment, which would be scandalous in a layman, becomes insufferable in an ecclesiastic; and though occasionally some amusement may be found amid the effusions of his exuberant imagination, and the audacious oddity of his conceits, disgust and loathing quickly supervene at the constant obtrusion of cynicism and indecency.

Erasmus, once more in England, applied himself with renewed energy to the great purpose of his life, and powerfully contributed to the diffusion of classic taste among our countrymen. With enthusiasm, we find him recording the result of his labours "*apud Anglos triumphant bonae litera recta studia*" (lib. xvi. cap. 19.) And he is loud in his praise of those eminent men whom he had the good fortune to count among his associates and patrons. Besides More, we find mention made of Linaker (the King's physician), Wareham, Cuthbert Tunstall, Groscyn, Lilly, Latimer, Colet, Bullock (whom he calls Bovillus), and Fisher (who figures as Piscator), all good men and true.

"Animas neque candidiores
Terra tulit."

Linked in close intimacy, those illustrious friends found in the pursuits of Greek and Roman literature an inexhaustible source of generous emotion, and it was a sad change that came o'er the spirit of their classic dreams when the din of controversy arose, startling the muse from her classic haunts, and interrupting the pleasures of refined companionship, to superinduce the *odium theologicum*, and the *plus quam civillia bella.*

The professorship of Divinity and Greek at Cambridge did not prevent him from enjoying occasionally the society of his acquaintances in London, where

he possessed apartments in the convent of Austinfriars, Broad Street. His visits to More, who had a residence at Chelsea, were fond and frequent; and we subsequently find him invested by Wareham with the rectory of Aldingham, in Kent; but his mind was not adapted to the routine of parochial functions; and we do not learn that he ever entered on the duties or responsibility of the parish, which he soon resigned into the hands of the archbishop.

The motives which eventually led him to quit England—a country for which he expressed, through life, the most enthusiastic affection—have not been sufficiently explained; but it seemed that he augured nothing good from the continued ascendency of Wolsey over the King's mind. The year 1513 marked his departure for the Continent, and we do not find that he ever afterwards revisited these islands.

Still one event, celebrated by the historians of the day, and which attracted to the scene of its occurrence a sort of European attention, gave him an opportunity of mingling once more with his old associates, and renewing the bonds of cherished intimacy. I allude to the remarkable exhibition of feudal pomp and pageantry which took place on the French coast, between Calais and Boulogne in 1520, and which gained for an obscure plain in the neighbourhood the proud title of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Thither flocked the illustrious personages of every land—the French and Henry vied with each other, not merely in the display of gorgeous equipages, but in the rank and celebrity of their followers and courtiers. More, Linaker, Wolsey, Fisher, and Erasmus formed the literary strength of the English camp; Budé, Rabelais, St. Gelais, and Clement Marot kept the table of the French monarch in a roar. It must have been, in truth, an interesting congress, and as brilliant in its intellectual character as in the *matériel* of its outward scenery. The chivalry of England had oft before met their rivals in mortal conflict; but though Henry still wore the keys of France suspended to his girdle, it was *in no* hostile mood that the descendants of Talbot encountered the representatives of Dugueselin. Our Percies, Stanleys, and Howards, received the friendly grasp of Bayard, Lapalisse, and Chabannes; and the unfortunate Countess de Chateaubriand met there the no less ill-fated Anne de Boleyn. While their eyes "rained influence" over this fairy land, little thought either, I ween, of the shadows of coming adversity, but moved gaily amid the admiring throng, or listened to the muse of Clement Marot, in whose writings we find an appropriate chant, beginning thus:—

JUNE 1520. AU CAMP D'ARDRES ET GUIGNES.

"Au camp des roys, les plus haulx de ce monde,
Sont arrivés trois riches estandards;
Amour tiente l'un de coleur blanche et munde,
Triumphe l'autre aveque ses souldards.
Vivement peinct de couleur celéstine.
Beauté aprés, en sa main noble et digne,
Porte le tiers tainct de vermeille sorte;
Ainsi chascun richement se comporte,
Et en tel ordre et pompe primeraine,
Sont venus veoir la royale cohorte,
AMOUR, TRIUMPHE, et BEAUTÉ souveraine," &c., &c.

HENRY VIII. AND FRANCIS AT GUIGNES, JUNE 1520.

Where o'er the mead yon camp is spread with purple and vermilion,
Two Kings hold court of merry sort, each in his bright pavilion;
In silken tent for the tournament their gallant knights prepare,
And ladies' eyes will judge the prize of manly valour there.

Three standards float while trumpet note proclaims the gay programme,
But what may be the mystery of that triple oriflamme?
VALOUR combined with LOVE refined, and peerless BEAUTY, hold
United sway in the camp to-day on the "field of the cloth of gold," &c., &c.

Such a camp was of too pacific a character not to suit in every respect the genius of Erasmus; but a protracted war between his patron, the newly-elected emperor, Charles, and the French King, interrupted the amicable relations which he had hoped to enjoy with the learned who composed the court of Francis. Of these, Clement Marot was perhaps the individual whose suavity of disposition and ingenuous nature would have most attracted his notice and sympathy; and I dwell on this point because in studying the career of the father of French poetry, I find him driven into the arms of the Huguenots by the intolerant proceedings of the Sorbonne; and thus was the weight of the poet's popularity among all classes of his song-loving countrymen thrown into the scale of Calvinism. It is well known that his metrical version of the psalms, far superior in their idiom to the vulgar rhapsodies of Sternhold and Hopkins, took a powerful hold on the lower orders of the French, and became mainly instrumental in promoting sectarian views. Marot exhibits in his poems a wondrous energy of expression, and a singular command of language for the period in which he lived. In some papers of mine on the songs of modern France, I have borne testimony to his distinguished merits, but as a specimen of contemporary French poetry in the days of Erasmus I here insert an ode which the songster of the "*camp de drap d'or*" composed in the following year on a more warlike occasion; in fact, it seems to have been the model of the "Marseillaise Hymn," and must have been very popular among the soldiers of Francis.

AU DUC D'ALENÇON COMMANDANT DE L'AVANT GARDE DE L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE, 1521.

Di vers Hainault, sur les fins de champagne,
Est arrivé le bon Duc d'Alençon,
Aveque honneur qui toujours l'accompagne
Comme le sien propre et vrai ecusson:
La peut on veoir sur la grande plaine unie
De bons soudars son enseigne munie,
Près d'employer leurs bras fulminatoire,
A repousser dedans leurs territoire
L'ours Hanvier, gent, rustique, et brutalle,
Voulant marcher sans raison péremptoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Prenez hault cœur, donques, France et Bretagne!
Car si en ce camp tenez fiere façon,
Foudre verrez devant vous l'Allemagne,
Comme au soleil blanche neige et glaçon:
Fifres! tambours! sonnez en harmonie;
Aventuriers! que la pique on manie
Pour les choquer et mettre en accessoire,
Car déjà sont au royal possessoire:
Mais comme je crois destinée fatalle
Voult ruiner leur outrageuse gloire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

Donques piétons marchans sur la campagne,
Foudroyez tout sans rien prendre a rançon;
Preux chevaliers, puisqu'honneur on y gagne,
Vos ennemies poussez hors de l'arçon,

Faites rougir du sang de Germanie
Les clairs ruisseaux dont la terre est garnie;
Si seront mis vos hauts noms en histoire:
Frappez donc tous de main gladiatoire,
Qu'après leur mort et defaicte totalle
Vous rapportiez la palme de victoire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

France! rempli de haut los méritoire,
Faisons les tous, si vous me voules croire,
Aller humer leur cervaise et godalle;
Car de nos vins ont grand desir de boire
Sur les climats de France occidentale.

ADDRESS TO THE VANGUARD OF THE FRENCH UNDER THE DUC D'ALENÇON, 1521.

CLEMENT MAROT.

SOLDIERS! at length their gather'd strength our might is doom'd to feel—
Spain and Brabant comilitant—Bavaria and Castile.
Idiots, they think that France will shrink from a foe that rushes on,
And terror damp the gallant camp of the bold Duc d'Alençon!
But wail and woe betide the foe that waits for our assault!
And to his lair our pikes shall scare the wild boar of Hainault.
La Meuse shall flood her banks with blood, ere the sons of France resign
These glorious fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine!

Then draw the blade! be our ranks array'd to the sound of the martial fife,
In the foeman's ear let the trumpets blow a blast of deadly strife;
And let each knight collect his might, as if there hung this day
The fate of France on his single lance in the hour of the coming fray:
As melts the snow in summer's glow, so may our helmets' glare
Consume their host; so folly's boast vanish in empty air.
Fools! to believe the sword could give to the children of the Rhine
Our Gallic fields—the land that yields the olive and the vine!

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock—
Brave the war-cry of "BRITTANY!" the shout of "LANGUEDOC!"
Dare they confront the battle's brunt—the fell encounter try
When dread Bayard leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie?
Strength be the test—from breast to breast, ay, grapple man with man;
Strength in the ranks, strength on both flanks, and valour in the van.
Let war efface each softer grace; on stern Bellona's shrine
We vow to shield the plains that yield the olive and the vine!

Methinks I see bright Victory, in robe of glory drest,
Joyful appear on the French frontier to the chieftain she loves best:
While grim Defeat, in contrast meet, scowls o'er the foeman's tent,
She on our duke smiles down with look of blythe encouragement.
E'en now, I ween, our foes have seen their hopes of conquest fail;
Glad to regain their homes again, and quaff their Saxon ale.
So may it be while chivalry and loyal hearts combine,
A sword to wield for the plains that yield the olive and the vine!

Though Erasmus, in his new capacity of aulic councillor to Charles V., attended the diet of Worms in 1521, we do not find that he took any prominent part in the intrigues of Germanic diplomacy. In fact, he was then engaged on the most popular of his works, the "Colloquia," which appeared at Paris the following year, and of which twenty thousand copies were in a few weeks bought up, a rumour having been set afloat that the Sorbonne would prohibit its circulation. Of this work, the effect in forming the mind of Europe, and influencing the opinions of the generation that succeeded, has not, that I know of, ever been inquired into sufficiently; but when it is considered that those

dialogues, ostensibly intended as "school exercises," and couched in familiar yet elegant phraseology, take the full range of contemporary topics and breathe the opinions of the writer on most of the current subjects of discussion, it may be readily understood how powerful an impression their adoption in every European academy, as a class book, and their perusal by the students of every land, produced in the days of Erasmus. The newspaper press is doubtless, in our own time, a vast engine for the diffusion of any given theory, and the popular songs of a country, could they be wielded by any single individual, or made subservient to the promotion of any special object, would prove a mighty instrument of moral and political influence; but in the case of the author who penned those "Colloquies," and imbued them with his spirit, it might be emphatically said that the power of the SCHOOLMASTER was ABROAD in 1522. The strictures with which certain abuses and follies originating with the mendicant friars are visited and exposed, in order that no argument might thence be gathered to assail the substance of our faith, are far from being the least valuable portion of the text; and that Erasmus looked on these blind zealots as the grand obstacle to a speedy termination to the troubles of the Church, is evident from the following passage in one of his letters:—"*In dies mitescit febris Lutherana adeo ut ipse Lutherus de singulis propemodum scribit palinodiam, sed vereor ne quorumdum monachorum stolida improbitas excitet nobis aliam tragœdiam.*"—Ep. 63, lib. xx.

That we are indebted to the paltry squabble of these mendicants, about the sale of "indulgences," for the outbreak of what is called the Reformation, is but too true; and that Erasmus, in seeking to throw the rubbish overboard and so ease the bark of Peter for the coming storm, acted the part of a sensible and conscientious Catholic, no one at this time of day can doubt; nay, that such was the opinion of Paul III. will appear to any one who reads his brief, bearing date August 1, 1535, addressed to the enlightened priest a year before his death. In it the pope sets forth that his piety, superior acquirements, and services rendered the Roman see, have induced the father of the faithful to confer on him the prebend of Deventer, in the diocese of Utrecht, of the value of six hundred florins; intending this favour as the prelude of higher dignities.

Francis I. so admired the "Colloquies," that he issued orders to the Sorbonne to desist from interfering with their circulation; but certain folks, who felt more particularly annoyed at the graphic touches of this master hand, were not so quiescent under the lash. One Louis Campestor adopted a new method of refuting an antagonist; he published a castrated edition of the book interspersed with ψευδο colloquies, and adorned with a preface of his own; in which, assuming the name of Erasmus, he condemns as spurious the copies generally in use; an imposture of which the indignant author loudly complains (*Epist.* 32, lib. xxi.): "*Lutetiæ Dominicanus quidam corrupit mea colloquia, et addidit prefationum meo nomine in quo damno meipsum.*" But he subsequently laughed at the *pia fraus*, ingeniously observing, that his foes must have taken the hint of this summary proceeding from the practice of the tyrant Mezentius in the "Æneid," and by placing his "Colloquies" in conjunction with those of Campestor, seemed resolved to revive that *tormenti genus* of which Virgil singeth (lib. ix.).

The controversy between him and Luther on the obscure matter of "free will" possesses no interest; the subject could not have been more unhappily selected—they fought in a mist and wrestled in a swamp. Many have attributed the pamphlet of Henry VIII. to the pen of Erasmus; but though the royal author seems to have copied the style of his distinguished friend, we have a positive disclaimer from the latter of having had any part in winning for the Kings of England the title of Defender of the Faith. He was also supposed by his contemporaries to have written More's "Utopia." There is certainly a singular coincidence of opinions and taste between the writings of the chan-

cellor and those of the priest; but the "Tom Moore" of those days was a writer of undoubted originality, incapable of publishing as his own the opinions of another. I could have wished to give Melancthon, the friend and admirer of Erasmus, a place in this paper worthy of that accomplished and delightful character; but my allotted limits prelude the indulgence of my wishes in this respect. Neither can I afford to notice the career and genius of Hans Holbein, of whom our scholar was the first patron, and whose earliest efforts were woodcuts to adorn the "Praise of Folly."

Erasmus took up his abode for the remaining years of his life in the town of Bâle, where he had found an intelligent printer in the person of Jerome Frébon: there, with a press at his command, he pursued to the last his career of utility,—

> "Hic illius arma
> Hic currus fuit."

The edition of St. Jerome occupied ten years, and is a noble monument: Basil, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, Isocrates, Plutarch, Lucian, and Demosthenes, alternately issued from his hands. Nor was he sparing of original composition on various themes—philology, criticism, pulpit eloquence, Greek pronunciation (for it was he who established the received mode, known in our universities as the "Erasmian"), leaving scarcely a topic in the wide range of literature untouched and unadorned.

There are few examples among "*les gens de lettres*" of brilliant talent combined with such untiring industry, and devoting its energies in silent and unostentatious toil to the editorial drudgery of so many years. Erasmus set a noble example. It was a favourite joke of the martyred chancellor on his friend's name, that it conveyed the notion of his having been formerly, in the Pythagorean theory of pre-existence and transmigration, a very inferior animal—ERAS-MUS. The idea might be easily worked up into an illustration of the old fable concerning a lion, who, when enclosed in a hunter's net, was set free by the indefatigable teeth of a field-mouse, as related by my esteemed friend Phædrus, sound learning and classic taste being typified by the "lion," who, liberated from the meshes of scholastic entanglement, was enabled thus to walk the earth and roam abroad through every European land. To speak in Miltonic strain:

> "The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts: then springs, as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brindled mane."
>
> *B.* vii. v. 465.

Worn out in the cause, and spent with fatigue, this eminent scholar expired on the 12th of July, 1536, in the sentiments of sincere piety which have animated his whole life. The last letter we have from his pen is dated but a fortnight previous, and expresses his firm perseverance in the religious convictions he had always professed. It is also interesting from the peculiarity of the signature, "Desiderius Erasmus Rot. *aegra manu*." Three days after his death, Charles V. and his army entered Bâle; the body was solemnly disinterred, and again recommitted to the earth with extraordinary pomp. By none was he more sincerely regretted than by that emperor; but regret was universal among all the friends of piety, meekness, genius, liberality, and elegant scholarship.

> "Fatalis series nobis invidit Erasmus
> Sed *Desiderium* tollere non potuit."

XV.

Victor Hugo's Lyrical Poetry.

(*Fraser's Magazine, July*, 1835.)

—o—

[Immediately between the fourteenth and fifteenth of the Prout Papers—that is, the one on Erasmus in the May number and the one on Vida's "Poem of the Silkworm," in the August number of *Fraser* for 1835—there appeared three choice specimens of the incomparable lyrics of Victor Hugo, "La Grandmère," "Le Voile," and "Le Repas," "upset" into English by Mahony. Prefixed to them, with an unmistakable Proutean flavour about it, was a discursive criticism on the poet's recently-published historical romance—"Notre Dame de Paris," transformed by the English translator of it into the "Hunchback of Notre Dame, the Deformed Bell-ringer Quasimodo." Croquis' portrait in the number of *Regina* containing this double-barrelled discharge in honour of Victor Hugo depicted Lord Francis Egerton, the translator of "Faust," brother of a duke, and possessor of a small competence of £90,000 a year, delicately sealing a *billet-doux*.]

Φολκος ἐην χωλος τ' ἑτερον ποδα· τω δε οἱ ὠμω
Κυρτω, ἐπι στηθος συνοχωκοτε· αὐταρ ὑπερθε
Φοξος ἐην κεφαλην, ψεδνη δ' ἐπενηνοθε λαχνη.
Iliad, B' 218.

Lame of one foot, this elf, of stature brief,
With head shaped like the Peak of Teneriffe,
Was bald and squinted: all which to enhance,
Rose on his back a proud protuberance.

IN the venerable chest of "Prout Papers," which is still in our safe keeping—albeit, acting on the plan of the Cumæan sibyl, we have latterly withheld its treasures from a giddy generation that did not seem sufficiently to appreciate their value—there is a voluminous essay, indeed a regular historical work, to which the learned divine, with that fondness for alliteration which he so frequently manifests, has affixed the title of "Gesta Gibborum; or, The History of Hunchbacks." He appears, from some cause or other, to have been ambitious of figuring as the chronicler of that very neglected but highly intelligent class of individuals (who have not hitherto had their Plutarch); and, in the execution of this laudable undertaking, he has left a proud memorial of his industrious philanthropy. Such, however, is the distaste for rational and elaborate compositions of this nature, and such the predilection of the reading public for light and unsubstantial literature, that this grave historical performance would not probably at the present moment attract a whit more notice than the still-born *chefs-d'œuvre* of the same kind that are monthly brought forth by the "Cabinet Cyclopædia;" and which are duly buried, after having been properly

christened by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. We have no wish to send Prout's work to "Limbo" in that fashion, although the Doctor has applied to us for it, promising that, like the rest of the series, it would be, in the language of his advertisement, "translated into all the continental languages." France and Europe, he tells us, will be enraptured with the very announcement of "La Biographie des Bossus," forming the 69th volume of the Lardnerian "*Sigh-clopagia.*" We have no doubt it would help to get off a copy or two of his unsaleable collection, but we have declined the proposal.

We needed not, it is to be hoped, the testimony of Homer, as quoted above, to establish, for the satisfaction of the Royal Antiquarian Society, the remote antiquity of that singular configuration of the dorsal spine in the human subject; the simple proverbial comparison "*as old as the hills*" being quite conclusive on the point to the mind of any reflecting F.R.A.S. We only regret that the father of poetry has thought proper to confer so honourable a distinction on so unworthy a character as Thersites. In truth, the blind bard of Mæonia seems to have felt that he had made a *faux pas* in this matter; and we may remark, that he never again mentions, in the whole course of the "Iliad," the personage who figures in our quotation, as if conscious of having blundered in depicturing such a scoundrel possessed of this badge of eminence. Æsop nobly redeemed the feature; and, in truth, from that ingenious fabulist to the incomparable Scarron—from the husband of Madame de Maintenon to the profound and philosophic Godwin, the bump of genius seemeth to have been the rightful inheritance of hunchbacks. Richard III. and the great Frederic of Prussia owed not a little of their energetic disposition to this peculiarity of structure; and as to its evincing in its owner a thirst for inquiry and investigation, there was more philosophy than meets the eye in the discovery of some wit of Queen Anne's day, who compared the figure of Pope to *a note of interrogation*. These crooked specimens of humanity seem to have been marked as it were, by the hand of nature *in italics*, lest they might be confounded with the rest of men, and passed over without due attention to their recondite significance: the hump seems to be a sort of *acute accent* placed upon them, not without a sly meaning of its own. We might here refer to the "Cours de Belles Lettres" of Abbé "Bossu," but we do not wish to accumulate instances of eminent men similarly distinguished; in sooth, to heap up all the examples were an useless attempt—*imponere Pelio Ossam.*

A French writer of considerable ingenuity has, in our opinion, made a sad mistake when he wrote the following epigram against the poet Desorgues: it was no doubt intended as a sarcasm, but had he given himself the trouble of considering the thing soberly, he would have seen that he had paid his enemy the most delicate compliment imaginable:

"Quand Polichinel Desorgue,
Ce petit bossu rhodomont,
Sur la montagne à double front
A voulu grimper avec morgue,
On croirait que le double mont,
Pour se venger de cet affront,
LUI-MÊME A GRIMPÉ SUR DESORGUE!"

Desorgues might have answered his less favoured antagonist, by quoting the well-known sonnet of Cardinal Bembo, which, though originally addressed to one of the Apennines, would be far more appropriately applied to the promontory in question:

"Re degli altri sacro superbo monte
Tu sarai il mio Parnaso," &c., &c.

We could readily enlarge on this curious topic, and swell it out, but that

we do not wish to anticipate on Prout's historico-philosophical work, which will be published in due season; nor will our readers accuse us of travelling out of the record, in ushering in the "Hunchback" of Victor Hugo with a few words on dwarfs in general: such practice being established as the oldest and most received method of reviewing an author's work, which is generally considered only as a peg whereon to hang up the critic's wig of miscellaneous learning.

We greatly admire Mr. Bentley's sagacity in the case before us. Hugo, in the simplicity of unsophisticated genius, had called his book, in the original French edition, by the mere title of "Notre Dame de Paris," fancying, probably, good easy man! that the old cathedral was the real hero of the story, and that the minor personages of flesh and blood were but secondary and subservient to the giant of stone, who, from beginning to end, holds his ground, and sways the destiny of all around him. The bellringer Quasimodo, he no doubt thought (as we do) a fine creation among the other *dramatis personæ;* but Notre Dame herself was to be, in his cast of the characters, the unrivalled *prima donna.* However, under Bentley's management, this was found not to be judicious catering for a British auditory. It was deemed expedient before an English public to put the best foot foremost, to sink the building, and to invest the misshapen dwarf with the "leadership" of the romance. Hence the liberty taken with Hugo's title-page by the "*traditore;*" hence, instead of a hero of stone, if we be allowed to speak in the language of Cornelius à Lapide, the translator has given us a son of Abraham.

A hunchback, or a *lusus naturæ* of some kind or other, in modern works of fiction, is a *sine quâ non*—an essential ingredient in the romantic cauldron. Banim's first and best work, "Crohoore of the Bill-Hook" is a proud evidence of what can be made out of a scarecrow. Need we refer to Scott's "Black Dwarf," or the splendid "Hunchback" of our admired friend Sheridan Knowles? And here let us observe, that we do not agree with the notorious sceptic Hobbes, in his definition of a vicious man—*malus, puer robustus.* Are not the *Leprechauns* of Crofton Croker a pleasant race of beings, and is he not himself a notable Leprechaun? In truth, Crofty hath therein selected a fitting subject for his pen—*parvum parva decent.* The adjective *parvus* (but not the verb *decent*) brings Tom Moore to our recollection. His "veiled prophet," ugly and stunted though he be, makes decidedly the most interesting character in that long-since-forgotten Oriental romance called "Lalla Rookh." It must be admitted, however, that Tommy's monster is an exception to the general good character of such personages; being, in fact, an instance of unqualified and unmitigated malignity:—

> "Then turn and look, and wonder if thou wilt,
> That I should hate, should take revenge by guilt,
> Upon that hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
> Sent me thus maimed and monstrous upon earth;
> And on that race, who, though more vile they be
> Than mowing apes, are demigods to me!
> Here judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
> Could add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

Those who have strolled through the Vatican palace must have remarked, in the fresco of Raphael that adorns the *Sala di Costantino,* with what peculiar care the painter has delineated the muscular urchin, a dwarf of Pope Julius, in the attitude of trying on a helmet. Such figures are by no means unfrequent in the grandest efforts of the historical pencil; and whether introduced for the sake of contrast, or to gratify a secret feeling of self-complacency which is apt to rise in the breast of the beholder, they are standing jokes of art with the craft. We have an antique statue of the favourite *bossu* of Augustus among the remains of Roman sculpture; and it appears, from unquestionable autho-

rity, that the Emperor Domitian* became highly popular for a week at Rome by introducing on the arena of the amphitheatre two pigmy gladiators, *homunculos gibbosos*. *Punch* and *Judy* are old-established candidates for unbounded applause; the former, doubtless, because of his bump,—for deprive him but in thought of that dorsal protuberance, and Polichinello at once merges into a vulgar commonplace member of the buffoon fraternity.

We remember, before the passing of the Reform-bill, there used to be about the purlieus of the House of Commons a very remarkable little fellow, closely answering the description of Quasimodo, and performing about Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel pretty nearly the functions ascribed by Hugo to the hunchback of Notre Dame. He would pilot "strangers from Yorkshire" through the labyrinth of dark passages that then led to the two houses. He would be equally useful in indicating of the narrow door that leads to the "Poets' Corner" in the Abbey. During the session he would be occasionally seen holding the horse of some M.P., by the toleration of the servant, when it was curious to watch with what an astonished eye the captive quadruped would scrutinize his keeper. There was an air of dignity withal about the urchin, and a sense of his important attributions quite becoming. For the last thirty years he has been known as an integral part of "his majesty's high court of parliament holden at Westminster," but latterly he has disappeared. Whither has he flown? Like the "*petit homme rouge*," of whom Béranger singeth, and who haunted the Tuileries, was *he* the fairy guardian of the pile, and is his sudden evanescence ominous of evil? We fear he was burnt in the late fire with the Exchequer tallies.

Charles Lamb, who saw all manner of things with the shrewd eye of philosophy, and to whom every feature of the metropolis was the subject of much internal soliloquy, as musing he passed through her busy streets, has a remarkable passage in that profound essay of his called "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars;" which we here subjoin on the triple principle of Horace, viz.

"Et sapit et pro me facit, et Jove judicat æquo."

He complaineth thus:

"These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a sailor-like complexion; and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and hearty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident which brought him low took place during the (no popery) riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment—as good as an Elgin marble. The nurture which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts. He was as the man part of a Centaur, from which the horse half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting, and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade; and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction."

* In his Life, by Suetonius, we further learn that this emperor once had a dream, in which he fancied himself transformed into rather a novel species of hunchback, *fertur somniasse* gibbam auream *poné cervicem sibi enatam fuisse!*—*In Vit. Domit. ad finem.*

In Sir Joshua's time, among the models of the Royal Academy, many of whom were foreigners, there was a human oddity of French manufacture, who posed, stood, or squatted, as the case might be, for all characters of extra deformity, and whose good humour made him a general favourite with the artists of that day. Competition, however, had begun even then to enter into every professional career; and great was the indignation of our *bossu*, when a rival of considerable pretensions sought to "push him from his stool" at the drawing establishment: swelling with wrath at the invasion of his vested rights, he would take every opportunity of exalting his own claims and disparaging the merits of the new-comer. "*Il est passablement laid, sans doute, le cuistre!*" exclaimed our hero to the president one day; but, added he, with a lofty feeling of conscious superiority, "MAIS MOI JE SUIS UNIQUE!"

Victor Hugo's Quasimodo is eminently entitled to use the same tone of triumphant defiance. From his very first appearance in the narrative before us he makes a decided conquest, and elicits from a brilliant assembly shouts of admiration; for the novel opens with a dramatic representation, or "mystery," which, on the 6th of January, 1482, is enacted in the *grande salle* of the old Palais de Justice of Paris (a sort of French Westminster Hall), and which terminates in a scene of which the hint is evidently borrowed from a paper in Addison's "Spectator," but is admirably worked up for the purpose of introducing the hunchback. Those who recollect how well Isaac Bickerstaff describes our old English amusement of "grinning through a horse-collar," will recognize a kindred vein of humour in the opening chapter of this romance. If the original idea belongs to Addison, the improvements are still so many, and the picture of ugliness is so elaborately complete in the sketch of the Frenchman, that we really know not to whom the *apple* justly belongs; and we therefore leave this point undecided—"*detur tetriori.*"

From the tenor of our remarks thus far, and from what may seem to superficial minds the idle tone of our comments hitherto, some (who know not our ways) may possibly imagine that we look on this book emanating from the first genius of France as a performance only calculated for the amusement of the frivolous, and that we would class it with the Morganic, Maryattic, and Nortonian productions of the day. Far otherwise. This work has within it all the elements of immortality: the bellringer of Notre Dame has nought in common with the tinkling cymbals of contemporary novelmongers. He sends forth a peal loud and deep, that thrills to the very inmost *penetralia* of the soul.

"Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe!"

Human passion in its most fearful development—the affections of our nature, first wrought up to preternatural intensity, and then shown to us in their most excruciating disseverance—the *flebile ludibrium* of dark but scrutinizing satire—and, painfully visible throughout the whole performance, the awful workings of a strong mind, unwilling to be vanquished by the evidences of faith, but whose convulsive struggles under its victorious predominance are hence the more strikingly apparent;—such are component parts of this romance, such do we behold Victor Hugo in the Gothic sanctuary of that Christian shrine, under the garb of a novelist, discoursing, like Milton's fallen spirits, of "*fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,*" and, like them, "finding no end," but lost in the inextricable mazes of doubt and despair.

In the very striking preamble to his novel he thus reveals his object:

"Il y a quelques années qu'en visitant Notre Dame, l'auteur trouva dans un recoin obscur d'une de ses tours ce mot gravé sur le mur, 'ANAΓKH. Ces majuscules Grecques, noires de vétusté, et profondement entaillées dans la pierre, y furent tracées par une main du moyen age: leur sens lugubre et fatal, le frapperent vivement. C'est sur ce mot qu'on a fait ce livre."

This is the ἐπιμυθιον of his narrative: in those preliminary lines he sounds the key-note of his song. And it is a truly singular coincidence—an odd instance of fortuitous agreement occurring between two writers separated by the lapse of ages, albeit discussing the same topics of philosophy—the one a nominal Christian, the other an eminent disciple of Socrates—that both such have stumbled on this identical form of introduction, with the simple change from a temple of Saturn, or "Time," to a Gothic church of "Our Lady." We allude to the romantic allegory of Cebes, that celebrated picture of human life in which the ethics of enlightened paganism, such as they were, are lucidly developed, and of which the opening sentence, if we remember right, runs as follows: Ἐντυγχανομεν περιπατουντες ἐν τῳ του Κρονου ἱερῳ, ἐν ᾧ πολλα καὶ ἀλλα ἀναθηματα ἐθεωροῦμεν, ἐνεκειτο δε ΠΙΝΑΞ ΤΙΣ. Κ. τ. λ.

There is a certain antique solemnity in that exordium, and, at the same time, a graceful simplicity; nor is it easy to pronounce, in this case, whether the circumstance of complete similarity between it and the first lines of Hugo's romance ought to be attributed to the instinctive suggestion of innate taste, or set down as an intentional imitation of Attic elegance.

Nevertheless, if we be permitted to indulge in a few speculations of our own, the awful word, the appalling trisyllable which so forcibly struck the fancy of the Frenchman, as it suddenly met his eye in exploring the gloomy cathedral of his frivolous metropolis, may have been traceable after all to a very simple and unphilosophical origin. It might have been a maiden effort at Greek caligraphy, perpetrated in the "days of Erasmus" by some ingenious choir-boy (*enfant de chœur*), on whose head nature had formed a precocious bump, impelling him to lapidary inscriptions. Again, from its occurring in one of the towers, "*dans un recoin obscur*," in a remote recess, might it not have indicated the *peculiar* destination of the alcove it adorned, a destination which, with praiseworthy reserve, the writer chose to convey in a recondite language, so as to be unintelligible to the profane.—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*—If this latter interpretation be questioned by the "*Académie des Inscriptions*," we must only leave the decision of the point to the sagacious editor of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," whose peculiar province it concerneth.

But it strikes us there is yet another theory by which it might be explained. Some poor scholar, or starving Greek tutor (of which genus there has been a plentiful supply in every age and country), might he not perchance, by the deep traces of that fatal ΑΝΑΓΚΗ, have sought to eternize in stone his keen perception of gnawing WANT, and thus left a votive memento of famine, a monumental record of HUNGER *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*. We know that Job on his dunghill was visited by a similar desire to perpetuate his sentiments, and loudly wished that his words might be "*graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever.*" Too many such memorials of anguish and endurance are, alas! strewn over the surface of the earth. Many a sigh of bygone woe thus finds perennial utterance; many a bitter tear, shed in ages past, has been thus "crystallized and made immortal."

The child of enthusiasm delights in raising ghosts and conjuring up phantoms. What will seem but a windmill to Sancho, is to his master a giant in full panoply. The imagination of Hugo, of course, kindled at the mystic word, and the spirit of romance rushed upon him. Beneath his glowing eye, FATE, NECESSITY, PREDESTINATION, DOOM, all lurked under the letters that made up that one noun-substantive. It was clearly indicative of *ruin* to some one, it was hieroglyghic of *perdition* somewhere. It was the sad epitaph of crushed hopes, the last fragment of some dread moral shipwreck, the *finis* of some terrible volume. In that word were contained the primordial elements of a grand catastrophe, the *seminal principle* (as Burke has it) of some glorious horror—an "Iliad" in a nutshell.

It is curious to observe how many different, and what singularly dissonant

meanings the same written characters will convey to the minds of men, according to the previous casual or habitual disposition of the parties. We just now remember a queer case in point. The letters O.T.P.Q.M.V.D., which in the reign of Louis XV. figured gorgeously on the drop-curtain of the French theatre, were, by the learned manager of that day, intended to recall the hackneyed line,

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

Notwithstanding this palpable intention on the part of the contriver, the jaundiced eye of Freron (who wrote theatrical criticisms at that period) could not decipher the true sense of those simple initials; he foolishly insisting that they should be read thus:

"Œdipe Tragédie Pitoyable Que Monsieur Voltaire Donne."

We trust we have not dwelt too long on these *prolegomena*, remembering the author's declaration that he wrote his book to interpret for posterity this fatal "hand-writing on the wall" of Notre Dame, which he considers as the foundation of his romance, and which, being once understood, explains the whole story. It was, in truth, a discovery which genius alone could have made, though the thing may now appear quite simple and natural to the *badauds de Paris;* his novel, apparently like the egg of Columbus, only required to have a proper basis established by an ingenious hit, and there it stands before them bolt upright, a miracle of contrivance.

We are told by Gibbon, that he found the original idea of his grand work on the "Decline and Fall" one moonlight night, while sitting among the ruins of the Flavian amphitheatre. We are, of course, bound to believe the statement; but we suspect he may have also read the early composition of Montesquieu, "Sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains." The topic clearly is identical: it is only the manner of treating it that seems somewhat different, just as in the case before us; the "destiny" that presides over Hugo's "Notre Dame" differs, in detail and development, from that which Diderot had previously depicted in his wretched novel of "Jacques le Fataliste."

From the Stoics to the Manicheans, and from them to the Jansenists, "free-will," "fore-knowledge," and "fate," have been favourite subjects of human contemplation, assuming different aspects as men were disposed to view the awful subject in its bearings on the conduct of life. Erasmus (*de servo arbitrio Lutheri*), and Leibnitz (in his *Harmona Præstabilita*), not to enumerate Calvin and Kant, Swedenborg and Spinosa, with a host of others, have lost themselves in the inquiry. They ventured on "that great Serbonian bog where armies whole have sunk," and sank accordingly. They had better have left the matter where they found it. Virgil long ago had picked up the notion that *knowledge* could control and regulate the *destiny* of the true sage:

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile *fatum*
Subjecit pedibus strepitum que acherontis avari."
Georgic. II.

And surely there was more genuine philosophy in that position than is to be found in his friend Horace's droll representation of ἀναγκη, or necessity; a personage whom, in his "Ode to Fortune," he decks out in all the attributions of a travelling tinker or Jew pedlar selling old irons:

"Te semper anteit serva Necessitas
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu,
Gestans ahenâ, nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum!"

In the work before us, the doings of *destiny* are principally exemplified in the fatal and uncontrollable passion entertained by a learned priest for a beautiful gipsy wench, terminating as it does in the destruction of both its victims: the author suitably delineates the progress of this untoward frenzy, as on the one hand it blights and consumes the bud of beauty and innocence, while on the other it withers and blasts the fair fruits of virtue and of science; he illustrates the tale with much correlative depicturing, in which an evil genius seems to delight in thwarting the kindliest affections of our human nature; but the grand result is a book, with all its faults, the most powerfully written, and the most intensely interesting, that has issued from the press of modern France.

Hugo seems to have concentrated his whole strength in creating the character of Claude Frollo, the mysterious and impassioned archdeacon of Notre Dame. How bright and pure in his early career of studious pursuits and virtuous deeds! how imperceptible the subsequent transition from science, in its legitimate uses and appliances, to the dark researches of forbidden knowledge—from the *fas* to the *nefas* of contemporary learning! until, to give the final blow to his prospects and his piety,

"Love's witchery came;"

when, full soon under the fearful dominion of unhallowed passion, he sinks into a reprobate of the deepest dye, and becomes a very demon of depravity.

All which is meant as a commentary on the word 'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.

Much as we admire the skill and pathetic power with which the novelist has wrought out his tale of sorrow, we cannot bring ourselves to lay all the blame of this sacerdotal catastrophe at the door of *destiny*. We would ascribe the fall of Frollo to the operation of much simpler agency; and we cannot help expressing our regret that, gifted as the archdeacon was with superior talents, he had not rather chosen to profit of the newly invented art of printing, and bethought himself of turning author or editor: an occupation which would have effectually banished the "gipsy," and, moreover, secured to us a few goodly tomes in folio, bearing on their title-page 1482—a date which brings a pretty good price at "the sales" we have lately attended.

There are many points of resemblance between this unfortunate ecclesiastic and one who had flourished on the same spot two centuries before; for, need we remind our readers that in those same cloisters of Notre Dame a certain PETER ABELARD had lived and loved. Nor is it improbable that he supplied the model of Hugo's archdeacon. One would have imagined that the mischances of that celebrated personage ought to have served as a lesson to his successors, and that these local reminiscences would not have been without their moral; yet, strange to say, Frollo seems never to have dwelt on the matter, and not the slightest allusion to the affair of Héloïsa occurs in the work before us.

That was in truth a *sad* affair, divesting it of all the poetry with which it has been ingeniously bedizened, and reducing it to a plain unvarnished tale. Petrus Abælardus will be found to have played the part of a deliberate seducer in the first instance, and to have displayed consummate selfishness subsequently throughout the whole transaction: not that we totally approve of the vengeance taken by old uncle Fulbert, who was far too savage on the occasion (κωνειασθεις τα ἀρσενικα μερη, as our much-esteemed friend Origen, a high authority in such matters, has it, cap. vii., *contra Celsum*), but we certainly think that the noble-minded girl deserved a more chivalrous lover than this pedant proved: all the heroism, all the delicacy, all the romance, all the refinement was hers.

Of Abelard, as a literary character, in days when such accomplishments were scarce, we are far from wishing to speak disparagingly; though we deem his great contemporary, St. Bernard (the accomplished abbot of Clara Vallis,

or *Clairvaux*), to have been far his superior in elegant acquirements, as well as in purity of life. The excellence of the former was chiefly confined to a certain adroitness in disputation, and a quickness in reply, which was the great test of merit in the scholastic exhibitions of the day when the *universalists*, the *nominalists*, and the *realists*, battled with unceasing verbosity. And it is highly amusing, at this distance of time, to peruse the critique which Abelard passes on a rival wrangler, yclept Anselmus, whose defects he graphically delineates in the following passage, apparently unconscious of its application to himself:

"Mirabilis quidem erat in oculis ausultantium, sed nullus in conspectu quæstionantium. Verborum usum habebat mirabilem, sed sensu contemptibilem et ratione vacuum. Cum ignem accenderet domum suam fumo implebat, non luce illustrabat. Arbor ejus tota *in foliis* a longe conspicua videbatur, sed propinquantibus et diligenter intuentibus infructuosa reperiebatur. Ad hanc, igitur, cum accessissem ut fructum inde colligerem, deprehendi illam esse ficulneam cui maledixit Dominus, seu illam veterem quercum cui Pompeium Lucanus comparat.

'*Stat magni nominis umbra,*
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro.'"

But our present business is not with Abelard, his character, opinions, or adventures. Are not these things rather of the cognizance of Father Prout, and are they not written in some one of his yet unpublished papers? Turn we, then, to the book of Hugo.

His young gipsy is an exquisite creature; La Esmeralda is in truth a beautiful conception, and divinely bodied forth. We regret to find that her goat has, in certain quarters, been most unjustifiably attacked—being illiberally denounced as a plagiarism from Sterne's Maria: but were it even so (a concession which we make for the sake of peace and quietness), has she not taught it a thousand original tricks, has she not so improved its education and general accomplishments as to render it almost impossible for the poor maniac whom Yorick met at Moulines, to recognize her property in the dumb animal? The controversy appeareth to us a mere quibble; what the schoolmen would appropriately call *litem de lanâ caprinâ*. Then, as to her Platonic marriage with that singular impersonation, the poet Gringoire, that is surely an incident of which it would be difficult to find the prototype anywhere, unless folks will discover a parallel case in the union of the fascinating Creole (De Maintenon) with the illustrious cripple Scarron. The devoted love which, in the course of the story, the fair enthusiast suddenly conceives for a brainless and heartless coxcomb—the genuine representative of a class of very plausible characters with which every age and country abounds—Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers must be accounted for, we imagine, by attributing it to the uncontrollable influence of that grim 'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ which frowns out of the old towers of Notre Dame on all who come within the magic circle of its sway. But the grand chord which is made to vibrate with deepest thrill in the reader's breast is the narrative and discovery of her parentage. The half-saint, half-savage penitent of the anchorite cell (or "*trou aux rats*"), who for fifteen long years since the disappearance of her child has wept and prayed, until reason has almost worn itself out, and nought remains but the sense of that one sad bereavement, is perhaps the most feelingly depicted personage in any modern work of fiction. Dante, of course, in his memorable scene of Count Ugolino and his children in the tower, stands yet unrivalled; but the concluding passages of this romance, where the mother is grouped with her long-lost infant, now grown up into the full maturity of life and loveliness—for the scaffold!—offer some of the most pathetic pages we ever remember to have bedewed with (irresistibly flowing) tears. There are certain soliloquies, certain sad and solitary outbursts of maternal tenderness, dispersed through the volume, of which the eloquence is

truly heart-rending. But thus to recover the long-prayed-for object of her affections, merely to see it transferred to the gibbet, is a powerfully affecting result of the fatal *ἀναγκη* that regulates *her* portion.

If the readers of REGINA have not perused the French work, it is fit they should be made aware that the "*trou aux rats*" above alluded to was a sort of underground oratory, which formerly existed on the Place de Grève at Paris, and was tenanted in succession by a voluntary female recluse, whom penitential feeling, or some other all-absorbing motive, would induce to take up her quarters in that gloomy cell, there to end her days in fasting and prayer. "TU ORA" was the appropriate recommendatory motto, inscribed in large Gothic characters over the entrance of the subterranean dwelling, and helped to remind all those learned in the dead languages of a solemn duty. But the uninitiated vulgar had put their own construction on it, and, by a simple process of popular interpretation, it came to signify the "*trou aux rats.*" It was probably on this hint that La Fontaine wrote his capital fable of "The Rat turned Hermit" (livre vii. fab. iii.).

"Les Levantins en leur légende
Disent, qu'un certain rat, las des soins d'ici-bas,
Dans un fromage de Hollande
Se retira loin du monde.
La solitude était profonde
S'étendant tout à la ronde,
Notre hermite nouveau s'établit là dedans;
Il fit tant de pieds et des dents,
Qu'il eut au fond de cet hermitage
Le vivre et le couvert. Que faut-il d'avantage?
Il devint gros et gras. Dieu prodigue ses biens
A ceux qui font vœu d'être siens."

Nor can we dismiss this topic without remarking the perverse ingenuity with which the vulgar in every country will translate such terms of art, or science, or foreign import, as come in their way, so as to attach some intelligible meaning of their own to the words. It is one of the curiosities of language. By this process sometimes black becomes white; as is literally exemplified among the sailors in the Downs, who call the headland near Calais "*Blackness,*" seeing it marked on the French chart as *Blanc Nez.* The mistake of the Parisians, however, in the matter of *tu ora* may be matched by an instance of London hermeneutics. A pious tavern-keeper in Holborn, under Cromwell's protectorate, had placed over his *taberna* the common emblem of a serpent forming a circle, surrounded with the motto "*God encompasseth us.*" Could the old Roundhead come to life and revisit his quondam tap, he would find, to his surprise, that the lofty truth which he had emblazoned on his sign has become (*parce detorta!*)

"THE GOAT AND COMPASSES."

But, returning to our tale—is "the hunchback" a mere *titular* functionary? is Quasimodo kept in abeyance in the progress of the romance? is the "part of Hamlet" omitted? By no means. He is studiously mixed up with every incident, endowed with gigantic energies, evinces wondrous instinct, and seems gifted with a marvellous ubiquity; yet chiefly and conspicuously doth he shine within the precincts of Notre Dame.

"Illâ se jactat in aulâ."

The huge cathedral had been to him, since the hour he was left a foundling on its cold, damp, marble floor, a cradle, a home, a native land. No cabin-boy's attachment to the gallant frigate on board of which he was born can sur-

pass Quasimodo's affection for the venerable pile. He is the life and soul of the Gothic edifice, in himself presenting a Gothic model of human architecture. Identified with the place body and mind, he would seem to be the Δαιμων, or *genius loci*—an integral part of the church. "Il y avait une sorte d'harmonie mystérieuse et pré-existante entre cette créature et cet édifice. Lorsque tout petit, encore il se trainait tortueusement, et par soubresauts sous les ténèbres de ses voûtes, il semblait le reptile naturel de cette dalle humide et sombre." It is the bell-ringer who vivifies this mighty mass of stone—*mens agitat molem:* and, then, the delights of the belfry! those loud-tongued birds of heaven, singing out of their gigantic cage in the towers of Notre Dame. For these, his bronze favourites, the hunchback feels a real passion, a most romantic love: he had, quoth Hugo, fifteen bells in his seraglio—('tis a pity the pun won't hold good in French)—but the big one was his *sultana* elect. Why? He had rung himself deaf, and she alone could now make an impression on the tympanum of his ear. Hence her lover's preference. We could say something here about matrimonial squabbles, but we forbear.

Our author shows amazing genius in the delineation of this dwarf, especially in the anatomy of his mental qualities; where, with a keen dissecting-knife, he cuts the rude envelopes that fold up the ψυχη of Quasimodo, laying open the internal workings of this singular being, and displaying the inner operations of nature in so odd a specimen of her handicraft. The hunchback is, in sooth, a most poetical monster, a most accomplished machine, possessed of a double entity like the centaurs—half man, half bell. Hugo seems, moreover, to sympathize with the bell-ringer in his tintinnabular enthusiasm; for never is his style more animated than when, as on one occasion, he sets all the steeples of Paris into simultaneous commotion: an admired passage, which will be found quoted at full length by Prout, in his "Rogueries of Tom Moore,"* wherein the father showeth how "Those Evening Bells" were stolen by Tom, who, we verily believe, would steal the *great* Tom of Lincoln, were his strength commensurate with his predatory propensities. This case of robbery is duly provided against in the code of Justinian, who has enacted (in *Leg. Rust.* titul. ii.), "*Si quis crepitaculum bovis abstulerit flagellator ut fur.*" And as we are on this subject, we may refer the curious to the treatise of Magius, "De Tintinnabulis;" as also to a book by Durandus, called "Campanologia." To these authorities we could wish to add a work by some German friar, who wrote in 1320 to prove that an unlimited faculty of bell-ringing will form part of the celestial beatitude. We have unfortunately forgotten the good man's name, which hath such an undoubted right to be loudly tolled.

The old cathedral of Paris which gives its name to the book is still the main point of attraction towards which all the events and characters naturally gravitate, and round which the whole story revolves. There is an admirable sketch of the ancient university, the *pays Latin*, and the abbey of St. Germains, which was far from presenting in those days the appearance which that "*noble faux-bourg*" has since assumed; there is also a splendid account of the "*Cour des Miracles*," or St. Giles's district; nor is it possible to find in any work, ancient or modern, a more minute and vivid picture of the capital of France at the close of the fifteenth century than has been drawn by the lively pencil of our author: still, in the most devious wanderings of his narrative, taking as it does the range of the whole city, we never for a moment lose sight of the venerable pile of Notre Dame. Proudly swelling over the undulating surface of Gothic roofs, halls, colleges, monasteries, prisons, hotels, and inferior edifices (which he has so accurately described in a special chapter devoted to a bird's-eye view of the metropolis), the cathedral rears itself in massive grandeur conspicuous above them all—an architectural leviathan.

"Dorsum immane mari summo."

* See REGINA, vol. ix. p. 208.

The only rival that can for a moment divide the interest of the reader with that mighty monument is the wondrous citadel of bygone despotism—the never-to-be-forgotten Bastille. Of that memorable construction not a vestige now remains; but in the solidity of its materials and the vastness of its giant proportions it appears to have had no equal among the ponderous dungeons that have encumbered the earth. The cell at the summit of one of its towers, wherein Louis Onze is introduced at the dead of night, in converse with his prime minister and barber, Olivier le Mauvais, attended by his chief hangman, Tristan l'Hermite, is full of historical truth—a merit which we are not able to recognize in Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward," treating of the same matter. In fact, we have heard old Béranger express himself greatly dissatisfied with Sir Walter's French delineations; and we think there are solid grounds for the strictures with which, in our hearing, the *chansonnier* visited that performance. As to Louis Onze, by the way, the best idea of his character is to be found in Béranger's own song, in which the tyrant, by a striking and effective contrast, is described as looking out, from his watch-tower of Plessis les Tours, on a village-dance in the neighbouring hamlet, through the iron bars of his gloomy château. That "donjon" and the Bastille were the monarch's favourite residences. The latter, as all the world knows, has been blown down by the breath of popular wrath; and an elephant in plaster of Paris having been, for some reason or other, erected in its place, a *restaurateur* conceived the bright idea of establishing his *salon* in the capacious interior of the colossal animal, where we recollect to have eaten a *côtellette à la Maintenon*, in 1828; but we learn that both the elephant and the *artiste* have been latterly compelled to pack up their trunks, to make way for a bronze column in honour of the three days. All this is at it should be. Buildings crumble into dust, or are swept away by hands: lightning, earthquakes, or artillery, soon dispose of the mighty mass; but it is given to genius to reconstruct of more durable materials the monuments of history. The towers of Ilion are still erect in song; Kenilworth still rears its gigantic form in the page of Scott; and even the Bastille has obtained from Hugo a species of existence.

> "Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis,
> Annorum series et fuga temporum."
>
> *Lib.* iii. *ode* 30.

The day may yet come when this romance will be the only local habitation of the cathedral itself,—when its glorious porch, like the Scæan gate, will have no other existence than what poetry and eloquence will have secured to it—when Utilitarianism will have discovered that its stones and materials might be converted to some more useful purpose, and that (as well observed by a Benthamite disciple, *anno domini* 33) "they might be sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor." When that event shall have taken place, generations yet unborn will solace themselves in the work of Hugo, which will in that distant age be read with, if possible, greater avidity than by the sons of modern France, amongst whom more than a dozen editions have already been devoured. We trust, however, that our anticipation of destruction to the venerable monument may not be too speedily realized, even though such a consummation would enhance the value of this admirable novel.

> "Tarda sit illa dies et nostro serior ævo!"

We may, in conclusion, be allowed to draw attention to the striking difference as to matter, style, and thought, between the work before us and the performances which in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*—the classic days of French composition—issued under the name of novels from the press of that

country. Pope, who had a keen relish for the productions of the Gallic muse in all other departments of literature, has recorded his opinion of those romances in terms not to be mistaken. The following sarcastic juxtaposition, which occurs in his "Rape of the Lock" would indicate that he rated their intellectual character very low indeed; it is the recital of a burnt-offering to frivolity —a holocaust made up of truly kindred materials—

"An altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
Trophies and tokens of his former loves;
Then with a billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes an amorous sigh to raise the fire."

Cant. II. v. 37.

The progressive improvement which works of fiction have undergone among our neighbours is indeed remarkable. In the days of Boileau, the current *chef-d'œuvres* in that line were D'Urfey's "Astrea," with the "Clelia" and other absurdities of Madlle. de Scuderi, a lady who seems to have enjoyed a patent for the supply of such productions, and who, by the voluminous fecundity of her genius in this line of writing (*crebris partibus*, as Abbé de Sade would say), deserved to be commemorated by the French satirist thus:

"Heureuse Scuderi dont la fertile plume,
Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume."

Sat. II. v. 77.

But the shepherds and shepherdesses whose sentimental doings were therein chronicled might as well, for any chance of flourishing in the record of fame, have gone to their graves "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

The model on which all these novels were constructed seems to have been a certain work which the great Racine himself is known to have diligently studied and vastly admired: we allude to a Greek romance entitled "Theagenes and Chariclea," written by one Heliodorus, bishop of Trica, in the fourth century. This novel is quoted by the learned heresiarch Photius, in his "Bibliotheca," where, at page 157, he gives an extract, accompanied with comments, in the style of a modern reviewer. It made some noise in its day, for, in consulting an accurate ecclesiastical historian, Nicephorus, lib. 12, cap. 24, we find that such was the scandal occasioned by so flagrant an instance of episcopal frivolity, as the composition of such a work evinced on the part of its author, that he was summoned to disavow his book or resign his mitre. We believe he chose the latter alternative. In the ninth century, however, Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, undaunted by the fate of his venerable predecessor in the path of novel-writing, composed the celebrated romance of "Roland and Charlemagne," the oldest tale of European chivalry. This may be looked on as the earliest work of that species in modern literature; and was followed by a mass of similar productions, as silly as their prototype. The "Roman de la Rose" falsely attributed to Abelard, was one of the most popular. "Amadis de Gaul" was another of these crude narratives.

But it was reserved for a *third* episcopal functionary to give a rational tone and a philosophic tendency to professed works of fiction; and the delightful Fénélon de Cambray, in his immortal "Télémaque," opened the list of more dignified and intellectual authorship in the province of romance. We know not whether the adventures of the son of Ulysses in search of his father be not the first instance of the historical novel: we strongly incline to place the "Cyropædia" of the accomplished Xenophon at the head of the catalogue. Be that as it may, the form of narrative was now discovered to be the readiest and most

acceptable vehicle for conveying information or establishing a theory. From the "Télémaque" of Fénélon to the "Anacharsis" of Abbé Barthelemi it was adopted with success by the writers of France. Rousseau wrote his "Emile" and his "Héloise," Voltaire his "Candide," Bernardin de St. Pierre his "Paul et Virginie," Chateaubriand his "Martyrs," avowedly with those views. But we firmly assert, that of the fictions we have enumerated, and to which we might add a dozen more of minor celebrity by Florian, Marmontel, De Genlis, and De Staël (Le Sage forming a class apart, a distinct *genus* in himself), though many are superior in the utility of their object, and the value of their inculcations, none can vie in execution and in detail with the work of Hugo. In all the qualities that attract and rivet attention, in deep and original thought, in brilliancy of wit and playfulness of fancy, in accuracy of costume and faithful portraiture of the times, in pathos and dramatic effect, in all the evidences of true genius, his book is far beyond them all.

On this work rests his renown. He has written much, and will doubtless write more; but nothing has hitherto issued from his pen, and we fear nothing is likely to follow, that can bear the remotest comparison with this extraordinary achievement. His "Bugjargal" is a pitiful performance; his "Hans D'Islande" is extravagant and unnatural; his "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor" border on the ravings of insanity. He of course is the fittest judge of what is best for his interests as an *homme de lettres*, subsisting by the labours of his pen, and naturally turning his attention to what is most profitable in the pursuits of literature; but *dramatic* productions, in the taste of his late works for the French theatre, however applauded by the debased sensualists, shallow coxcombs, and ruffian *sans culotterie*, that decide on these matters at the *porte St. Martin*, will not add to the glory he has won by his "Notre Dame." To us he seems to be miserably wasting his energies on the stage; but the field of historical romance is the *champ clos* where he may be truly irresistible and unrivalled. Ajax mad, *furens* or μαστιγοφορος, is but a pitiable object, venting his rage on cattle and slaughtering a flock of sheep in the tragedy. The same hero, in the epic narrative, stands erect and dignified on the plains of Troy, the "buckler of the Grecians."

In lyrical poetry, Hugo has shown a more delicate perception of nature, and a more correct judgment, than in his melancholy attempts at the drama; though there also is much to reprehend in the volumes he has put forth under the various titles of "Orientales," "Feuilles d'Automne," and "Ballads." His versification is vigorous; and great originality is displayed in the selection of his topics, as well as in the point of view he chooses to consider them; but he has neither the finished grace nor the forcible simplicity of the inimitable Béranger. We are enabled to subjoin a few specimens of his genius in this department, by the circumstance of meeting with the following among some loose papers in the chest of Father Prout. We give them without a word of commentary.

LA GRAND-MÈRE.

VICTOR HUGO.

"Dors-tu?—Réveille-toi, mère de notre mère!
D'ordinaire en dormant ta bouche remuait:
Car ton sommeil souvent ressemble à ta prière,
Mais ce soir on dirait la Madonne de pierre,
Ta lèvre est immobile et ton souffle est muet.

Pourquoi courber ton front plus bas que de coutume?
Quel mal avons-nous fait pour ne plus nous chérir?
Vois, la lampe pâlit, l'âstre scintille et fume;
Si tu ne parles pas, le feu qui se consume,
Et la lampe et nous deux, nous allons tous mourir!

Donne-nous donc tes mains dans nos mains réchauffées ;
  Chante-nous quelque chant de pauvre troubadour ;
Dis-nous ces chevaliers qui servis par les fées,
Pour bouquets à leurs dames apportaient des trophées,
  Et dont le cri de guerre était un chant d'amour.

Dis-nous quel divin signe est funeste aux fantômes—
  Quel hermite dans l'air vit Lucifer volant—
Quel rubis étincelle au front du roi des Gnômes—
Et si le noir démon craint plus dans ses royaumes
  Les psaumes de Turpin ou le fer de Roland.

Ou montre-nous ta Bible aux images dorées ;
  Les saints, vêtus de blanc, protecteurs des hameaux ;
Les vierges de rayons dans leur joye entourées,
Et ces feuillets où luit, en lettres ignorées,
  Le langage inconnu qui dit à Dieu nos maux.

Mère ! hélas, par dégrés s'affaise la lumière !
  L'ombre joyeuse danse autour du noir foyer ;
Les esprits vont peut-être entrer dans la chaumière ;
Oh, sors de ton sommeil interromps ta prière !
  Toi qui nous rassurais, veux tu nous effrayer !

Dieu, que tes bras sont froids ! Ouvre les yeux !...Naguère
  Tu nous parlais d'un monde où nous mènent nos pas,
Et de ciel, et de tombe, et de vie éphémère—
Tu parlais de la mort ! Dis-nous, O notre mère !
  Quest-ce donc que la mort ? Tu ne nous répond pas ?"

Leur gémissante voix longtemps se plaignit seule,
La jeune aube parut sans réveiller l'ayeule ;
  La cloche frappa l'air de ses funèbres coups,
Et le soir, un passant, par la porte entrouverte,
Vit, devant le saint livre et la couche déserte,
  Les deux petits enfans qui priaient à genoux.

THE GRANDCHILDREN.

A Ballad.

VICTOR HUGO.

Still asleep ! We have been since the noon thus alone.
  Oh, the hours we have ceased to number !
Wake, grandmother !—speechless say why art thou grown ?
Then thy lips are so cold !—the Madonna of stone
  Is like thee in thy holy slumber.

We have watch'd thee in sleep, we have watch'd thee at prayer,
  But what can now betide thee ?
Like thy hours of repose all thy orisons were,
And thy lips would still murmur a blessing whene'er
  Thy children stood beside thee.

Now thine eye is unclosed, and thy forehead is bent
  O'er the hearth, where ashes smoulder ;
And, behold ! the watch-lamp will be speedily spent,
Art thou vex'd ? have we done aught amis ? Oh, relent !
  But...parent, thy hands grow colder !

Say, with ours wilt thou let us rekindle in thine
The glow that has departed?
Wilt thou sing us some song of the days of lang syne?
Wilt thou tell us some tale, from those stories divine,
Of the brave and the noble-hearted?

Of the dragon, who, crouching in forest or glen,
Lies in wait for the unwary—
Of the maid, who was freed by her knight from the den
Of the Ogre, whose blade was uplifted, but then
Turn'd aside by the wand of a fairy?

Wilt thou teach us spell words that protect from all harm,
And thoughts of evil banish?
What goblins the sign of the cross may disarm?
What saint it is good to invoke? and what charm
Can make the demon vanish?

Or unfold to our gaze thy most wonderful book,
So fear'd by hell and Satan:
At its hermits and martyrs in gold let us look,
At the virgins, and bishops with pastoral crook,
And the hymns and the prayers in Latin.

Oft with legends of angels, who watch o'er the young,
Thy voice was wont to glad us;
Have thy lips got no language? no wisdom thy tongue?
Oh, see! the light wavers, and, sinking, hath flung
On the wall mysterious shadows!

Wake! awake! evil spirits perhaps may presume
To haunt thy holy dwelling;
Pale ghosts are, perhaps, coming into the room—
Oh, would that the lamp were relit!—with the gloom
These fearful thoughts dispelling.

Thou hast told us our parents lie sleeping beneath
The grass, in a churchyard lonely:
Now thine eyes have no motion, thy mouth has no breath,
And thy limbs are all rigid! Oh say, IS THIS DEATH,
Or thy prayer or thy slumber only?

Envoy.

Sad vigil they kept by that grandmother's chair,
Kind angels hover'd o'er them—
And the dead-bell was toll'd in the hamlet—and there,
On the following eve, knelt that innocent pair,
With the missal-book before them.

LE VOILE.

Orientales.

VICTOR HUGO.

"Avez-vous fait votre prière ce soir, Desdémona?"—SHAKESPEARE.

LA SŒUR.

Qu'avez-vous, qu'avez-vous, mes frères?
Vous baissez des fronts soucieux.
Comme des lampes funéraires,
Vos regards brillent dans vos yeux.

Vos ceintures sont déchirées;
Déjà trois fois hors de l'étui,
Sous vos doigts à demi tirées,
Les lames des poignards ont lui.

LE FRÈRE AINÉ.

N'avez-vous pas levé votre voile aujourd'hui?

LA SŒUR.

Je revenais du bain, mes frères;
Seigneurs, du bain je revenais,
Cachée aux regards téméraires,
Des Giaours et des Albanais;

En passant près de la mosquée,
Dans mon palanquin recouvert,
L'air de midi m'a suffoquée,
Mon voile un instant s'est ouvert.

LE SECOND FRÈRE.

Un homme alors passait? un homme en caftan vert?

LA SŒUR.

Oui!...peut-être...mais son audace
N'a pas vu mes traits dévoilés.—
Mais vous vous parlez à voix basse!
A voix basse vous vous parlez!

Vous faut-il du sang? sur votre âmes.
Mes frères, il n'a pû me voir.
Grâce! Tûerez vous une femme,
Foible et nue, en votre pouvoir?

LE TROISIÈME FRÈRE.

Le soleil était rouge à son coucher ce soir!

LA SŒUR.

Grâce! qu'ai-je fait? Grâce! grâce!
Dieu! quatre poignards dans mon flanc!
Ah! par vos genoux que j'embrasse..
Oh, mon voile! oh, mon voile blanc!

Ne fuyez pas mes mains qui saignent,
Mes frères soutenez mes pas!
Car sur mes regards qui s'éteignent
S'étend un voile de trépas.

LE QUATRIÈME FRÈRE.

C'en est un que du moins tu ne leveras pas!

THE VEIL.

An Oriental Dialogue.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE SISTER.

What has happen'd, my brothers? Your spirit to-day
Some secret sorrow damps:
There's a cloud on your brow. What has happen'd? oh, say!
For your eye-balls glare out with a sinister ray,
Like the light of funeral lamps.

And the blades of your poniards are half-unsheathed
In your zone...and ye frown on me!
There's a wo untold, there's a pang unbreathed
In your bosom, my brothers three.

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brothers!...at noon...from the bath...
As I came ..it was noon...my lords...
And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
Is beset by these foreign hordes.

But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour,
Near the mosque was so oppressive,
That...forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour,
I yielded to heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white and a caftan of green?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
He could scarce have seen my figure.——
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
Of "blood," and "an intriguer"?

Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear...from your hand that I see on the hilt,
And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara! this evening when sank the red sun,
Hast thou mark'd how like blood in descending it shone?

THE SISTER.

Mercy! Allah! three daggers! have pity! oh, spare!
See! I cling to your knees repenting!
Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, forbear!
Be appeased at the voice of a sister's despair,
For your mother's sake relenting.

O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
Their sister's *life*-blood shedding;
They have stabb'd me again...and I faint...o'er my eyes
A VEIL OF DEATH is spreading!—

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, farewell! take *that* veil; 'tis the gift
Of thy brothers—a veil thou never wilt lift!

LE REPAS LIBRE.

Aux Rois de l'Europe.

"Il y avait à Rome un antique usage: la veille de l'exécution des condamnés à mort, on leur donnait, à la porte de la prison, un repas publique, appelé *Le Repas libre.*"—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Les Martyrs.*

Lorsqu'à l'antique Olympe immolant l'évangile,
Le préteur, appuyant d'un tribunal fragile,
Ses temples odieux,
Livide, avait proscrit des Chrétiens pliens de joie,
Victimes qu'attendaient, acharnés sur leur proie,
Les tigres et les dieux.

Rome offrait un festin à leur élite sainte,
Comme si, sur les bords du calice d'absinthe,
Versant un peu de miel;
Sa pitié des martyrs ignorait l'énergie,
Et voulait consoler, par une folle orgie,
Ceux qu'appelait le ciel.

Le pourpre recevait ces convives austères:
Le falerne écumait dans de larges cratères,
Ceints de myrtes fleuris;
Le miel d'Hybla dorait les vins de Malvoisie,
Et, dans les vases d'or, les parfums de l'Asie
Lavaient leurs pieds meutris.

Un art profond, mêlant les tributs des trois mondes,
Dévastait les forêts et dépeulait les ondes
Pour ce libre repas ;
On eut dit qu'épuisant la prodigue nature,
Sybaris conviait aux banquets d'Epicure
Ces élus du trépas.

Les tigres cependant s'agitaient dans leur chaîne ;
Les léopards captifs de la sanglante arène
Cherchaient le noir chemin ;
Et bientôt, moins cruels que les femmes de Rome,
Ces monstres, s'étonnaient d'être applaudis par l'homme,
Baignés de sang humain.

On jetait aux lions les confesseurs, les prêtres,
Telle un main servile à de dédaigneux maîtres
Offre un mets savoureux ;
Lorsqu'au pompeux banquet siégeait leur saint conclave,
La pâle Mort, debout comme un muet esclave,
Se tenait derrière eux.

O rois ! comme un festin s'écoule votre vie :
La coupe des grandeurs, que le vulgaire envie,
Brille dans votre main :
Mais au concert joyeux de la fête éphémère,
Se mêle le cri sourd du tigre populaire
Qui vous attend demain.

THE FEAST OF FREEDOM.

To the Kings of Europe.

"There existed at Rome an ancient custom : prisoners condemned to die, on the eve of their execution were treated to a public banquet, in the porch of the prison—a ceremony called the 'CŒNA LIBERA.'"—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Les Martyrs.*

When the Christians were doom'd to the lions of old
By the priest and the prætor combined to uphold
An idolatrous cause,
Forth they came, while the vast colosseum throughout
Gather'd thousands look'd on, and they fell 'mid the shout
Of "*the people's*" applause.

On the eve of that day, of their evenings the last !
At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous repast,
Rich, unstinted, unpriced,
That the doom'd might (forsooth !) gather strength ere they bled,
With an ignorant pity their gaolers would spread
For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh ! 'twas strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine
Fill'd his cup to the brim !
Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italy's rose,
All united for him !

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
In profusion procured, was put forth to enhance
The repast that they gave ;
And no Sybarite, nursed in the lap of delight,
Such a banquet e'er tasted as welcomed that night
The elect of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain;
Loud and fierce howl'd the tiger, impatient to stain
The bloodthirsty arena:
While the women of Rome, who applauded those deeds,
And who hail'd the forthcoming enjoyment, must needs
Shame the ruthless hyena.

They who figured as guests on that ultimate eve,
In their turn on the morrow were destined to give
To the lions their food;
For behold, in the guise of a slave at that board,
Where his victims enjoy'd all that life can afford,
Death administering stood.

Such, O monarchs of earth! was your banquet of power!
But the tocsin has burst on your festival hour—
'Tis your knell that it rings!
TO THE POPULAR TIGER A PREY IS DECREED,
AND THE MAW OF REPUBLICAN HUNGER WILL FEED
ON A BANQUET OF KINGS!

XVI.

A Series of Modern Latin Poets.

(*Fraser's Magazine, August,* 1835.)

—o—

[This learned and curiously discursive dissertation—the first of a triad—was contributed by Mahony to the number of *Regina* in which appeared Maclise's commemorative sketch of Henry O'Brien, author of the "Round Towers of Ireland." The grateful tribute accompanying it in the letterpress, though ostensibly from the hand which usually held the pen for those jottings down in the Gallery—meaning that of Maginn—was in reality from the hand and heart of the good father of Watergrasshill. Confronting the forty-fifth stanza of Vida's "Silkworm," in the first edition of the "Reliques," that of 1836, appeared young Croquis' exquisite delineation of the "Robing of Venus," the audacity of the undulating lines of beauty in which would not only have justified Hogarth's theory, could the master painter only have beheld them in prevision, but would for certain, while so doing, have fairly captivated his admiration.]

CHAPTER I.—THE SILKWORM: A POEM.

BY JEROME VIDA.

"Ecco Alessandro il mio signor Farnese;
O dotta compagnia che seco mena!
Blosio, Pierio, e VIDA Cremonese
D'alta facondia inessicabil vena."

ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.*, cant. ult., st. xiii.

"Immortal VIDA! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow."

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

AT the southern extremity of the French metropolis there lieth an extensive burying-ground, which rejoiceth (if any such lugubrious concern can be said to rejoice) in the name of "*Cimetière du Mont Parnasse.*" Some Cockney tourists have had the curiosity to visit this Parnassian graveyard, under the impression that it was a kind of Gallican "Poets' Corner," a sort of sepulchral "limbo," set apart for the deceased children of the Muse, in the same national spirit that raised the "Hôtel des Invalides," and inscribed on the church of Ste. Geneviève, or "Pantheon" (where Marat and Mirabeau and Voltaire were entombed), that lapidary lampoon, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*" No such object, however, appears to have been contemplated by the municipal authorities of Paris, when they inclosed the funereal field thus whimsically designated.

A collection of poetical effusions in any one of the *dead* languages would, we apprehend, considering the present state and prospects of literature, turn out to be, in the gloomiest sense of the word, a grave undertaking. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, are truly and really dead, defunct, mute, unspoken,

"Monsieur Malbrook est mort, est mort et enterré."

Hebrew is dead, and no mistake!—the Wandering Jew must have found that out long since. We venture to affirm that Salathiel (who, according to Croly, lurks about the synagogue in St. Alban's Place) has often laughed at the *shevas* of our modern Rabbim, and at those pothooks "with points" which are hawked about among the learned as copies of the original Hebrew Scriptures. As to the idioms of King Alfred, the venerable Bede, or Queen Boadicea, how few of our literati are conversant therein or cognizant thereof! Kemble, Wright, and Lingard (*pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*), enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of Anglo-Saxon.—Greek exhibits but few symptoms of vitality; no Barnes, no Porson, no Wolff, grace these degenerate days: nay, the mitre seems to have acted as an extinguisher on the solitary light of Blomfield. Oxford hath now nothing in common with the Βοσφορος but the name, and the groves of Cam have ceased to be those of Academus. Things are not much better on the Continent. While Buonaparte from the rock of St. Helena still threatened Europe, we recollect, in a provincial city of France, a candidate for the office of town librarian who was outvoted by an ignorant competitor, and, on inquiry, found that many of the royalist constituency, hearing of his being an ardent "*Hellenist*," nor dreaming that the term could bear any other interpretation, had fancied him a very dangerous character indeed. Latin is still the language of the Romish liturgy, and consequently may have some claim to rank, if not as a living tongue, at least as one half-alive: "*defunctus adhuc loquitur*." Though, in sober truth, if we are to judge from the quantity of dog-Latin afloat in that quarter, we should be inclined to say that the tongue of Cicero had long since gone to the dogs.

We are tempted, however, to try an experiment on these "unknown tongues," and to essay on them the effects of that galvanic process which is known to be so successful in the case of a dead frog. We open the undertaking with a name that may give assurance to our first attempt, and prevent uncharitable folks from applying to our operations the old surgical sarcasm of *experimentum in animâ vili*. The beautiful poem of Vida shall fitly introduce our series, and usher in these "modern instances" of lively composition—lively even in a dead language. It will soon be seen whether Prout can be allowed by the local authorities to carry on the trade of resurrectionist in the *Cimetière du Mont Parnasse*. If the "subjects he has disinterred" be not found fresh enough for the purposes of critical dissection, still we do not despair; something may be made of the most thin and meagre anatomies, and a good price is occasionally got for a skeleton. Prout gives them such as he has dug them up. The hermit of Watergrasshill never pretended to enjoy the faculty of old Ezekiel—to clothe with substantial flesh the dry frame-work, the "*disjecta membra*," the poetical bones scattered over the vale of Tempé; though such miraculous gift might find full scope for its exercise in the Golgotha of Parnassus. "And behold, there were very many bones in the open valley, and lo! *they were very dry*."—*Ezekiel*, xxxvii. 2.

We had first decided on calling this new batch of Prout Papers a "modern Latin anthology," but, on reflection, we have discarded that commonplace title; the term *anthology* bearing obvious reference to a still blooming flower-garden, and being far too fresh and gay a conceit for our purpose. Prefixed to a poetic miscellany in any of the *living* tongues, it might pass and be deemed suitable; applied to Latin or Greek, it would be a palpable misnomer. Dried

plants, preserved specimens, and shrivelled exotics, may perhaps make up a *hortus siccus:* they cannot be said to form a garland or a nosegay.

Defunct dialects have one great advantage, however, over living languages. These latter are fickle and perpetually changing (like the sex), *varium et mutabile;* whereas the former, like old family portraits, are fixed in form, feature, and expression. Flesh and blood, confessedly, have not the durability of a marble bust; the parlance of the ancients is effectually petrified. There is nothing "movable" in the "characters" of Greek and Latin phraseology: all is stereotype. It is pleasant to compose in an idiom of which every word is long since canonized, and has taken its allotted place equally beyond the reach of vulgarism and the fear of vicissitude. Poor Geoffrey Chaucer knows to his cost the miseries attendant on the use of an obsolete vocabulary. Some modern journeyman has found it expedient to dislocate all his joints, under a pretext that his gait was awkward: to rejuvenate the old fellow, it was thought best to take him to pieces on the plan of those Greek children who boiled their grandfather in a magic cauldron, and, as might be expected, found "death in the pot." Who can now relish Sir Walter Raleigh, or sigh with Sir Philip Sidney, or sing the merry ballads of Sir Thomas More, whose popular poems graced the dawn of metrical composition in England? Alas!

> "Every wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
> And leaves us at eve on the cold beach alone"

O'Doherty, in his younger days, deeply pondering on the fleeting nature of the beauties of modern compositions, and the frail and transitory essence of all living forms of speech, had a notion of rescuing these charming things from inevitable decay, and announced himself to the public as a poetical EMBALMER. He printed a proposal for wrapping up in the imperishable folds of Greek and Latin, with sundry spices of his own, the songs and ballads of these islands; which, in a few centuries, will be unintelligible to posterity. He had already commenced operating on "Black-eyed Susan," and had cleverly disembowelled "Alley Croaker;" both of which made excellent classic mummies. "Wapping Old Stairs," in his Latin translation, seemed to be the veritable "Gradus ad Parnassum;" and his Greek version of "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay" beat all Æschylus ever sung about Salamis. What became of the project, and why Sir Morgan gave it up, we cannot tell: he is an unaccountable character. But while we regret this embalming plan should have been abandoned, we are free to confess that, in our opinion, "Old King Cole," in Hebrew, was his best effort. It was equal to Solomon in all his glory.

These *prolegomena* have led us in a somewhat zigzag path far away from our starting-point, which, on looking back, we find to be Jerome Vida's poem of the "Silkworm." From a memorandum in the chest, we learn that Prout was induced to undertake this translation in the year 1825, when 400,000 mulberry-trees were planted on the Kingston estates by what was called "the Irish Silk Company," with a view to "better the condition of the peasantry in the south of Ireland." That scheme, somewhat similar to the lottery humbug lately got up by Messrs. Bish and O'Connell, produced in its day what is sought to be again effected by designing scoundrels now—it created a temporary mystification, and staved off the ENACTMENT OF POOR-LAWS for the season. Prout early discovered the hollow treachery of all these projects, and locked up his MS. in disgust. He seems, however, to have reperused the poem shortly before his death; but the recollection of so many previous attempts at delusion, and the persevering profligacy with which the dismal farce is renewed, seems to have so strongly roused his indignant energies, that, if we decipher right the crossings in red letters on the last page, this aged clergyman, deeming it an act of virtue to feel intense hatred for the whole of the selfish crew that thrives on Irish

starvation, has laid his dying curse on the heads, individually and collectively, of Lord Limerick, Spring Rice, and Daniel O'Connell.

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, *May*, 1825.

WHEN at the revival of letters the beauties of ancient literature burst on the modern mind, and revealed a new world to the human intellect, the first impulse of all who had the luck to be initiated in the mysteries of classic taste, was to model their thoughts and expressions on these newly-discovered originals, and, like Saul among the prophets, to catch with the very language of inspiration a more exalted range of feelings and a strain of loftier sentiment. The literati of Europe conversed in Latin and corresponded in Greek. It had not yet entered into their heads that the rude materials of Italian, French, and English, might be wrought up into forms of as exquisite perfection as they then possessed in the remnants of classic eloquence and poetry. They despaired of making a silken purse out of a sow's ear. The example of Dante and Petrarch had not emboldened them: the latter, indeed, always considered his Latin poem, written on the second Punic war, and entitled "Africa," as much more likely to ensure him permanent renown than his *sonnets* or *canzoni*; and the former had to struggle with his own misgivings long and seriously ere he decided on not trusting his "Comædia" to the custody of Latin. Ariosto has left two volumes of Latin poetry. It was deemed a hazardous experiment to embark intellectual capital on the mere security of a vulgar tongue; and to sink the riches of the mind in so depreciated a concern was thought a most unprofitable investment. Hence genius was expended on what appeared the more solid speculation, and no others but Greek and Latin *scripta* were "quoted" in the market of literature. All this "paper" has wofully fallen in value: I see little prospect of its ever again looking up.

Lord Bacon and Leibnitz, Newton, Grotius, and Milton, long after modern languages had become well established as vehicles of valuable thought, still adhered to the safer side, and thus secured to their writings European perusal. An Universal Language, a General Pacification, and a Common Agreement among Christian sects, were three favourite day-dreams of Leibnitz; but, alas! each of these projects seems as far as ever removed from any prospect of realization. Latin, however, may, in some sense, be considered the idiom most universally spread throughout the republic of letters. The Roman empire and the Roman church, by a combined effort, have brought about this result; and Virgil seems to have a prophetic vision of both these majestic agents actively engaged in the dissemination of his poetry, when he promises immortality to Nisus and Euryalus:

> "Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo
> Dum *domus Æneæ* capitoli immobile saxum
> Accolet, imperiumque *Pater Romanus* habebit."

If by *domus Æneæ* he mean the dynasty of the Cæsars, the *Pater Romanus* must allude to the popes; and Leo X. was probably in his mind's eye when he made this vaticination.

To excel in Latin poetry was, under that golden pontificate, a favourite accomplishment. Vida and Sanazar, Bembo and Fracastor, cultivated with success this branch of the humanities in Italy. The reformer Theodore Beza was a distinguished Latin poet at Geneva, though, in the selection of some of his subjects, he shows a taste rather akin to that of our own Theodore Hook

than marked by any evangelical tendency. The Jesuits, while they upheld the papal empire, powerfully contributed also to enlarge the dominions of the Roman muse; and Casimir Sarbievi, Rapin, Vaniere, and Sidronius, were at one time the admiration of all European academies. Buchanan is far better known abroad by his *carmina* than by his Scotch history; and the Latin poems of Addison, Milton, Parnell, with those of that witty Welshman, Owenus (not to speak of the numerous *Musæ Anglicanæ*, *Musæ Etonenses*, &c. &c.), have fully established our character for versification on the continent. It is not sufficiently known, that the celebrated poem "De Connubiis Florum," which gave the hint of the "Loves of the Plants," * and of Darwin's "Botanic Garden," was, in fact, the production of an Irishman, who, under the name of Demetrius de la Croix, published it at Paris in 1727. He was from Kerry, and his real patronymic was Diarmid M'Encroe;† though, like his immortal countryman, *Dinnish* Lardner, he exchanged that for a more euphonous apellation. Scotland's illustrious son, the "admirable" Crichton, whose brilliant career and character should, one would imagine, have attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, they being wonderfully susceptible of historico-romantic development,‡ possessed, among other singular accomplishments, the faculty of *extemporising* in Latin verse; and on one occasion, before the assembled literati of Mantua, having previously dazzled his auditory with a display of philosophy, mathematics, divinity, and eloquence, he wound up the day's proceedings by reciting a whole poem, on a subject furnished by his antagonist, and dismissed the astonished crowd in raptures with his unpremeditated song. Thomas Dempsterus, another native of "that ilk," won his laurels in this department of composition; as did William Lilly the grammarian, and Thomas Morus the chancellor, in England. In Holland, *Johannes Secundus* gained renown by his "Basia;" Hugo, by his "Pia Desideria;" not to mention Daniel Heinsius and Boxhorn. In Spain, *Arias Montanus*, so well known by his edition of the Hebrew Bible, was not inelegant as a Latin versifier. Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII.) ranks high among the favoured of the muse: the Oxford edition of his poems (e typis Clarendon, 1726) lies now before me. Ang. Politian, Scaliger and Sfondrat (*De raptu Helenæ*) should not be omitted in the nomenclature of glory: neither should the Jesuit Maffeus, who recited his daily breviary in Greek, lest the low language of our liturgy might corrupt the pure Latinity of his style; and who, deeming the epic action of Virgil's poem incomplete, has written a *thirteenth (!)* canto for the "Æneid." But of all who at the restoration of classic learning trod in the footsteps of Horace and Virgil, none came so close to these great masters as Jerome Vida; and the encomium which Pope takes every opportunity of passing on his style of excellence is not undeserved:

> "But see! each muse in Leo's golden days
> Starts from her trance and trims her wither'd bays,
> Rome's ancient Genius o'er the ruins spread,
> Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head.
>
> Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive;
> Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
> With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
> A Raphael painted, and a VIDA sung."

The author of the "Essay on Criticism" has more than once dwelt with evident complacency on the merits of Vida; but it was by largely borrowing

* These, in their turn, produced the "Loves of the Triangles," in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

† See "Botanicon Parisiense" of Levaillant, edit. by Boerhave, p. 3.

‡ We are glad to find that the author of "Rookwood" has taken up the cudgels for this neglected Scot. We anticipate a romance in the true *con spirito* style already employed so felicitously in the case of the "admirable" Turpin.

from his writings (as also in the case of Boileau) that he principally manifested his esteem and predilection. The celebrated lines on adapting the sound to the sense,

"Soft is the strain when zephyr," &c.,

are a nearly literal translation of a passage in our Italian bishop's poem, "De Arte Poetica:" a fact which Pope has had the candour to indicate in a note in the early editions:

"Tum si læta canunt hilari quoque carmina vultu," &c.
Lib. iii. v. 403.

But a more flagrant instance of unacknowledged plagiarism occurs in the "Rape *of the Lock*, where card-playing being introduced (canto the third), not only is the style and conduct of the Cartesian narrative borrowed from Vida's "Schacchia Ludus," or "Game of Chess," but whole similes are unhesitatingly appropriated by his English imitator. These are sometimes awkwardly enough —ludicrously, need I add?—compelled "a double debt to pay," being applied to the party at "*ombre*," and lose much of their original grace by the transfer. *Ex. gratiâ:*

POPE.

"Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green;
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:
The fierce battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps—one fate awaits them all."

VIDA.

"Non aliter campis *legio* se *buxea* utrinque
Composuit duplici digestis ordine turmis,
Adversisque ambæ fulsere *coloribus* alæ
Quam gallorum acies alpino frigore *lactea*
Corpora, si tendunt albis in prælia signis
Auroræ populos contra et Phaëtonte perustos,
Insuper Æthiopas et nigri Memnonis agmen."
Schacchia, c. i. v. 80.

Vida himself was addicted to copying Virgil in rather too close a fashion, and in his poetics he candidly confesses the manner in which he went to work, giving advice to all future marauders in the same line. The precept and the example are both contained in the following ingenious verses:

"Cum vero cultis moliris furta poetis
Cautius ingredere et *raptus* memor occule *versis*,
Verborum indictis atque ordine falle legentes."
Lib. iii. 220.

The robber Cacus having been described by Virgil as eluding the pursuit of the shepherds, whose cattle he had abstracted by dragging the animals backward by the tail, and thus *inverting* the foot-tracks in the neighbourhood of his den:

"Caudâ in speluncam tractos *versisque viarum*
Indiciis raptos saxo occultabat opaco."
Æneid, lib. viii.

This work (*Poeticorum libri tres*) may be well considered as a standard production, and cannot be too sedulously recommended to the frequenters of our universities. It is dedicated to the children of Francis I. (then detained as hostages for their father at Madrid), and is evidently intended for youthful perusal. As a treatise embodying, in eloquent language and terse versification, the canons of poetical criticism, this work of Vida is wonderful for the time in which he lived, and produced a most salutary effect in the forming of a pure and classic taste among the contemporary writers. Scaliger has quoted with admiration the following lines, in which the young poet is described pruning down the redundancy of his juvenile ideas into proper trim:

> "Tum retractat opus, commissa piacula doctæ
> Palladis arte luens, nunc hæc, nunc rejicit illa,
> Omnia tuta timens melioraque sufficit illis;
> Attonditque comas stringens, sylvamque fluentem
> Luxuriemque minutatim depascit inanem;
> Exercens durum imperium, dum funditus omnem,
> Nocturnis instans operis operisque diurnis,
> Versibus eluerit labem et commissa piarit."

Vida was born at Cremona, in 1480. After going through his collegiate course with distinction at the universities of Padua and Bologna, we find him, at the accession of Leo X. to the pontifical throne, a resident canon at the church of St. John Lateran. His brilliant acquirements were not long in attracting the notice of the Roman court, of which he at once became the delight and ornament. Familiar with all the branches of contemporary learning, his peculiar excellence as a Latin poet pointed him out to Leo as the fittest person to execute a project which that prince had long wished to see realized, viz. a grand epic poem, of which the establishment of Christianity was to furnish the theme, and Virgil's "Æneid" the model. Vida had too much sagacity and too delicate a taste not to perceive at once the utter hopelessness of creating anything worthy of the proposed subject in avowed imitation of that all-accomplished original; and, though a perfect master of all the resources of language and art, he still felt that it would require a greater genius than that of the Mantuan bard himself to achieve, with the severe materials of the Gospel, an imaginative epic such as the pontiff had in contemplation. The wishes of his illustrious patron, however, could not well be disregarded; especially when the request came accompanied with the gift of a rich priory (that of St. Silvester, at Tusculum), to enable the poet to compose at leisure in that classic spot the work in question. The result of his Tusculan meditations on the Christian *epopœa*, was not published till after the death of its pontifical projector, and then appeared "Christiados, libri XII.;" a poem, no doubt, of considerable merit, but which was far from realizing the *beau idéal* of a "religious epic," that glorious consummation being reserved for John Milton. The comparison with the "Æneid" was fatal to its success; and by too closely approaching his professed prototype, Vida enfeebled his own native powers. This unfortunate juxtaposition might, perhaps, warrant us in exclaiming with the shepherd in the "Eclogue:"

> "Mantua! væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Clement VIII., however, rewarded the bard with a bishopric: Vida was promoted to the see of Alba. In him the episcopal character did not neutralize the inspirations of the muse; nor, though wedded to his diocesan spouse, did he repudiate the ancillary graces of elegant scholarship. While he sedulously watched on the plains of Lombardy over the spiritual interests of his Christian flock, he did not neglect his poetical attributions as a shepherd of Arcadia. The little town of Alba, on the Tenaro, will be ever

held honourable as the residence of this distinguished poet and exemplary prelate: his memory has been long and justly by the *albani patres* cherished. To him the inhabitants were indebted, on one occasion, for protection against a French army, and for subsistence during a famine. His brave and determined conduct in the town's defence at that crisis is highly eulogized by the historian Paul Jovio. Than Vida no more distinguished prelate sat at the Council of Trent, if good sense and good taste, learning, and liberality, could distinguish a member of that assembly. He lived to be near a hundred years old (thirty of which were spent in discharging the functions of episcopacy), and died in the sentiments of unaffected piety which animated his whole life.

Such is the personage from whose numerous poems I am about to select one by way of specimen, and I am willingly guided in my choice by circumstances of a local nature. The introduction of silkworms into this district, as calculated to afford industrious occupation to the Munster peasantry, has engaged my most ardent wishes for the successful result of so philanthropic an experiment; and I shall feel happy if Vida's poem "De Bombycibus" can be made subservient to the purposes of the "Irish Silk Company." I greatly fear that the habits of my countrymen (so dissimilar from those of the Italian peasantry who cultivate this delightful branch of industry) will prove an insurmountable obstacle to the ultimate and permanent establishment of the thing in the county of Cork; but a fair trial ought to be given to the worms.

The social position of the Irish peasantry is radically wrong; and the land of their birth, teeming as it is with plenty *for the landlord*, might as well, as far as they are concerned, be a barren wilderness. To all the nations of the habitable globe, to all the children of earth—*της γης οικουμενης*, the soil is a common parent, on whose exuberance all have an undoubted claim; and all, more or less, have "that claim allowed." Not so here! The sun that illumines all creation shines not on the mere Irish; and *alma mater tellus* is to them but an *injusta noverca*. But "let that pass." The subject of poor-laws, and the conduct of those who, for very palpable purposes, oppose their enactment, are subjects on which I cannot enter with a steady pulse. I shall reserve my views for a more serious hour; and then, if deep conviction can give vigour to the words of a feeble old man—if *facit indignatio versum*, I shall do justice to the theme. But now to Vida.

THE SILKWORM.

A Poem.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to my lay, daughter of Lombardy!
Hope of Gonzaga's house, fair Isabelle!
Graced with thy name the simplest melody
Albeit from rural pipe or rustic shell,
Might all the music of a court excel:
Light though the subject of my song may seem,
'Tis one on which thy spirit loves to dwell;
Nor on a tiny insect dost thou deem
Thy poet's labour lost, nor frivolous my theme.

II.

For thou dost often meditate how hence
Commerce deriveth aliment; how art
May minister to native opulence,
The wealth of foreign lands to home impart,
And make of ITALY the general mart.

These are thy goodly thoughts: how best to raise
Thy country's industry. A patriot heart
Beats in thy gentle breast—no vulgar praise!
Be then this spinner-worm the hero of my lays!

III.

Full many a century it crept, the child
Of distant China or the torrid zone;
Wasted its web upon the woodlands wild,
And spun its golden tissue all alone,
Clothing no reptile's body but its own.*
So crawl'd a brother-worm o'er mount and glen,
Uncivilized, uncouth; till, social grown,
He sought the cities and the haunts of men—
Science and art soon tamed the forest denizen.

IV.

Rescued from woods, now under friendly roof
Foster'd and fed, and shelter'd from the blast,
Full soon the wondrous wealth of warp and woof—
Wealth by these puny labourers amass'd,
Repaid the hand that spread their green repast:
Right merrily they plied their jocund toil,
And from their mouths the silken treasures cast,
Twisting their canny thread in many a coil,
While men look'd on and smiled, and hail'd the shining spoil.

V.

Sweet is the poet's ministry to teach
How the wee operatives should be fed;
Their wants and changes; what befitteth each;
What mysteries attend the genial bed,
And how successive progenies are bred.
Happy if he his countrymen engage
In paths of peace and industry to tread;
Happier the poet still, if o'er his page
Fair ISABELLA's een shed radiant patronage!

VI.

Thou, then, who wouldst possess a creeping flock
Of silken sheep, their glossy fleece to shear,
Learn of their days how scanty is the stock:
Barely two months of each recurring year
Make up the measure of their brief career;
They spin their little hour, they weave their ball,
And, when their task is done, then disappear
Within that silken dome's sepulchral hall;
And the third moon looks out upon their funeral.

VII.

Theirs is, in truth, a melancholy lot,
Never the offspring of their loves to see!
The parent of a thousand sons may not
Spectator of his children's gambols be,
Or hail the birth of his young family.
From orphan-eggs, fruit of a fond embrace,
Spontaneous hatch'd, an insect tenantry
Creep forth, their sires departed to replace:
Thus, posthumously born, springs up an annual race.

* Tenui nec honos nec gloria filo!

VIII.

Still watchful lest their birth be premature,
From the sun's wistful eye remove the seed,
While yet the season wavers insecure,
While yet no leaves have budded forth to feed
With juicy provender the tender breed;
Nor usher beings into life so new
Without provision. 'Twere a cruel deed!
Ah, such improvidence men often rue!
'Tis a sad, wicked thing, if Malthus telleth true.

IX.

But when the vernal equinox is pass'd,
And the gay mulberry in gallant trim
Hath robed himself in verdant vest at last
('Tis well to wait until thou seest him
With summer-garb of green on every limb),
Then is thy time. Be cautious still, nor risk
The enterprise while yet the moon is dim,
But tarry till she hangeth out her disc,
Replenish'd with full light; then breed thy spinners brisk.

X.

Methinks that here some gentle maiden begs
To know how best this genial deed is done:
Some on a napkin strew the little eggs,
And simply hatch their silkworms in the sun;
But there's a better plan to fix upon.*
Wrapt in a muslin kerchief pure and warm,
Lay them within thy bosom safe; nor shun
Nature's kind office till the tiny swarm
Begins to creep. Fear not; they cannot do thee harm.

XI.

Meantime a fitting residence prepare,
Wherein thy pigmy artisans may dwell,
And furnish forth their factory with care:
Of season'd timber build the spinners' cell,
And be it lit and ventilated well;
And range them upon insulated shelves,
Rising above each other parallel,
There let them crawl—there let the little elves
On carpeting of leaf gaily disport themselves.

XII.

And be their house impervious, both to rain
And to th' inclemency of sudden cold.
See that no hungry sparrow entrance gain,
To glut his maw and desolate the fold,
Ranging among his victims uncontrolf'd.
Nay, I have heard that once a wicked hen
Obtain'd admittance by manœuvre bold,
Slaughtering the insects in their little den:
If I had caught her there, she would not come again.

* Tu conde sinu velamine tecta
Nec pudeat roseas inter fovisse papillas.

XIII.

Stop up each crevice in the silkworm-house,
Each gaping orifice be sure to fill;
For oftentimes a sacrilegious mouse
Will fatal inroad make, intent on ill,
And in cold blood the gentle spinners kill.*
Ah, cruel wretch! whose idol is thy belly,
The blood of innocence why dost thou spill?
Dost thou not know that *silk* is in that jelly?
Go forth, and seek elsewhere a dish of vermicelli.

XIV.

When thy young caterpillars 'gin to creep,
Spread them with care upon the oaken planks;
And let them learn from infancy to keep
Their proper station, and preserve their ranks—
Not crawl at random, playing giddy pranks.
Let them be taught their dignity, nor seek,
Dress'd in silk gown, to act like mountebanks:
Thus careful to eschew each vulgar freak,
Sober they maun grow up industrious and meek.

XV.

Their minds kind Nature wisely pre-arranged,
And of domestic habits made them fond;
Rarely they roam or wish their dwelling changed,
Or from their keeper's vigilance abscond:
Pleased with their home, they travel not beyond.
Else, woe is me! it were a bitter potion
To hunt each truant and each vagabond;
Haply of such attempts they have no notion,
Nor on their heads is seem the bump of locomotion.

XVI.

The same kind Nature (who doth all things right)
Their stomachs hath from infancy imbued
Straight with a most tremendous appetite,
And till the leaf they love is o'er them strew'd,
Their little mouths wax clamorous for food.
For their first banquetings this plan adopt—
Cull the most tender leaves in all the wood,
And let them, ere upon the worms they're dropp'd,
Be minced for their young teeth, and diligently chopp'd.

XVII.

Pass'd the first week, an epoch will begin,
A crisis which maun all thy care engage;
For then the little asp will cast his skin.
Such change of raiment marks each separate stage
Of childhood, youth, of manhood and old age:
A gentle sleep gives token when he means
To doff his coat for seemlier equipage;
Another and another supervenes,
And then he is, I trow, no longer in his teens.

* Improbus irreptat tabulis sævitque per omnes
Cæde madens.

XVIII.

Until that period, it importeth much
That no ungentle hand, with contact rude,
Visit the shelves. Let the delightful touch
Of Italy's fair daughters—fair and good!—
Administer alone to that young brood.
Mark how yon maiden's breast with pity yearns,
Tending her charge with fond solicitude, . . .
Hers be the blessing she so richly earns;
Soon may she see her own wee brood of bonny bairns!

XIX.

Foliage fresh gather'd for immediate use,
Be the green pasture of thy silken sheep;
For when ferments the vegetable juice,
They loathe the leaves, and from th' untasted heap
With disappointment languishingly creep.
Hie to the forest, evening, noon, and morn;
Of brimming baskets quick succession keep;
Let the green grove for them be freely shorn,
And smiling Plenty void her well-replenish'd horn.

XX.

Pleasant the murmur of their mouths to hear,
While as they ply the plentiful repast,
The dainty leaves demolish'd, disappear
One after one. A fresh supply is cast;
That like the former vanisheth as fast.
But, cautious of *repletion* (well yclept
The fatal fount of sickness), cease at last;
Fling no more food—their fodder intercept,
And be it laid aside, and for their supper kept.

XXI.

To gaze upon the dew-drop's glittering gem,
T' inhale the moisture of the morning air,
Is pleasantness to us;—'tis death to them.*
Shepherd, of dank humidity beware,
Moisture maun vitiate the freshest fare;
Cull not the leaves at the first hour of prime,
While yet the sun his arrows through the air
Shoots horizontal. Tarry till he climb
Half his meridian height: then is thy harvest-time.

XXII.

There be two sisters of the mulberry race,
One of complexion dark and olive hue;
Of taller figure, and of fairer face,
The other wins and captivates the view,
And to maturity grows quicker too.
Oft characters with colour correspond;
Nathless the silkworm neither will eschew,
He is of both immoderately fond,
Still he doth dearly love the gently blooming blonde.†

* Pabula semper
Sicca legant nullâque fluant aspergine sylvæ.

† Est bicolor morus, bombyx vescetur utrâque
Nigrâ albensve fuat, &c., &c.

The worm will always prefer to nibble the white mulberry-leaf, and will quit the black for it readily.

XXIII.

With milder juice and more nutritious milk
She feedeth him, though delicate and pale;
Nurtured by *her* he spins a finer silk,
And her young sucklings, vigorous and hale,
Aye o'er her sister's progeny prevail.
Her paler charms more appetite beget,
On which they aye right greedily regale:
She bears the bell in foreign lands; and yet,
Our brown Italian maids prefer the dark brunette.*

XXIV.

The dark brunette, more bountiful of leaves,
With less refinement more profusion shows;
But often such redundancy deceives.
What though the ripen'd berry ruddier glows
Upon these tufted branches, than on those,
Due is the preference to the paler plant.
Her to rear up thy tender nurslings choose,
Her to thy little orphans' wishes grant,
Nor use the darker leaves unless the white be scant.

XXV.

Ovid has told a tender tale of Thisbé,
Who found her lifeless lover lying pale
Under a spreading mulberry. Let his be
The merit and the moral of that tale.
Sweet is thy song, in sooth, love's nightingale!
But hadst thou known that, nourish'd from that tree,
Love's artisans would spin their tissue frail,
Thou never wouldst of so much misery
Have laid the scene beneath a spreading mulberry.

XXVI.

Now should a failure of the mulberry crop
Send famine to the threshold of thy door,
Do not despair; but, climbing to the top
Of the tall elm, or kindred sycamore,
Young budding germs with searching eye explore.
Practise a pious fraud upon thy flock,
With false supplies and counterfeited store;
Thus for a while their little stomachs mock,
Until thou canst provide of leaves a genuine stock.

XXVII.

But ne'er a simple village-maiden ask
To climb on trees†—for her was never meant
The rude exposure of such uncouth task;
Lest, while she tries the perilous ascent,

* Quamvis Ausoniis laudetur nigra puellis,

† The good bishop's gallantry is herein displayed to advantage:—

Nec robora dura
Ascendat permitte in sylvis innuba virgo
Ast operum patiens anus et cui durior annis
Sit cutis (ingratæ facilis jactura senectæ)
Munere fungatur tali. Ne forte quis altâ
Egressus sylvâ satyrorum e gente procaci
Suspiciat, teneræque pudor notet ora puellæ.

On pure and hospitable thoughts intent,
A wicked Fawn, that lurks behind some bush,
Peep out with upward eye—rude insolent!
Oh, vile and desperate hardihood! But, hush!
Nor let such matters move the bashful muse to blush.

XXVIII.

The maiden's ministry it is to keep
Incessant vigil o'er the silkworm fold,
Supply fresh fodder to the nibbling sheep,
Cleanse and remove the remnants of the old,
Guard against influence of damp or cold,
And ever and anon collect them all
In close divan; and ere their food is doled,
Wash out with wine each stable and each stall,
Lest foul disease the flock through feculence befall.

XXIX.

Changes will oft come o'er their outward form,
And each transition needs thy anxious cares:
Four times they cast their skin. The spinner-worm
Four soft successive suits of velvet wears;
Nature each pliant envelope prepares.
But how can they, in previous clothing pent,
Get riddance of that shaggy robe of theirs?
They keep a three days' fast. When by that Lent
Grown lean, they doff with ease their old accoutrement.

XXX.

Now are the last important days at hand—
The liquid gold within its living mine
Is ripe. Nor nourishment they now demand,
Nor care for life; impatient to resign
The wealth with which diaphanous they shine!
Eager they look around—imploring look,
For branch or bush their tissue to entwine;
Some rudimental threads they seek to hook,
And dearly love to find some hospitable nook.

XXXI.

Anticipate their wishes, gentle maid!
Hie to their help; the fleeting moment catch.
Quick be the shelves with wickerwork o'erlaid;
Let osier, broom, and furze their workshop thatch,
With fond solicitude and blithe despatch.
So may they quickly, 'mid the thicket dense,
Find out a spot their purposes to match;
So may they soon their industry commence,
And of this round *cocoon* plan the circumference.

XXXII.

Their hour is come. See how the yellow flood
Swells in yon creeping cylinder! how teems
Exuberant the tide of amber blood!
How the recondite gold transparent gleams,
And how pellucid the bright fluid seems!
Proud of such pregnancy, and duly skill'd
In Dedalæan craft, each insect deems
The glorious purposes of life fulfill'd,
If into shining silk his substance be distill'd!

XXXIII.

Say, hast thou ever mark'd the clustering grape,
Swoll'n to maturity with ripe produce,
When the imprison'd pulp pants to escape,
And longs to joy "emancipated" juice
In the full freedom of the bowl profuse?
So doth the silk that swells their skinny coat
Loathe its confinement, panting to get loose:
Such longing for relief their looks denote—
Soon in their web they'll find a "bane and antidote."

XXXIV.

See! round and round, in many a mirthful maze,
The wily workman weaves his golden gauze;
And while his throat the twisted thread purveys,
New lines with labyrinthine labour draws,
Plying his pair of operative jaws.
From morn to noon, from noon to silent eve,
He toileth without interval or pause,*
His monumental trophy to achieve,
And his sepulchral sheet of silk resplendent weave!

XXXV.

Approach, and view thy artisans at work;
At thy wee spinners take a parting glance;
For soon each puny labourer will lurk
Under his silken canopy's expanse—
Tasteful alcove! boudoir of elegance!
There will the weary worm in peace repose,
And languid lethargy his limbs entrance!
There his career of usefulness will close!
Who would not live the life and die the death of those!†

XXXVI.

Mostly they spin their solitary shroud
Single, apart, like ancient anchoret;
Yet oft a loving pair will,‡ if allow'd,
In the same sepulchre of silk well met,
Nestle like ROMEO and JULIETTE.
From such communing be they not debarr'd,
Mindful of her who hallow'd Paraclet;
Even in their silken cenotaph 'twere hard
To part a HELOISE from her loved ABELARD.

XXXVII.

The task is done, the work is now complete;
A stilly silence reigns throughout the room!
Sleep on, blest beings! be your slumbers sweet,
And calmly rest within your golden tomb—
Rest till restored to renovated bloom.
Bursting the trammels of that dark sojourn,
Forth ye shall issue, and rejoiced, resume
A glorified appearance, and return
To life a winged thing from monumental urn.

* Quære, *Without paws?—P. Devil.*

† Mille legunt releguntque vias atque orbibus orbes
Agglomerant donec cœco se carcere condant
Sponte suâ. Tanta est edendi gloria fili!

‡ Quin et nonnullæ paribus communia curis
Associant opera et nebulâ clauduntur eâdem.

XXXVIII.

Fain would I pause, and of my tuneful text
Reserve the remnant for a fitter time:
Another song remains. The summit next
Of double-peak'd Parnassus when I climb,
Grant me, ye gods! the radiant wings of rhyme!
Thus may I bear me up th' adventurous road
That winds aloft—an argument sublime!
But of didactic poems 'tis the mode,
No canto should conclude without an episode.

XXXIX.

VENUS it was who first invehted SILK—
LINEN had long, by CERES patronized,
Supplied Olympus: ladies of that ilk
No better sort of clothing had devised—
Linen alone their *garde de robe* comprised.
Hence at her cambric loom the "suitors" found
PENELOPÉ, whom hath immortalized
The blind man eloquent: nor less renown'd
Were "Troy's proud dames," whose robes of linen swept the ground.

XL.

Thus the first female fashion was for flax;
A linen tunic was the garb that graced
Exclusively the primitive "Almack's."
Simplicity's costume! too soon effaced
By vain inventions of more modern taste.
Then was the reign of modesty and sense.
Fair ones, I ween, were not more prude and chaste,
Girt in hoop petticoats' circumference
Or stays—but, *Honi soit* the rogue *qui mal y pense.*

XLI.

WOOL, by MINERVA manufactured, met
With blithe encouragement and brisk demand;
Her loom by constant buyers was beset,
"Orders from foreign houses" kept her hand
Busy supplying many a distant land.
She was of woollen stuffs the sole provider,
Till some were introduced by contraband:
A female call'd ARACHNĚ thus defied her,
But soon gave up the trade, being turn'd into a spider.

XLII.

Thus a complete monopoly in wool,
"Almost amounting to a prohibition,"
Enabled her to satisfy in full
The darling object of her life's ambition,
And gratify her spiteful disposition.
VENUS,* she had determined, should not be
Suffer'd to purchase stuffs *on no condition;*
While every naked Naiad nymph was free
To buy her serge, moreen, and woollen draperie.

* Tantùm nuda Venus mœrebat muneris expers
Egregiam ob formam textrici invisa Minervæ.

XLIII.

Albeit "when unadorn'd adorn'd the most,"
The goddess could not brook to be outwitted;
How could she bear her rival's bitter boast,
If to this taunt she quietly submitted?
OLYMPUS (naked as she was) she quitted,
Fully determined to bring back as fine a
Dress as was ever woven, spun, or knitted;
Europe she search'd, consulted the CZARINA,
And, taking good advice, cross'd o'er "the wall" to CHINA.

XLIV.

Long before Europeans, the Chinese
Possess'd the compass, silkworms, and gunpowder,
And types, and tea, and other rarities.
China (with gifts since Nature hath endow'd her)
Is proud; what land hath reason to be prouder?
Her let the dull "Barbarian Eye" respect,
And be her privileges all allow'd her:
She is the WIDOW (please to recollect)
Of ONE the deluge drown'd, PRIMORDIAL INTELLECT.

XLV.

The good inhabitants of PEKIN, when
They saw the dame in downright dishabille
Were shock'd. Such sight was far beyond the ken
Of their CONFUCIAN notions. Full of zeal
To guard the morals of the commonweal,
They straight deputed SYLK, a mandarin,
Humbly before the visitant to kneel
With downcast eye, and offer Beauty's queen
A rich resplendent robe of gorgeous bombazine.

XLVI.

VENUS received the vesture nothing loth,
And much its gloss, its softness much admired,
And praised that specimen of foreign growth,
So splendid, and so cheaply, too, acquired!
Quick in the robe her graceful limbs attired,
She seeks a mirror—there delighted dallies;
So rich a dress was all could be desired.
How she rejoiced to disappoint the malice
Of her unfeeling foe, the vile, vindictive PALLAS!*

XLVII.

But while she praised the gift and thank'd the giver,
Of spinner-worms she sued for a supply.
Forthwith the good Chinese fill'd Cupid's quiver
With the *cocoons*, in which each worm doth lie
Snug, until changed into a butterfly.
The light *cocoons* wild Cupid shower'd o'er Greece,
And o'er the isles, and over Italy,
Into the lap of industry and peace;
And the glad nations hail'd the long-sought "Golden Fleece."†

* Rettulit insignes tunicas, nihil indiga lanæ.

† Gratum opus Ausoniis dum volvunt fila puellis.

XVII.

Modern Latin Poets.

(*Fraser's Magazine, September*, 1835.)

—o—

[In the same number of *Fraser* which contained this second instalment of Prout's dissertation on some of the modern and minor Latin poets, appeared the posthumous sketch of a popular M.P., then but very recently deceased, Michael Thomas Sadler, author of the "Law of Population." The dark-eyed, melancholy-looking politician there depicted by a few lifelike touches from the genial etching-needle of Alfred Croquis, won for himself the double glory, first of having pulverized the stony-hearted theory of Parson Malthus, and secondly, of having penned a book that was declared even by his opponents to be the best ever written upon the subject, and one, therefore, which must have endeared him about equally to Maclise, Maginn, and Mahony—his great work, published as long ago as 1827, on the "Evils of Ireland, and their Remedies."]

CHAPTER II.—Casimir Sarbiewski, S. Sannazar, Jerome Fracastor.

"In omnibus requiem quæsivi et non inveni nisi in NOOKINS et in BOOKINS" (quod Teutonicè sonat in angulis et libellis).—Thomas à Kempis. See Elzevir edition of *Imitat. Xti.*, p. 244, *in vitâ*.

"I beg to lay particular emphasis
On this remark of Thomas à Kempis's."

Prout.

It has often occurred to us, while engaged in the arrangement and editing of these papers, that surely so gifted a man as the late incumbent of Watergrasshill must have felt himself miserably misplaced in that dull and dreary district. We are informed by Archdeacon Paley, in his "Natural Theology" (a book on which Brougham has of late fixed his claws in the true Harpy fashion), that to meet with a stone on a barren heath is a common incident, whereas to find a chronometer in such an out-of-the-way place would immediately suggest a bright chain of argument, and lots of conjectural cogitation. What would not Paley have thought and said, had he stumbled on the curiously-wrought pericranium of Prout in his rambles over the bogs and potato-fields of the parish, met him on "bottle hill," or found him on the brink of the "brook that flows fast by the" castle of Blarney? In addition to this palpable unfitness of the

spot, where for him the lines of destiny had fallen—in aggravation of this *local* solecism, there would further seem to be something chronologically wrong in the disposal of so much antique wisdom on a flimsy and a frivolous age. Properly speaking, Prout should have lived at another epoch of the world altogether: we say for his own sake, not for ours. It is clear, that of the current qualifications for successful authorship he knew nothing; he was lamentably uninitiated in our contemporary school of puffery, quackery, and presumption. With a mind habitually recurring to the standard models of everlasting elegance, ever fondly communing with the illustrious dead, he must have had the disagreeable consciousness of being here on earth an incarnate anachronism. Of his personal feelings we unfortunately know but little, as he modestly suppresses all allusion to such matters—(how very unlike everybody else now-a-days!)—but we should assimilate them, if we may be allowed to indulge in a fancy of our own, to the jarring sensations of an Etruscan vase surrounded by vulgar crockery.

This is mere guess-work, mark ye! for in his writings we have not yet discovered a single line indicative of dissatisfaction at the decrees of Providence in his regard; not a word that would betray a tendency to repine at his condition. What a contrast to all around us!

There was a time when Tom Moore (who has at last snugly settled down into a Whig pensioner) fancied "he was born for much more" than mere melody-mongering, and accordingly gave out that

> "The chord which now languishes *loose* o'er the lyre
> *Might have* bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart."

On which data we have often tried to conjure up a warlike image of the minstrel in our mind's eye, but, for the life of us, could only see on our mental retina a tomtit, holding in its claw a bow and arrow.

To return to *our* author. Of him we are quite safe in predicating that he "was born for much more" than the humble post he filled in the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, and that he might have expanded his views of earthly aggrandizement with every prospect of success.

> "Majores nido pennas extendisse."
> *Hor.* Ep. I. xx. 21.

But ambition had no place in the organization of his inward man. He sought not the ephemeral honours of this transitory scene; he wooed not perishable glory; and so insensible was he to the fascinations of Fame, that, far from courting that meretricious nymph in her devious haunts, he would have rudely repelled her, were she to be found where Solomon met Wisdom, "sitting at his gate." And still we incline to think that man, after all, is but the creature of circumstances; and that in another order of things, in "happier hours" and a happier climate, Prout would have developed himself in a grander form. Had he flourished with VIDA at the court of the Medici, like him he would have worn a mitre, and like him would have shed lustre on "his order," instead of deriving *from* it, as some do, all their importance in society. Had he lived at Madrid in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, he would have been (under Cardinal Ximenes) chief editor of the great Complutensian Polyglott; and we can easily fancy him at the court of Louis XIV., indulging at once his literary and piscatorial propensities among those who got up the classics *in usum Delphini*.

In the wilderness of Watergrasshill he was a mere *φωνη εν ερημω*, and the exemplary old pastor's resemblance to the Baptist was further visible in his peculiarity of diet; for small do we deem the difference between a dried locust and a red herring.

However, when we say that he was totally unappreciated in Ireland during his lifetime, we must make one honourable exception in favour of a citizen of Cork, the Roscoe of that seaport; an individual of vast learning and comprehensive judgment, who proved his possession of both by rightly understanding Prout. It was said of Roscoe by Geoffry Crayon, that, like Cleopatra's pillar on the shore of Alexandria, he rose above the commercial vulgarities of Liverpool, and stood forth to the eye of the stranger a conspicuous but solitary specimen of antique and classic grandeur. Such is the eminent scholar to whom we allude, and of whom Cork may be justly proud. Three *roaches, rageant en azur*, form that gentleman's escutcheon; and these *fishes* seem to have given rise to much punning and innuendo. Great was his friendship for the priest; many and valuable are the marginal notes with which he has adorned these papers; and we further suspect the following lines on the deceased hierophant to be from his terse and judicious pen:

"SACR. MANIB. ANDR. PROUT.

Quem licet extremâ rapuerunt fata senectâ,
Et vitæ saturum sopiit alta quies,
Nos tamen hunc velut immaturo funere raptum
Flemus et effusis diffluimus lachrymis.
Ille igitur periit, quondàmque illa, illa diserta,
Et dulci manans nectare lingua tacet!
Ingeniumque sagax et amor virtutis et æqui,
Omnia sub parvo condita sunt tumulo."

To that gentleman belongs the praise of singular discrimination in detecting, with intuitive glance, the latent accomplishments of the rural divine; and it must be a peculiar gratification to him to perceive, that however blind folks have been to his merits while alive, there has been but one opinion as to his high endowments now that he is no more. There is, in fact, but one voice of unanimous acclamation in favour of the old priest, since the publication of his posthumous compositions; and never was the aged Chrysias, the mild and unassuming chaplain of Apollo, more popular in the camp before Troy than Father Prout among the reading public.

Ενθ' αλλοι μεν παντες επευφημησαν Αχαιοι.
ΑΙΔΕΙΣΘΑΙ Θ' ΙΕΡΗΑ και ΑΓΛΑΑ ΔΕΧΘΑΙ ΑΠΟΙΝΑ. Α' 23.

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Sept.* 1826.

Among all the fanciful embellishments that adorn the pages of our legend, none partakes of a more truly poetical character than the story related by St. Gregory of Tours, in his tract "De Glorià Martyrum," lib. i. cap. 95, about seven youths, who, flying to a mountain-cave from the persecution that raged in Ephesus, fell there into a deep and miraculous slumber; whence awaking, after nearly two centuries of balmy rest, they walked abroad, and were somewhat startled at the sight of a cross triumphantly emblazoned over the gates of the city. Still greater was their surprise when a baker, to whom they tendered what they considered the current coin of the empire, eyed them suspiciously, asking where they had dug up that old medal of the pagan persecutor Decius, and hinting that in the new Theodosian code there were certain laws relative to *treasure trove*, which might possibly concern them. Much do I fear, that my appearance in the literary market with these specimens of antiquated and exploded composition, with this depreciated coinage of the human brain, long since gone out of circulation in the republic of letters, may

subject me to the inconveniences experienced by the *seven sleepers*, and to a similar rebuke from the critical fraternity. But the fact is, I am totally unprovided with the specie that forms the present circulating medium, and must needs obtrude on the monetary system of the day some rusty old *denarii* and *sestertia*.

I trust, however, that in comparing my operations in this matter to the proceedings recorded in the legend of those never-to-be-forgotten "*sleepers*," the snatches of Latin poetry I am about to produce may not receive the commendation somewhat equivocally bestowed by a shepherd in the "Eclogue" on the verses of another tuneful swain, viz. :

> "Tale tuum carmen nobis divine poeta,
> Quale *sopor!*"

it being my assiduous care to keep my readers constantly awake during the progress of each paper of mine, preferring, for that purpose, to wear occasionally the cap and bells of innocent Folly, rather than don for a single moment the cotton nightcap of solemn Dulness.

The name of Vida, whose poetry occupied the opening chapter of this series, has ever been (thanks to Pope!) familiar to the British public. Not so with the three worthies whom I have grouped together on the present occasion. Thousands, who have abundantly heard of Bob Montgomery and Barry Cornwall, never have even suspected the existence of these Latin luminaries, that shed such a mild effulgence in the remote region through which they revolve: in the same manner, thousands who, with nose upturned, gaze on the ephemeral rockets of Vauxhall, never have, by any chance, fixed an admiring eye on the satellites of Jupiter or the ring of Saturn. Talking of Jupiter and Saturn, it is related in Lempriere's "Dictionary," that when the unnatural father was kicked out of Heaven by his unruly son, aided by Titan, he fled into *Latium*, and there hid himself; whence the name of that *Latin* country originated *à latendo*. This allegory is very appropriate to the case of my three modern Latin poets, who have effectually escaped the attention of mankind by wrapping up their precious conceptions in an idiom inaccessible to the vulgar.

However, one experiences great delight in treading a path hitherto untrodden, in exploring a tract of undiscovered territory, in finding *quasi* a north-west passage through the wilderness of Parnassus. Virgil himself was not insensible to the glad sensations attendant on such recondite ramblings, and does not conceal his preference for the by-ways (or what we call in Ireland the "*boreens*") that intersect the land of poesy:

> "Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
> Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis quâ nulla priorum
> Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."
> *Georg.* iii. v. 292.

With similar feelings I enter on the hitherto unreconnoitred ground marked out on the poetical chart by the three names that figure as my text, and confess that I take a wild pleasure, and, as Gray says (*vide* an *Ode to Eton College*), I "snatch a fearful joy," in expatiating on the unfrequented fields belonging to Casimir Sarbiewski, Actius Sannazaro, and Jerome Fracastor.

These three poets I have united here in one dissertation, not from any disinclination to consider them separately and individually (each having sufficient merit of his own to entitle him to an especial essay), but the truth is, there are so many candidates for notice in the department of modern Latin poetry, that, unless I adopt this plan of producing them in batches, I might never see the end on't. To embalm thus their triple memory in one shrine will not be thought derogatory or disrespectful, when it is remembered that the three

Horatii were buried together in one tomb, on the declivity of the hill of Alba, as may be seen in Piranesi's etchings; and that even three saints have occasionally been huddled together in a joint-occupancy of the sepulchre, as may be learned from the following distich, descriptive of the burial-place of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columkille, at Downpatrick:

> "In sacro Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno
> Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pius."

"*Quæ cum ita sint*" (as Cicero has it), I enter *en matière*.

Casimir Sarbiewski, who in his day was hailed by all Europe as the Horace of Poland (which I learn from the Cambridge pocket edition of his poems now before me), belonged to one of the noblest houses of the kingdom, and was born in 1596. Having been initiated among the Jesuits at their college of Wilna, he quickly rose to eminence in that distinguished fraternity, and was subsequently induced by Count Nicolai to accompany him on a tour of classic enjoyment to Italy. They were waylaid and robbed in the mountains of the Tyrol; for, alas! our Latin poet, not having written in a vulgar tongue, could not, like Ariosto overawe the brigands by revealing his name, and claiming the safeguard of the Muse. Nicolai never recovered from the effects of the adventure, and died on his arrival at Rome; but Sarbiewski had within him that which consoled the shipwrecked Simonides, and being enabled to exclaim "*Omnia mea mecum porto,*" was but little affected by his disaster. We find him at Rome, studying archæology and numismatics under the illustrious Donato, and soon attracting, by the sweetness of his poetic talent, the notice of a brother bard, Pope Urbani VIII. (Barberini). By orders of the pontiff, he was engaged in revising the hymns of the Roman breviary, of which a new version was then put forth; and to him may be attributed some of the pathetic and classic touches that occasionally are perceptible among the rude canticles of our liturgy.

During Sarbiewski's residence in the capital of the Christian world, he made many friends and admirers among the dignitaries of the Roman purple and the nobles of Italy; of whose intimacy with this lyrist of the north there are abundant traces in his metrical effusions. But the family of Pope Urban, distinguished as it was from the earliest period in arts and arms, enjoyed most the poet's society, and added to its previous illustrations the merit of patronizing and cherishing the modern Horace. To his pontifical Mecænas he had addressed very many of his odes, and I feel great pleasure in selecting from the number the following graceful specimen, because of its melodious cadences and exquisite Latinity:

Odarum, Lib. 3, Ode XV.

AD APES BARBERINAS.

Melleum venisse Sæculum.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,
Virginiæ volucres,
Flavæque veris filiæ!

Fures rosarum, turba prædatrix thymi,
Nectaris artifices,
Bonæque in vis hospitæ!

Laboriosis quid juvat volatibus
Rus et agros gravidis
Perambulare cruribus.

Si Barberino delicata principe
Sæcula melle fluant,
Parata vobis sæcula!

TO THE BEES

(Armorial Bearings of the Barberini Family), on Urban the Eighth's Elevation to the Pontificate.

CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI.

Citizens of Mount Hymettus,
Attic labourers who toil,
Never ceasing till ye get us
Winter store of honeyed spoil!

Nectar ye with sweets and odours,
Hebes of the hive, compose,
Flora's privileged marauders,
Chartered pirates of the rose!

Gipsy tribe, gay, wild, and vagrant,
Winged poachers of the dawn,
Sporting o'er each meadow fragrant,
Thieving it on every lawn!

Every plant and flower ye touch on,
Wears, I ween, a fresher grace;
For ye form the proud escutcheon
Of the Barberini race.

Emblem bright, which to embroider,
While her knight was far away,
Many a maiden hath employed her
Fairy fingers night and day!

Bees, though pleased your flight I gaze on,
In the garden or the field,
Brighter hues your wings emblazon
On the Barberini shield!

Of that race a pontiff reigneth,
Sovereign of imperial Rome;
Lo! th' armorial bee obtaineth
For its hive St. Peter's dome!

Hitherto a rose's chalice
Held thee, winged artisan!
But thou fillest now the palace
Of the gorgeous Vatican.

And an era now commences,
By a friendly genius plann'd;
Princely bee, URBAN dispenses
Honeyed days throughout the land.

Seek no more with tuneful humming
Where the juicy floweret grows,
Halcyon days for you are coming—
Days of plenty and repose!

Rest ye, workmen blithe and bonnie;
Be no more the cowslip suck'd;
Honeyed flows the Tiber, honey
Fills each Roman aqueduct.

Myrtle groves are fast distilling
Honey; honeyed falls the dew,
Ancient prophecies fulfilling
A *millennium* for you!

It is related in the natural history of the stork, by the learned Boërlinckius, that some Polish amateur of feathered animals having had one in his possession, was induced to try an experiment as to its migratory propensities. He accordingly set it free, having previously attached to its neck a tin collar, or label, on which was inscribed a poetical indication for the use of those whom it might visit, viz.:

"HÆC CICONIA,
EX POLONIÂ."

The liberated stork flew o'er the Carpathian mountains, across Tartary; and after having, in double quick time, performed the "overland journey to India," was caught by some Jesuit missionaries on the coast of Malabar. The learned fathers, with the instinctive sagacity of their order, easily understood the motive which had dictated that inscription; they therefore substituted for the tin label one of gold, and the carrier-stork was subsequently recaptured in Poland, when the lines were found altered thus:

"INDIA CUM DONIS,
ALEM REMITTIT POLONIS."

Such appears to have been the generous conduct of Urban towards Sarbiewski. On his departure for his native land, he loaded him with presents; and some biographers make especial mention of a ponderous gold medal,

valued at one hundred sequins, which the holy father bestowed on the child of song.

On his return to Wilna, he was appointed professor of rhetoric in the society's college, and for several years poured forth the sunshine of his genius on the heads of his delighted compatriots. While he taught the young idea how to shoot, he was not unmindful of giving a patriotic direction to the studious exercises over which it was his pleasing duty to preside; and it is probably about this period that he composed many of those inspiriting war-songs which crowd the pages of his book, and bear evidence of the proud emotions with which he contemplated the military glories of his countrymen. The chord which he appears most willingly to awaken, is that which throbs in unison with the pulse of the patriot brave; and from a vast variety of martial dithyrambs, offering to the selector *l'embarras des richesses*, I lay the following before my readers, in the full confidence of their rising from its perusal impressed with the vigour and manliness of the poet's mind. The victory it commemorates was of immense importance to Europe at that period, the young sultan, Osman II., having advanced to the frontiers of Christendom with an army of four hundred thousand men; and were it not for the prowess of Poland, placed as it were by Providence at the post of peril, and shielding the whole family of civilized nations from the inroads of barbaric strength, the Turk would infallibly have overrun our fairest provinces, and spread desolation throughout the whole western continent. Were it but for these considerations alone, that unfortunate land deserves the sympathy of every friend to generous achievements and noble deeds.

Ode IV., Lib. 4.

In Polonorum celebrem de Osmano Turcarum Imperatore Victoriam, A.D. MDCXXI. *Septembris Idibus.*

CASIMIRUS SARBIEVIUS, S.J.

Dives Galesus, fertilis accola
Galesus Istri, dum sua Dacicis
Fatigat in campis aratra,
Et galeas clypeosque passim, ac

Magnorum acervos eruit ossium;
Vergente serum sole sub hesperum
Fessus resedisse, et solutos
Non solito tenuisse cantu

Fertur juvencos: "Carpite dum licet,
Dum tuta vobis otia; carpite
Oblita jam vobis vireta,
Emeriti mea cura tauri!

Victor Polonus dum positâ super
Respirat hastâ, sic etiam vigil
Sævusque. Proh! quantis, Polone!
Moldavici tegis arva campi

Ode IV., Book 4.

Ode on the signal Defeat of the Sultan Osman, by the Army of Poland and her Allies. September 1621.

CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI.

As slow the plough the oxen plied,
Close by the Danube's rolling tide,
With old Galeski for their guide—
The Dacian farmer—
His eye amid the furrows spied
Men's bones and armour.

The air was calm, the sun was low,
Calm was the mighty river's flow,
And silently, with footsteps slow,
Laboured the yoke;
When fervently, with patriot glow,
The veteran spoke:

"Halt ye, my oxen! Pause we here
Where valour's vestiges appear,
And Islaam's relics far and near
Lurk in the soil;
While Poland on victorious spear
Rests from her toil.

And well she may triumphant rest,
Adorn with glory's plume her crest,
And wear of victory the vest
Elate and flushed:
Oft was the Paynim's pride repressed—
HERE IT WAS CRUSHED!

Thracum ruinis ! quas ego Bistonum
Hic cerno strages ! quanta per avios
Disjecta late scuta colles !
Quæ Geticis vacua arma truncis !

Here the tremendous deed was done,
Here the transcendent trophy won,
Where fragments lie of sword and gun,
And lance and shield,
And Turkey's giant skeleton
Cumbers the field !

Hâc acer ibat Sarmata (Thracibus
Captivus olim nam memini puer),
Hic ære squallentes et auro
Concanus explicuit catervas.

Heavens ! I remember well that day,
Of warrior men the proud display,
Of brass and steel the dread array—
Van, flank, and rear ;
How my young heart the charger's neigh
Throbbed high to hear !

Heu quanta vidi prælia cum ferox
Rigeret hastis campus, et horridi
Collata tempestas Gradivi
Ambiguis fluitaret armis.

How gallantly our lancers stood,
Of bristling spears an iron wood,
Fraught with a desperate hardihood
That naught could daunt,
And burning for the bloody feud,
Fierce, grim, and gaunt !

Suspensa paullum substitit alitis
Procella ferri, donec ahenea
Hinc inde nubes sulphurato
Plurima detonuisset igni.

Then rose the deadly din of fight ;
Then shouting charged, with all his might,
Of Wilna each Teutonic knight,
And of St. John's,
While flashing out from yonder height
Thundered the bronze.

Tum vero signis signa, viris viri,
Dextræque dextris, et pedibus pedes,
Et tela respondere telis
Et clypeis clypei rotundi.

Dire was the struggle in the van,
Fiercely we grappled man with man,
Till soon the Paynim chiels began
For breath to gasp ;
When Warsaw folded Ispahan
In deadly grasp.

Non tanta campos grandine verberat
Nivalis Arctos ; non fragor Alpium
Tantus renitentes ab imo
Cum violens agit Auster ornos.

So might a tempest grasp a pine,
Tall giant of the Apennine,
Whose rankling roots deep undermine
The mountain's base :
Fitting antagonists to twine
In stern embrace.

Hinc quantus, atque hinc impetus æreo
Diffusus imbri ! Miscet opus frequens,
Furorque, virtusque, et perenni
Immoritur brevis ira famæ.

Loud rung on helm, and coat of mail,
Of musketry the rattling hail ;
Of wounded men loud rose the wail
In dismal rout ;
And now alternate would prevail
The victor's shout.

Diù supremam nutat in aleam
Fortuna belli. Stat numerosior
Hinc Bessus : hinc contra Polonus
Exiguus metuendus alis.

Long time amid the vapours dense
The fire of battle raged intense,
While VICTORY held in suspense
The scales on high :
But Poland in her FAITH'S defence
Mann do or die !

Sed quid Cydones, aut pavidi Dahæ,
Mollesque campo cedere Concani ;
Quid Seres, aversoque pugnax
Parthus equo, Cilicumque turmæ.

Rash was the hope, and poor the chance,
Of blunting that victorious lance ;
Though Turkey from her broad expanse
Brought all her sons,
Swelling with tenfold arrogance,
Hell's myrmidons !

Contra sequacis pectora Sarmatæ
Possent fugaces? Hinc ruit impiger
POLONUS, illinc LITHUANUS;
Quale duplex ruit axe fulmen.

Stout was each Cossack heart and hand,
Brave was our Lithuanian band,
But Gallantry's own native land
Sent forth the Poles;
And Valour's flame shone nobly fann'd
In patriot souls.

Pol! quam tremendus fulminat æneo
Borussus igni! non ego Livonum
Pugnas et inconsulta vitæ
Transierim tua RUSSE signa!

Large be our allies' meed of fame!
Rude Russia to the rescue came,
From land of frost, with brand of flame—
A glorious horde:
Huge havoc here these bones proclaim,
Done by her sword.

Vobis fugaces vidi ego Bistonum
Errare lunas, signaque barbaris
Direpta vexillis et actam
Retro equitum peditumque nubem.

Pale and aghast the crescent fled,
Joyful we clove each turbann'd head,
Heaping with holocausts of dead
The foeman's camp:
Loud echoed o'er their gory bed
Our horsemen's tramp.

Virtute pugnant non numero viri,
Et una sylvam sæpius erruit
Bipennis, et paucæ sequuntur
Innumeras acquilæ columbas.

A hundred trees one hatchet hews;
A hundred doves one hawk pursues;
One Polish gauntlet so can bruise
Their miscreant clay:
As well the kaliph kens who rues
That fatal day.

Heu quæ jacentum strata cadavera,
Qualemque vobis Ædonii fugâ,
Campum retexêre! Hìc POLONAM
Mordet adhuc OTTOMANNUS hastam.

What though, to meet the tug of war,
Osman had gather'd from afar
Arab, and Sheik, and Hospodar,
And Turk, and Guêbre,
Quick yielded Pagan scimitar
To Christian sabre.

Hic fusus Æmon, hìc Arabum manus
Confixa telis; hìc Caracas jacet
Conopeis subter Lechorum,
Non bene pollicitus minaci

Here could the Turkman turn and trace
The slaughter-tracks, here slowly pace
The field of downfall and disgrace,
Where men and horse,
Thick strewn, encumbered all the place
With frequent corse.

Cœnam tyranno. Spes nimias Deus
Plerumque fœdos ducit ad exitus,
Ridetque gaudentem superbum
Immodicis dare vela votis;

Well might his haughty soul repent
That rash and guilty armament;
Weep for the blood of nations spent
His ruined host;
His empty arrogance lament,
And bitter boast.

Sic forsan olim dextra Polonica
Cruore inunget littora Bosphori
Damnata; nec ponet secures
Donec erunt satures ruinâ."

Sorrow, derision, scorn, and hate,
Upon the proud one's footsteps wait;
Both in the field and in the gate
Accursed, abhorr'd;
And be his halls made desolate
With fire and sword!"

Quo me canentem digna trahunt equis
Non arma tauris? Sistite, barbaræ!
Non hæc inurbanâ Camœnæ
Bella decet memorare buxo,

Such was the tale Galeski told,
Calm as the mighty Danube roll'd;
And well I ween that farmer old,
Who held a plough,
Had fought that day a warrior bold
With helmèd brow.

Majore quondam quæ recinent tubâ
Seri nepotes: et mea jam suis
Aratra cum bubus reverti
Præcipiti monet axe vesper.

But now upon the glorious stream
The sun flung out his parting beam,
The soldier-swain unyoked his team,
Yet still he chanted
The live-long eve;—and glory's dream
His pillow haunted.

So exasperated, we may add, were the Janissaries at the untoward result of the campaign, that they murdered the young sultan on his return to C. P. He was the sixteenth leader of the faithful, counting from Mahomet, but *the first* whose life terminated in that tragical manner; albeit such an event since then has been of common occurrence on the banks of the Bosphorus.

In the year 1636 a memorable ceremony took place at the university of Wilna. The degree of "doctor" was, with unusual pomp and unexampled *éclat*, conferred on the illustrious poet, in presence of King Wladislas and the highest personages of the realm, who had flocked thither to do honour to their distinguished countryman. The *thesis* was, of course, a display of singular brilliancy; and so pleased was his royal admirer at the evidences of native talent thus afforded, that he took the ring from his own finger, and begged it might be used in the ceremony of wedding the learned bachelor to his doctorial dignity. That ring is still preserved in the archives of Wilna, and is used to the present day in conferring the doctorate *per annulum* on the students of the university.

The patronage and friendship of royalty was now secured to Sarbiewski, and Wladislas insisted on his accompanying him even in his hunting excursion. I remember in one of the epistles of Pliny, addressed, I believe, to Tacitus, a passage, in which the proconsul invites the historian to partake of the pleasures of the chase; and tells him, that during his visit to the moors he may still prosecute his favourite studies: "*Experies*," says that elegant letter-writer, "*Palladem non minus libenter venari in montibus quam Dianam.*" This appears to have been the case with the learned Jesuit, for I find mention made in the catalogue of his works of a collection of poems, entitled "Silviludia," referring, I imagine, to the woodland achievements of the northern Nimrod; but I have not met with the book itself. He also appears to have written an *epic poem*, on the exploits of some ancient Polish monarch ("Lechiados," lib. xii.); but no copy of it has fallen into my hands. Probably it may be classed with the "King Arthur" of Sir Richard Blackmore, the "Colombiad" of Joshua Barlow, the "Charlemagne" of Lucien Buonaparte, and many other modern epics too tedious to mention. His last occupation was writing a commentary on St. Thomas Aquinas, before the termination of which enterprise he died, A.D. 1640. I intend writing one myself, if I live long enough.

Turn we now to the second name on our list, that of Jacobus Actius Sincerus à Sto. Nazaro, vulgarly called (for shortness) Sannazar. The township forming the family inheritance, and giving its name to this poet, is situated between the Po and the Tessino, but he himself was born at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, in 1458. As the vine ripens quickly on that volcanic soil, so the germs of genius were rapidly unfolded in the Neapolitan child; and not only do we find him, like Alexander Pope, "lisping in numbers, for the numbers came," but, like Dante and Byron, falling desperately in love at an exceeding early period of his youthhood. Every one has heard of the mysterious Beatrice, and of the εἰδωλον of Byron's boyish adoration; but few have learned to pronounce with sympathetic devotion the name of *Charmosyné*. Whether under this harmonious tetrasyllable a living and sentient being of flesh and blood was in the young poet's eye, or whether a mere ideal impersonation of metaphysical loveliness, beyond the homely reality of Earth's corporeal daughters, haunted his refined and sensitive imagination, has not been decided by his biographers. But, that he had serious thoughts of suicide, and other lofty notions, at a time

of life when boys in England are accustomed to undergo the wholesome process of occasional flagellation, is quite evident, and ought to be recorded as proof of his precocious intellect. Such a fact would be invaluable in the life of some German quack-sentimentalist: *ex. gr.*, the author of the "Sorrows of Werter," or "Wilhelm Meister." Whatever may have been the object of this morbid passion, absence from Naples, and a retreat among the romantic glens of Salerno, seem not to have proved an effectual antispasmodic; for we finally find him flying from Italy and wandering through France, where he wrote a book —the very best thing a disconsolate lover can possibly do; which production of his exile is known by the same name as the work of our own euphuyst, Sir Philip Sidney, being entitled "Arcadia." It was amazingly popular in its day throughout Italy. On his return to Naples in 1492, I find no further allusion to Charmosyné, who, if a mortal beauty, must have undergone the usual process of mortality, or, if of sylph-like proportions and ethereal essence, perished in some different way; for which he might console himself with the lines of Pope, in the "Rape of the Lock:"

> "Before the fatal engine closed,
> A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
> Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain:
> *But airy substance soon unites again.*"
>
> Canto iii. 150.

He now appeared in a new character, that of farce-writer to the court, which, being principally composed of Spanish hidalgos (a branch of the Madrid family, holding at that period the sovereignty of the Two Sicilies), must have been naturally pleased at the subjects selected by him for dramatic illustration; viz., the "Conquest of Grenada," and the "Fall of the Moors." These comedies are written in the low slang of the lazzaroni, and, though well received on their first appearance, have fallen into complete oblivion.

He next took to the sword, and joined his royal patron's army in an inroad which it pleased the King of Naples (a vassal of the holy see) to make on the patrimony of St. Peter. The church was then disgraced by the pontificate of the ruffian Alexander, and the atrocities of his hopeful nephew, Cæsar Borgia; nevertheless the gallant Ludovico Sforza (aided by the French under Charles VIII., who came to the rescue of the pontifical monster) drove the invaders out of the ecclesiastical state, and, taking the offensive, soon rolled back the tide of war into the enemy's territory, and swept the Spanish dynasty from the throne. Faithful in adversity to the fallen prince whose patronage he had experienced in prosperous days, Sannazar became the companion of his banishment, and travelled with him through Spain and Southern France. It was at this time that he formed a friendship with the famous Gonzalvo of Cordova. On the restoration of the exiled house to the throne of Naples, Frederick, who succeeded Ferdinand II., conferred on his faithful adherent the villa of Margellina, in the vicinity of that delightful capital; and it was in the rural repose of this suburban retreat that he gave himself up to the cultivation of Latin poetry.

Of the reputation which these compositions obtained for him at the revival of classic taste throughout Europe, an adequate idea may be collected from the epitaph written on his tomb by Cardinal Bembo, a rival in the same walk of literature:

> "DA SACRO CINERI FLORES? HIC ILLE MARONI
> SANNAZARUS MUSÂ PROXIMUS UT TUMULO."

And, undoubtedly, no two sepulchres could be more approximately placed in juxtaposition on the romantic promontory of Pausilippé. The grand poem of Sannazar, "De partu Virginis", which occupied twenty years of his life, is

replete with evidence of a fine imagination and exquisite perception of rhythmic melody, surpassing in both these respects the otherwise elaborate production of Vida on a similar subject (Christiados, lib. xii.). Every passage in this highly polished epic furnishes abundant proofs of genuine poetic feeling; but as I must select some few lines to warrant my judgment of the composition, I will content myself with the following extract, which refers to the arrival of St. Joseph and the Virgin at Bethlehem: it is preceded by a magnificent description of the *census* ordered to be taken throughout the Roman empire by Augustus Cæsar, when "all went to be taxed, every one in his own city."—*Luke*, chap. ii.

"Nec minùs et castâ senior cum virgine custos
Ibat ut in patriâ nomen de more genusque
Ederet, et jussum non segnis penderet aurum;
Ille domum antiquam et regnata parentibus arva
Invisens, secùm proavos ex ordine reges
Claraque facta ducum pulchramque ab origine gentem
Mente recensebat tacitâ, numerumque suorum,
Quamvis tunc pauper, quamvis incognitus ipsis
Agnatis, longè adveniens explere parabat.
Tum fines Galilæa tuos emensus et imas
Carmeli valles, quæque altus vertice opacat
Rura Thabor, sparsamque jugis Samaritida terram
Palmiferis;—Solymas e lævâ liquerat arces
Cùm simul e tumulo muros et tecta domorum
Prospexit, patriæque agnovit mœnia terræ;
Continuo lachrymis urbem veneratur obortis,
Intenditque manus, et ab imo pectore fatur.

Bethlemiæ turres! et non obscura meorum
Regna patrum, magnique olim salvete penates!
Tuque O terra! parens regum, visuraque regem
Cui Sol et gemini famulentur cardinis axes,
Salve iterum! Te vana Jovis cunabula Crete
Horrescet ponetque suos temeraria fastus;
Parva loquor! prono veniet diademate supplex
Illa potens rerum terrarumque inclyta Roma,
Atque orbis dominam submittet ad oscula frontem!"

Lib. ii. 236.

There is, however, a very strange want of tact in the constant obtrusion of pagan mythology, with its fabulous and profane nomenclature, throughout the course of this poem: a defect, indeed, which vitiates most of the sacred poetry of that period. It was a remnant of the old *mysteries* and of that solemn buffoonery which had been so long tolerated as to give, perhaps, no offence to contemporary taste, however fastidious the world has since grown in the matter of religious minstrelsy. It would certainly be very hard to justify the following allusion to old Silenus and to the Rape of Europa, *à propos* of the *ox* and the *ass* who figured at the crib of Bethlehem:

"Protinùs agnoscens dominum procumbit humi bos,
Cernuus et mora nulla simul procumbit asellus,
Submittens caput et trepidanti poplite adorat;
Fortunati ambo! non vos aut fabula Cretæ
Polluet antiqui referens mendacia furti
Sidoniam mare per medium vexisse puellam:
Aut sua dum madidus celebret portenta Cithæron
Infames inter thyasos vinosaque sacra,
Arguet obsequio senis insudasse profani."

Lib. ii. 360.

This odd jumble of the gospel history with pagan imaginings was not con-

fined to the poets; it was in vogue even among the writers of a more serious class, and was only eventually scouted by the satiric pen of Erasmus, especially in his production entitled "Ciceronianus." The papal secretary, Cardinal Bembo, in his zeal for ψευδο-classic purity of diction, made no scruple of introducing "*per deos immortales*," in an earnest request to the Venetian republic concerning some points of church discipline. And our "Lady of Loretto" was unscrupulously termed, in some of the bulls of that period, "*Dea Lauretana!*"—the form of ecclesiastical excommunication being expressed in a manner equally ludicrous: "*Ab aquâ et igni interdicatur.*"

From the pen of Sannazar, besides this *epic*, we have three books of *elegies*, two of lyrical and miscellaneous poetry, and the six *piscatorial* eclogues on which his fame principally rests. Most of the elegies are addressed to the friends who cheered the calm evening of his days, and frequent allusions occur to the delightful residence of the villa Morgellina, the gift of his royal benefactor. Here is a sample of the poet's sentiments and versification:

DE FONTE STI. NAZARI, IN FUNDO SUBURBANO MEO.

Est mihi rivo vitreus perenni
Fons arenosum prope littus, undè
Sæpe discedens sibi nauta rores
Haurit amicos.

Unicus nostris scatet ille ripis
Montis immenso sitiente tractu,
Vitifer qua Pausilipus vadosum ex-
Currit in æquor.

Hunc ego vittâ redemitus albâ,
Flore, et æstivis veneror coronis,
Cum timent amnes et hiulca sævum
Arva leonem.

Antequàm festæ redeant calendæ
Fortis Augusti, superantque patri
Quatuor luces mihi tempus omni
Dulcius ævo.

Bis mihi sanctum, mihi bis vocandum,
Bis celebrandum potiore cultu,
Duplici voto, geminâque semper
Thuris acerrâ.

Namque ab extremo properans Eoo
Hâc die primum mihi vagienti
Phœbus illuxit, pariterque dias
Hausimus auras.

Hâc et insigni peragenda ritu
Sacra solemnes veniunt ad aras,
Nazari unde omnes tituli meæque
Nomina gentis.

Hinc ego gratâ scopulorum in umbrâ
Rusticum parvis statui columnis
Nazaro fanum, simul et sacravi
Nomine fontem.

O decus cœli! simul et tuorum
Rite quem parvâ veneramur æde
Cui frequentandas populis futuris
Ponimus aras.

Accipe æstivam, nova serta, citrum!
Et mihi longos iiceat per annos,
Hic tuum castis sine fraude votis
Poscere numen.

Si mihi primos generis parentes,
Si mihi lucem pariter dedisti,
Hùc age et fontem tibi dedicatum
Sæpe revise.

THE FOUNTAIN OF ST. NAZARO.

There's a fount at the foot of Pausilippé's hill,
Springing up on our bay's sunny margin,
And the mariner loveth his vessel to fill
At this fount, of which I am the guardian.
'Tis the gem of my villa, the neighbourhood's boast,
And with pleasure and pride I preserve it;
For alone it wells out, while the vine-cover'd coast
In the summer lies panting and fervid.

When the plains are all parch'd, and the rivers run low,
Then a festival comes I love dearly:
Here, with goblet in hand, my devotion I show
To the day of my birth that comes yearly.

'Tis the feast of my patron, NAZARO the Saint;
Nor for aught that fond name would I barter:
To this fount I have fix'd that fond name, to acquaint
All mankind with my love for the martyr.

He's the tutelar Genius of me and of mine,
And to honour the saints is my motto;
Unto him I devoted a well, and a shrine
Unto him I have built in the grotto.
There his altar devoutly with shells I have deck'd—
I have deck'd it with crystal and coral;
And have strew'd all the pavement with branches select
Of the myrtle, the pine, and the laurel.

By the brink of this well will I banquet the day
Of my feast, on its yearly recurring;
Then at eve, when the bonny breeze wrinkles the bay,
And the leaves of the citron are stirring,
To my peaceable villa before I repair,
To the Father of Mercy addressing,
In a spirit of thankfulness, gratitude's prayer,
I'll invoke on his creatures a blessing.

And long may the groves of Pausilippé shade,
By this fount, holy martyr, thy client:
Thus long may he bless them for bountiful aid,
And remain on thy bounty reliant.
To thy shrine shall the maids of Parthenopé bring
Lighted tapers, in yearly procession;
While the pilgrim hereafter shall visit this spring,
To partake of the Saint's intercession!

His pastoral poetry, to which I have already adverted, has obtained him great celebrity; if *pastoral* it may be called, since it chiefly refers to the bay of Naples, and the manners, customs, and loves of the fishermen who ply on that romantic basin. "There was the charm of novelty, however, in the idea of *maritime eclogues;* and the same freshness of imagery which gave a sort of vogue to the *Oriental* pastorals of Collins, rendered attractive in this case an otherwise dull and somniferous sort of composition. Few can relish such stuff as lackadaisical shepherds and other twaddling interlocutors pour forth in the ordinary class of bucolics, but Sannazar called up new spirits from the vasty deep, and reinvigorated the imbecile muse of the eclogue. The *crook* was happily exchanged for the *fishing-rod*, and well-replenished nets were substituted for bleating folds. On looking over these *pastorals*, I just now alight on an odd idea attributed by the poet to a Neapolitan fisherman, but which, on consideration, will be pronounced a very natural one, respecting the phenomena of *ocean-tides*. The Mediterranean being exempt from the moon's influence in this respect, the lazzaroni waterman may be excused for putting forth the following theory:

> "Et quæ cæruleos procul aspicit ora Britannos,
> Quâ (nisi vana ferunt) quoties maris unda resedit
> Indigenæ captant nudos per littora pisces."

The ebbing and flowing of the tide would, doubtless, have furnished the early Greek and Roman poets with abundant moral and poetical allusion, had they such a transition constantly before their eyes as we have; and I make no apology for noticing in this place a flagrant robbery of Tom Moore, who has unscrupulously made use of a French author's ideas on this topic, and transferred the whole piece into his "Melodies." *Ex. gr.:*

VERSES WRITTEN BY FONTENELLE IN THE ALBUM OF NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

" Je voyais du rivage, au lever de l'aurore,
Un esquif sur les flots, qui voguait tout joyeux ;
Je revins sur le soir...il y était encore,
Mais, hélas ! délaissé par le flot dédaigneux.

Je me suis dit alors : 'C'est l'esquif du bel âge,
C'est le flot du bonheur qui le berce au matin ;
Mais la barque au reflux reste ici sur la plage,
Et voilà du plaisir l'éphémère destin !

On m'a vanté la paix et la gloire finale,
Qui couronnent le sage au déclin de ses jours ;
Mais, O dieux ! rendez-moi la fraicheur matinale,
La rosée et les pleurs de mes premiers amours.

Qui me rendra ce tems d'ineffables délices,
Où mon cœur s'exhalait en amoureux désirs ;
Comme un bois d'Arabie aux pieux sacrifices,
Qui s'immole en jettant de parfumés soupirs !'"

MOORE'S TRANSLATION.

" I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came to that beach when the sun was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah, such is the type of our life's early promise !
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known !
Every wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the cold beach alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back, the bright freshness of morning !
Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Ah ! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first woke a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame ?"

Little else remains to be said of Sannazar, who died at the age of seventy-two, on the margin of that delicious bay where he had judiciously pitched his tent towards the close of a long and adventurous career, and where he had surrounded himself with all that can make existence pleasant—the charms of friendship, the pursuits of literature, and the consolations of religion, A.D. 1530.

Jerome Fracastor, like the two who have preceded him in the course of this essay, was the offspring of noble parentage, and saw the light at Verona in 1483. A singular feature remarked in him on his first appearance in this clamorous and noisy world, was the anatomical rarity of a mouth so hermetically sealed, and of lips so perfectly adhering to each other, as to require the surgeon's bistouri to make an aperture for vocal sounds and respiration. Not less extraordinary was a subsequent occurrence in the history of his childhood. One day, while in the arms of his mother, the electric fluid during a thunder-storm was pleased to deprive the parent of life, leaving the infant poet

unscathed and untouched by the fatal visitation. At the early age of nineteen he had already acquired such distinction in the more sequestered walks of study, that he was deemed fit to fill the chair of logic at the brilliant university of Padua. Having embraced the medical profession, he quickly attained eminence in the healing art: and such was the splendour of his name throughout Italy, that he was summoned to Rome and invested with the post of ἀρχιατρος, or state-physician to Pope Paul III. It was in this capacity that he attended the Council of Trent, and there maintained the ascendency of genius, for on the appearance in 1547 of certain symptoms of a contagious distemper in that neighbourhood, the physician waved his wand, dissolved the meeting of the œcumenical fathers, and ordered them to transfer their labours to the more salubrious city of Bologna; which mandate was at once obeyed by that illustrious assembly, deeply and duly impressed with the wisdom of Fraçastor. He died in 1553, at the advanced age of seventy; beyond which, according to the Psalmist, there is nothing but trouble, dulness, and drivelling. Old Talleyrand *is*, however, an exception.

To speak of the works of our poet is now the difficulty; *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ:* for his principal, if not his only claim to renown as a writer, is founded on a didactic poem, of which the very name cannot be breathed to ears polite.* We may, however, *indicate* the subject on which his muse, oddly enough, has chosen to expatiate with all the *naïveté* of unsophisticated genius, by stating that it bears some analogy to the commentaries of Julius Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico." Perhaps the opening lines will be more explanatory:

> "Qui casus rerum varii, quæ semina morbum
> Insuetum nec longa ulli per sæcula visum
> Attulerint; nostrâ qui tempestate per omnem
> Europam, partemque Asiæ, Lybyæque per urbes
> Sævit; in Latium vero per tristia bella
> Gallorum irrupit, nomenque a gente recepit:
> Hinc canere incipiam. Naturæ suavibus horti
> Floribus invitant et amantes mira Camœnæ!"

I regret exceedingly that the fastidiousness of modern taste does not allow me to enter on a critical dissection of this extraordinary work, in which there is a marvellous display of inventive ingenuity, of exuberant fancy, great medical skill, and great masterdom over the technical terms of the art, so as to blend them with the smooth current of poesy. The episodes are particularly deserving of commendation, and the whole performance stamps the author as a man of superior accomplishments and high philosophy. But the subject is intractable; and, though folks may write about the devil himself, and compose a poem on *Satan*, they may not approach a matter like this of Fracastor. Let it be taken for granted, then, that he *is* a poet, and one of very distinguished rank, among the modern cultivators of Latin versification.

He was not the first who adopted this metrical method of conveying medical theories: the school of Salerno, in the eleventh century, had clothed their precepts in verse; and the distichs of the "Schola Salernitana" were long quoted with reverence by the faculty. They are addressed to Robert of Normandy, who stopped at Salerno, on his return from the Holy Land, to get his arm cured of an issue; and as he was on his way to take possession of the throne of England, he is saluted as king in the opening of the book, though he never lived to sway the sceptre of these islands;

> "Anglorum regi scribit Schola tota Salerni," &c.

We have no remnant of similar practice among modern physicians, except the

* Old Prout appears rather squeamish in this matter: Lady Blessington has had no scruple in dwelling on the praises of Fracastor in her last novel, "The Two Friends," vol. iii. p. 210.—O. Y.

solitary instance of a well-known distich, perpetrated on the label of a phial by some tuneful apothecary :

"WHEN TAKEN,
TO BE WELL SHAKEN."

And which, being wrongly interpreted by the attendants of an elderly gentleman—they applying it to the patient, not to the liquid—brought on a fatal catastrophe : they *shook* the old man to death, as related in full by Joe Miller, chap. xliv. page 2461.

XVIII.

Modern Latin Poets.

(Fraser's Magazine, October, 1835.)

—o—

[Croquis' etching in the number of *Fraser* containing this third and concluding chapter by Prout on the Modern Latin Poets was the likeness of one whom Lord Dalling some years afterwards well described as typically "The Contentious Man," William Cobbett, author of the "Political Register." The whimsical incongruity of paper and portrait is hardly to be realized without a glance back at that presentation to view of Maclise's *vera effigies* of Peter Porcupine cheek-by-jowl with Mahony's disquisition upon Theodore Beza, Jacques Vanière, and Geordie Buchanan.]

CHAPTER III.—THEODORE BEZA, FATHER VANIÈRE, GEORGE BUCHANAN.

"Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo discrimine habebo."
Æneid, lib. x.

"Je ne décide pas entre Genève et Rome."
Henriade, cant. ii. v. 6.

Prout conjures up three ghosts, to sup to-night on a red-herring;
These ghostly guests he interests, of the art they loved conferring:
With a cordial greet the Jesuit hails the two other gemmen—
The cannie Scot, and the Huguenot, from the borders of Lake Leman.
O. Y.

THE character of our sacerdotal luminary gradually unfolding itself in each successive essay, is, we imagine, by this time fully developed; and the contemplative eye has long since scanned every feature in the physiognomy of his mind. Nay, the very lineaments of his face, the exact contour of his countenance, the outlines of his very visage, must, at this stage of the business, be familiar to the fancy of those who (like ourselves) have been debarred the privilege of personal acquaintanceship with the pastor of W. G. Hill. The public, we venture to affirm, hath conceived as satisfactory an idea of his outward man, though depictured by the mere crayon of imagination, as if we had gone to the vast trouble and expense of a woodcut to grace the cover of our Magazine; and had there ostensibly hung him out in effigy, sign-board fashion, looking unutterable things from a circling festoon of watercresses and laurel. Albeit we have not yet discarded all notion of bringing Prout's head to "the

block" (a threat which we may put into execution some of these days), still we are quite confident that his writings have already furnished so graphic a portraiture of their author, that any pictorial attempt would only be a gilding of refined gold, and a painting of the lily. Some faces are necessarily characteristic of the mind, and, *vice versâ*, some minds so essentially associated with a corresponding facial index, that there can be (to use the memorable word of Wellington) "no mistake." Where is the bat so blind as not to recognize in the duke's eye and beak the eagle of Torres Vedras, the condor of Seringapatam? Who sees not at a glance the ruffian Radical in the phiz of Fieschi? What better "illustration" could even M'Crone get for a new edition of Goldsmith than Brougham's head as the rueful schoolmaster of the "deserted village?" Have not the Lords, during the whole session,

> "Learnt to trace
> The night's disasters in his evening face?"

Speaking of which last remarkable object, the Hon. Mrs. Norton has of late been heard to declare that it always reminded her of "an abridgment of profane history." What can she mean?

Our reason for thus adverting to heads may be understood at once by a reference to certain craniological proceedings, reported to have taken place in Dublin. Every one who has read the paper, published by us in July, 1834, entitled "Swift's Madness; a Tale of a Churn," must know that Prout's parents were the Dean and the accomplished Stella. Those two high authorities, Mr. Burke, the genealogist, and Sir William Betham, Ulster king-at-arms, have admitted the fact. Now it appears that a "scientific association" (a show got up somewhat on the principle of Wombwell's travelling menagerie) hath been recently visiting the Irish capital; and this impersonation of fair Science, having played her antics there for the amusement of an enlightened public, in return for sundry capers exhibited in the Rotunda, hath requested (out-Heroding HERODIAS!) that the skulls of Swift and Stella should be presented on a charger for her inspection. The result of the phrenological inquest is announced to be the discovery of "*the organ of combativeness*" in Prout's father "very *large*;" that of "*destructiveness*" equally Brobdingnagian; "*wit*" being at a very low mark—"imperceptible." We cannot let this pass without comment. Several other matters, to be sure, deserve notice in these Dublin doings: such, for instance, as the jury of medical matrons impanelled to report on the hip-bone of poor Charley Mathews; and Dinny Lardner's grand lecture, so clearly demonstrative of what wonders may be still achieved with the jaw-bone of an ass. But are not all these things written in the *Athenæum?* To it we refer.

Our object in alluding to these "transactions" at all is simply to put the public on its guard against the implied insinuation that Prout inherited from the Dean these *combative* and *destructive* bumps, along with the "imperceptible" share of wit which we are willing to admit fell to his lot, and formed indeed (with a lock of Stella's hair) his sole patrimony. There is not a word of truth in the vile innuendo. Mild and tolerant, ever ready to make allowance for other people's prejudices, sympathizing with all mankind, there was not an atom of pugnacity in his composition; we are confident that, had an autopsia taken place at his death, the gall-bladder would have been found empty. He was particularly free from that epidemic disease which has ever raged among clergymen of all persuasions, and for the eradication of which no nostrum has been as yet discovered—we mean the scurvy disorder called, by Galen, *Odium Theologicum*. This virulent and immedicable distemper could never make the slightest inroad on his constitution. To his brethren of the cloth he recommended literary application, as the best remedial regimen and most

likely preservative against the contagion of polemics, without going so far as to pronounce the *belles lettres* a complete and effectual prophylactic; still it was one of his innocent superstitions, that the Castalian spring possessed an efficacy somewhat akin to the properties which Tertullian ascribes to "holy water," and that, like the "*aqua lustralis*," it could equally banish evil spirits, chase ghouls and vampires, and lay the ghost of bygone dissension wherever it was sprinkled.

Having thus fairly disposed of the "combative bump," and put our adversaries, as far as that goes, totally *hors de combat*, we pass to the "destructive" protuberance, which, it is hinted, Swift transferred to his venerable child. Ye gods! Prout a destructive! No, no, the *padre* had too innate a sense of propriety, and had too much gentle blood in his veins, to exhibit himself in the character of a priestly sansculotte; and Vinegar Hill was not the mount on which he paid his political adorations. Like Edmund Burke, he wished to see "no ruin on the face of the land." His youthful reminiscences of the Jacobin Club, of Marat, of Danton, and of Santerre (who, by the bye, like Dan, kept a brewery), had given a conservative tone to his feelings. He was deeply distrustful of mere empirical experiment on the social body, and experience had taught him the striking truth, rather bluntly expressed by the pious and sagacious Dr. Johnson, that "*patriotism*" was the last refuge of scoundrels. This he believed to hold good from Wat Tyler and Jack Straw to the leaders of the Birmingham Union, the "Trades" and the "Corn Exchange;" from Alderman Wilkes to *Lancet* Wakley; from Robespierre to Roebuck; from the "Assignats" to Hume's "Greek Bonds" and O'Connell's "Bank." As for the lay abbot of Derrynane "Abbey," he had watched his early proceedings with a certain degree of interest, and from some memoranda in the chest had actually, it appears, entertained at one time a belief in the lad's political honesty; but we find that he soon smoked the swindling charlatan, when the accounts of "the Catholic Association" began to get somehow "unaccountably mixed up" with his own balances in the banker's ledger; which mistake, we believe, happened as early as 1827: and Prout's prophetic eye foresaw at once the lawyer's bag distending itself, by a miraculous process, into the subsequent giant dimensions of the beggar's wallet. Not that he questioned the right which every public performer, from Punch and Judy up to Paganini, most undoubtedly possesses to send round the hat or the wig for "voluntary contributions;" but the bludgeon system, the theory of "cross bones," the chapel-door profanation, the mixture of bullying and blarney employed in the collection of these coppers by Dan's tax-gatherers, from his head-agent in Dublin, one Vincent Fitzpatrick (who pockets a per centage), down to the lowest keeper of a rural whisky-shop, who finds it his interest to rattle the box, created in Prout's political stomach an indescribable nausea. In one of his sermons to the faithful of Watergrasshill (the MS. is in the chest), he employs, as usual when *he* seeks to illustrate any topic of importance, a quotation from one of the holy fathers; and the passage he selects is from a homily of St. Augustin, addressed to the people of Hyppo in Africa:—"*Proverbium notum est Punicum quod quidem Latinè vobis dicam quia Punicè non omnes nostis;* NUMMUM QUÆRIT PESTILENTIA? DUOS ILLI DA, ET DUCAT SE!" (*Serm. CLXVII. Sti. Aug. Opera*, tome v. p. 804, *Benedictine Ed.*) *i.e.* "There is an old proverb of your Phœnician ancestors which I will mention in Latin, as you don't all speak the Punic dialect: 'DOES THE PLAGUE PUT FORTH ITS HAND FOR ALMS? INSTEAD OF A PENNY GIVE TWO, THAT YOU MAY BE MORE SPEEDILY RID OF THE GRIM APPLICANT.' Now, my good parishioners, this aphorism of our Carthaginian forefathers (I am sorry we have not been favoured by St. Augustin with the original Celtic) would hold good if the mendicant only paid us a fortuitous visit; but if he were found to wax importunate in proportion to the peace-offering of pence, and if this claimant of

eleemosynary aid announced to us a perpetual and periodical visitation, we should rather adopt the resolution of one Laurence Sterne (who has written a volume of sermons), and, buttoning up our pocket, stoutly refuse to give a single sou."—*Sermon for Tribute Sunday, in MS.*

The fits of periodical starvation to which the agricultural labourers throughout (farmers they cannot be called) are subject—the screwing of rents up to an *ad libitum* pressure by the owners of the soil—the "clearing of estates," against which there is no legal remedy, and which can only be *noticed* by a Rockite *billet-doux*—the slow, wasting process of inanition, which carries off the bulk of the peasantry (for though famine sometimes takes the appearance of a *chronic* distemper, and is then visible to all, there is a slow-fever of hunger endemic through the land, and *permanent* like the malaria of Italy); —these, in Prout's view of things, are (and have been since the days of Swift) the only real *grievances* of the country. In his opinion, it was "too bad" that there should be but one single family among the aborigines entitled to parochial relief, and that one bloated beggarman, bearing like the Turk no brother-mendicant near his throne, should absorb the subsistence of the rest. Municipal arrangements, and the woes of disqualified aspirants after aldermanic turtle, did not excite Prout's sympathy while the ejected peasant of the Irish hovel was suffered by law to die in a ditch; and the gratifying of sectarian vanity, by what are called *liberal* measures, gave him no pleasure while the cottier was allowed to be trampled on by the landlord (Popish or Protestant) with uniform heartlessness and impunity.

> "Pellitur in sinu ferens Deos,
> Et vir et uxor sordidosque natos."
>
> HOR.

Impressed with this irrefutable doctrine, when the thrilling appeal of Doyle, on behalf of the forsaken and forgotten poor, had forced a blush of conscious guiltiness into the callous cheek of the "man of the people," and when the giant culprit announced his return to the plain principles of decency and justice as the result of the good bishop's touching eloquence, Prout, in common with others, hailed the conversion as a miracle of Providence. How little had he sounded the motives which impelled the sordid neophyte to simulate conviction!

> "Un jour HARPAGON, touché par le prône
> De son Curé, dit: 'Je vais m'amender;
> Rien n'est si beau, si touchant que l'aumône,
> Et de ce pas, je vais—LA DEMANDER!'"

Any debt fairly due to this man by his co-religionists for oratorical exertions, which probably *had* the effect of antedating by several years the act of their "emancipation," was, in the father's estimate, long since discharged. Ἀχάριστος ὁ δῆμος; Prout would ask, in the words of Æschines, and with him answer, Οὐχ! ἀλλα μεχαλαφρων (*Orat. in Ctesiphont.*). Why, then, *we* ask, does the annual farce of "the rent" still form a dismal after-piece to the sad tragedy of "Irish starvation?" Dicky Shiel's knowledge of things theatrical may perhaps furnish a reply. Both melodrames appear to be "stock-pieces."

Amid the orgies of Glasgow and the Dionysiacs of Modern Athens, surrounded by the drunken Radicals of this island or the cringing parasites that encircle him at home, a truth will necessarily force itself on Dan's recollection, were none of his *caudatarii* to remind him of it; *i.e.*, that though he has embittered Irish society, and called into active existence more of hateful religious and party feeling than any other man, he has never added a single potato to the farmer's feast, or brought a single legislative blessing to the peasant's

door. The patriot who would protect his fellow-countrymen from dying of actual hunger, would feel more real joy and a more hallowed delight than the proprietor of a copper-mine producing £80,000 in five years—than the hero of a hundred speeches. The true lover of his country will ever, like Marcellus, enjoy more pure sunshine of the breast than the idol of a deluded mob, with a Whig cabinet at his tail, and (*proh pudor!*), must we add (until next election),

"With a senate at his heels?"

These were Prout's politics: some may prefer his poetry. We like both.

OLIVER YORKE.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Oct.* 1826.

Resuming to-night the subject of modern attempts at Latin versification, a name suggests itself sufficiently distinguished, Heaven knows! in the annals of ecclesiastical warfare, but not as familiar as it deserves to be in literary circles. I allude to BEZA. Those who imagine that his title of successor to John Calvin, in that snug little popedom established at the head-quarters of schism and watchmaking, Geneva, would in the least influence my judgment as to his poetical merits, are wofully ignorant of my way of doing business. To be sure, to those of our cloth, the recollections connected with that neighbourhood are not of the most delectable description. Fraught with certain controversial reminiscences, I cannot exactly say with Byron that

"Lake Leman woos me with her crystal face"
(Canto iii. st. 68),—

but am rather inclined to join in the testy remark of the Ferney patriarch: "*Il y a toujours eu des tempêtes dans ce verre d'eau.*" A strange and mysterious attraction seems to have drawn to the borders of this romantic fish-pond Calvin and Madame de Staël, Rousseau and Gibbon, Beza and Sir Egerton Brydges, Voltaire and Sir Humphry Davy (or, as the Italians called him, *Zoromfridevi*), St. Francis de Sales, Monsieur Necker, Monsieur de Haller, and a host of celebrities in religion, politics, and literature.

"Lausanne and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name—
Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of heaven again assail'd, if heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile."

Whatever may have been the peculiar fascination of this lake for sensitive souls, it appears to have exercised a wholesome influence on the bodily health of the denizens on its margin; for, not to mention the octogenarian author of the "Henriade," our Theodore himself furnished a career of almost a full century, being born in 1519, and deferring his departure from this life to the protracted *millesimo* of 1605! Vezelai, a village of Burgundy, was the cradle of our poet; in early infancy he was transferred to the house of an old uncle, Nich. de Bèze, a lawyer in Paris, whence, at the age of ten, he was removed to Orleans, and placed under the tuition of Melchior Wolmar, one of the greatest scholastic luminaries of the day: and from him the embryo reformer imbibed the first principles of free judgment in church matters. In his last will and testament

he thanks God that at the early age of sixteen he had already, in his secret soul, shaken off the trammels of popery. This did not prevent him from accepting the clerical tonsure and *petit collet* to qualify for a church living, viz. the priory of Longjumeau, which he held until the year 1548. He had great expectations from an old uncle, who would infallibly have left him on his death ecclesiastical revenues to the amount of 15,000 livres: things turned out otherwise. Idle and thoughtless, he mixed for years in the gaieties of the French capital, publishing in the intervals of fun and frolic his "Poemata Juvenilia;" when a serious attachment to a young lady of great mental accomplishments, and also a fit of sickness, caused a change to come o'er the spirit of his life's young dream. On recovery from his illness, during which no doubt he had enjoyed the services of a most amiable nurse-tender, he renounced his priory, bid adieu to his avuncular prospects, and fled to Geneva, where his superior education and acknowledged scholarship caused him to be received with acclamation. I had forgot to add (indeed it were unnecessary to make formal mention of it to the intelligent reader) that *Candida*, the lady of his love, was the partner of his flight. If we are to judge of her beauty and sylph-like form by the standard of Beza's glowing verses, "Ad pedem Candidæ,"

"O pes! quem geminæ premunt columnæ," &c., &c.

she must have been a fitting Egeria to supply the new legislator of divinity with graceful inspirations. He was made Greek professer at Lausanne, an occupation to which he devoted ten years; and at that place he wrote a Latin tragedy, called the "Sacrifice of Abraham," which Paquier says drew tears from his eyes: but we fear its melodramatic pathos would be scarcely felt now-a-days, modern play-readers are so hard-hearted. At Lausanne he also published a French translation of the New Testament, and carried on a controversy against Sebastian Castalio, a brother reformer and rival translator, between whom and Beza there appears to have been no love lost. This Castalio had the impudence to censure Calvin for burning Servetus, and our Theodore accordingly wrote a book in his master's defence, which was printed by Robert Etienne (1 vol. 8vo, *Paris*, 1554), "under the sign of the olive," and entitled "De Hæreticis a civili Magistratu puniendis." The doctrine of putting heretics to death is more boldly and strenuously enforced in this celebrated tract than in all the bigot Dens' stupid book of theology, which I regret to see disinterred from the congenial cobwebs of Louvain, by order of some shallow-pated people in Dublin, and thrust on the conferences of the Irish priesthood merely to fill old Dicky Coyne the bookseller's pocket. Beza, of course, little thought what use might be made of his own doctrines, and how easily their application to the Huguenots would suggest itself to the Papists: that sort of foresight which Horace praises in the Roman hero Regulus did not form part of his character; he did not look to the *consequences*.

"Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Sævis et EXEMPLO TRAHENTI
PERNICIEM VENIENS IN ŒVUM."
HOR., Ode v. lib. iii.

It is but fair to add, that Melancthon differed totally from the tenets of his brethren at Geneva on this matter.

The death of Calvin left him the recognized chief of European Protestantism in 1564, previous to which he had appeared as the representative of the cause at the famous *Colloque de Poissy;* which, like all such exhibitions of religious wrangling, ended in each party being as wise as ever. He presided at the synod of Rochelle in 1570, and his wife, Candida, dying in 1588, he remarried

a young spouse, whom he calls the "Shunamite": rather a gay thought for a theologian in his seventy-third year. This, however, is no business of ours. Let us have a stave of his poetry.

Most of his verses are in the hendecasyllabic metre, of which he is a complete master, and the choice of which indicates what were his favourite authors among the Latin writers of the Augustan age.

THEODORUS BEZA

Musis tineam sacrificat.

Si rogat Cereremque Liberumque
Vitæ sollicitus suæ colonus;
Si Mavortis opus petit cruentus
Miles sollicitus suæ salutis;
Quidni, Calliope, tibi tuisque
Jure sacra feram, quibus placere
Est unum studium mihi, omnibusque
Qui vatum e numero volunt habere?

Vobis ergo ferenda sacra, musæ!
Sed quæ victima grata? quæ Camenæ
Dicata hostia? parcite, o sorores;
Nova hæc victima sed tamen suavis
Futuræ arbitror, admodumque grata.
Accede, o tinea! illa quæ pusillo
Ventrem corpore geris voracem.

Tene Pieridum aggredi ministros?
Tene arrodere tam sacros labores?
Nec factum mihi denega: ecce furti
Tui exempla tuæ et voracitatis!
Tu feré mihi "Passerem" Catulli,
Tu feré mihi "Lesbiam" abstulisti.

Nunc certe meus ille Martialis
Ima ad viscera rosus ecce languet,
Et quærit medicum suum "Triphonem;"
Imo, et ipse Maro, cui pepercit
Olim flamma, tuum tamen terebrum
Nuper, o fera ter scelesta, sensit.
Quid dicam innumeros bene eruditos,
Quorum tu monumenta et labores
Isto pessimo ventre devorasti?

Prodi jam, tunicam relinque! prodi!
Vah! ut callida stringit ipsa sese
Ut mortem simulat! Scelesta, prodi,
Pro tot criminibus datura pœnas.
Age, istum jugulo tuo mucronem,
Cruenta, accipe, et istum! et istum! et istum!
Vide ut palpitet! ut cruore largo
Aras polluerit profana sacras.

At vos, Pierides bonæque musæ,
Nunc gaudete! jacet fera interempta:
Jacet sacrilega illa quæ solebat
Sacros Pieridum vorare servos.

LINES BY BEZA,

Suggested by a Moth-eaten Book.

The soldier soothes in his behalf
Bellona, with a victim calf;
The farmer's fold victims exhaust—
Ceres must have her holocaust:
And shall the bard alone refuse
A votive offering to his muse,
Proving the only uncompliant,
Unmindful, and ungrateful client?

What gift, what sacrifice select,
May best betoken his respect?
Stay, let me think...O happy notion!
What can denote more true devotion,
What victim give more pleasing odour,
Than yon small grub, yon wee corroder,
Of sluggish gait, of shape uncouth,
With Jacobin destructive tooth?

Ho, creeper! thy last hour is come;
Be thou the muses' hecatomb!*
With whining arts think not to gull us:
Have I not caught thee in Catullus,
Converting into thy vile marrow
His matchless verses on "the Sparrow"?

Of late, thy stomach had been partial
To sundry tit-bits out of Martial;
Nay, I have traced thee, insect keen-eyed!
Through the fourth book of Maro's "Æneid."
On vulgar French couldst not thou fatten,
And curb thy appetite for Latin?
Or, if thou wouldst take Latin from us,
Why not devour Duns Scot and Thomas?
Might not the "Digest" and "Decretals"
Have served thee, varlet! for thy victuals?

Victim! come forth! crawl from thy nook!
Fit altar be this injured book;
Caitiff! 'tis vain slyly to simulate
Torpor and death; thee this shall immolate—
This penknife, fitting guillotine
To shed a bookworm's blood obscene!
Nor can the poet better mark his
Zeal for the muse than on thy carcase.

The deed is done! the insect Goth,
Unmourn'd (save by maternal moth),
Slain without mercy or remorse,
Lies there, a melancholy corse.

* Quære, Hack a tome?—*Printer's Devil.*

Hanc vobis tunicam, has dico, Camœnæ,
Vobis exuvias, ut hunc tropheum
Parnasso in medio locetis: et sit
Hæc inscriptio, DE FERÂ INTEREMPTÂ
BEZÆUS SPOLIA HÆC OPIMA MUSIS.

The page he had profaned 'tis meet
Should be the robber's winding-sheet;
While for the deed the Muse decrees a
Wreath of her brightest bays to BEZA.

I know not whether the laureate Southey, whose range of reading takes in, like the whirlpool of the Indian ocean, sea-weed and straws, as well as frigates and merchantmen, has not found, in this obscure poem of Beza, the prototype of his fanciful lines

ON A WORM IN THE NUT.

Nay, gather not that filbert, Nicholas;
There is a maggot there: it is his house,
His castle—oh, commit not burglary!
Strip him not naked; 'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the very armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth:
So easily may all things be destroyed!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert-shell.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd.
Increase not thou the number! him the mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill,
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes
As this poor maggot hath; and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernell'd thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobins, and tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The filbert-tree, and rock'd me to my rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independence of mankind."

But perhaps Lafontaine's rat, who retired from the world's intercourse to the hermitage of a *fromage d'Hollande*, was the real source of Southey's inspiration.

In another effusion, which he has entitled "Ad Bibliothecam," Beza's enthusiasm for the writers of classic antiquity breaks out in fine style; and as the enumeration of his favourites may possess some interest, insomuch as it affords a clue to his early course of reading, I insert a fragment of this glorious nomenclature. The catalogue requires no translation:

"Salvete incolumes mei libelli,
Meæ deliciæ, meæ salutes!
Salve mi Cicero, Catulle, salve!
Salve mi Maro, Plinîumque uterque!
Mi Cato, Columella, Varro, Livi!
Salve mi quoque Plaute, tu Terenti,

Et tu salve Ovidi, Fabi, Properti!
Vos salvete etiam disertiores
Græci! ponere quos loco priore
Decebat, Sophocles, Isocratesque,
Et tu *cui popularis aura nomen*
Dedit; tu quoque magne Homere salve!
Salve Aristoteles, Plato, Timœe!
Et vos, O reliqui! quibus negatum est
Includi numeris phaleuciorum."

The words which I have marked in italics would seem to convey the theory subsequently broached by Professor Wolff, and maintained with such prodigious learning; viz. that Homer was a mere *ens rationis*, a *nominis umbra*, representing no individual of the species—such poet never having, in fact, existed—but that the various rhapsodies forming the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were collected throughout Greece, and the authorship ascribed to this imaginary personage about the time of Lycurgus. The scepticism of Beza would greatly corroborate the Wolffian doctrine; but Alexander Pope would not, I fear, be found easy to persuade on this head, if we may judge from his ridiculing similar assertions made in his day by some hero of the "Dunciad":

"With him all authors steal their works, or buy—
Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'"

We have no similar list of his favourite authors among the modern or contemporary writers, but it would appear that he had a great partiality for old Frank Rabelais, and that he relished exceedingly the learned buffoonery of that illustrious Theban. Witness the following commendatory distich, in which he has recorded his admiration:

"Qui sic nugatur, tractantem ut seria vincat,
Seria cum scribet, dic modo qualis erit?"

i.e.,

If jokes and fun he show such might in,
What would he be in serious writing?

Of Beza, as a religionist, it does not become me to say a word. Henri Quatre, in the supposed interview with Queen Elizabeth, is introduced by the poet as declaring his incompetency to pronounce on the rival merits of Rome and Geneva: a passage which the facetious Morgan O'Doherty, when on a visit to Watergrasshill, distorted to a very singular meaning. I asked the baronet whether he preferred Irish alcohol to Jamaica spirits, French brandy to London gin. "*Mon bon père! je ne décide pas,*" was his reply (delivered with unusual modesty),

"ENTRE GINÈVRE ET RUM!

as the poet says, but send round the whisky-bottle, by all means."

A notice of Jacques Vanière must be necessarily brief, as far as biographical detail. His was the quiet, peaceful, but not illiterate life of the cloister; days of calm, unimpassioned existence, gliding insensibly, but not unpleasingly nor unprofitably, onwards to the repose of the grave and the hopes of immortality. He was born in the south of France, near Montpellier, in 1664; was enrolled among the Jesuits at the age of sixteen; and died at Toulouse in 1739, at the advanced age of seventy-three. By the bye, Latin poetry seems to act most beneficially on the constitution of its modern cultivators; and it behoves the managers of insurance companies to look sharply after annuitants addicted to the use of the hexameter. Let them ponder over the following scale of longevity, which I submit *gratis* to their inspection:

Jerome Vida . . .	æt. 97
Sincerus Sannazar . .	72
Jerome Fracastor . .	71
Theodore Beza . . .	86
Jaques Vanière . . .	73
George Buchanan . .	76

The only incident that broke in on the calm monotony of his career was a law-suit about a library, bequeathed to his college by the Archbishop of Toulouse, and which the surviving relatives of Monsgr. de la Berchère chose to litigate. The affair took ten years, and was then sent up to the privy-council; whither Vanière followed it, preceded by the reputation which his "Prædium Rusticum" had justly acquired. On his way to Paris through Lyons, the academy of this latter place met him in grand ceremony at the city-gates; and still higher honours were paid him in the metropolis. His visit to the Bibliothèque du Roi was deemed an event fit to be recorded in the annals of the establishment, where it is extant; but a more durable memorial of the sensation he created exists in the shape of a bronze medal, struck in honour of the poet; an impression of which may be seen in the "Musæum Mazzuchelianum," II. pl. 169, with the *exergue* "RURIS OPES ET DELITIÆ." Notwithstanding all this, and the protection of Cardinal Fleury, he lost his suit, but never his temper, which was singularly mild. Schoolboys are not aware that they owe him a vast debt of gratitude; he being the compiler of that wondrous ladder of Jacob yclept "Gradus ad Parnassum," by the aid of which many an *Etonian* and *Harrowite* has been enabled to exclaim with Horace,

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!"

The "Prædium Rusticum" comprises sixteen books, each on a separate subject of agricultural interest, but all distinguished by a brilliant fancy, a kindly feeling, and a keen relish for the pursuits of rural life. The topics best handled are "vineyards," "fish-ponds," "poultry," "gardening," "game-preserves," and "sheep-walks;" nor do I know any book which conveys such a beautiful and detailed picture of farming operations in France before the Revolution. Since that event, the whole system of landed property having been dashed to pieces, a totally different state of society has supervened, and the morals, habits, and character of the French peasantry are altogether different. In Vanière's poem there are evidences of an abundance and a cheerful industry, with habits of subordination and happy simplicity, of which not a trace remains among the present generation.

There are several singular notions broached in this book: *ex. gr.* in deprecating the destruction of forests, our poet points out the value of *firewood*, much lamenting over the necessity which compels the English to burn coals, and then resort to Montpellier to get cured of subsequent *consumption:*

". . . . Antiquos ferro ne dejice lucos!
Aspice defosso terris carbone Britanni,
Quàm male dissolvunt frigus! quàm ducitur ægre
Spiritus! infesto ni labescentibus igne
Monspeliensis opem tulerit pulmonibus aër."

The digging of the canal of Languedoc, "*gemino faciens commercia ponto*," forms a glorious episode (lib. i.); as also does the memorable plague of Marseilles (lib. iii.), celebrated by Pope, and during which our poet's *confrères* distinguished themselves by their heroic devotedness. The description of a village festival, in honour of the patron saint (lib. vii.), has been deservedly admired, having been translated by Delille. The famous year of the hard frost, which, towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., destroyed all the

olive plantations in the south of France, is also fittingly sung (lib. viii.); but commend me to a cock-fight (lib. xii.) : .

"Colla rigent hirsuta jubis—palearea mento
Dira rubent—pugnæ præludia nulla—sed ambo
Partibus adversis facto simul impete duris
Pectora pectoribus quatiunt, hostilia rostris
Rostra petunt, strictosque repulsant unguibus ungues.
Avulsæ volitant plumæ ! cruor irrigat artus ;
Necdùm odiis iræque datum satis, horrida necdùm
Bella cadunt, domitum victor dum straverit hostem ;
Ductaque pulset ovans plaudentibus ilia pennis
Et sublime caput circumferat atque triumphum
Occinat et vacuâ solus jam regnat in aulâ."

The various habits of the swan, the peacock, the turkey, and other feathered subjects, are capitally struck off; nor is there a more pathetic passage in the "Sorrows of Werter" than the one descriptive of a hen's grief. This hen is made to "sit" on a batch of duck's eggs, and when the ducklings have appeared she still believes them to be chickens, and acts accordingly, until, by some fatal chance, they are led to the brink of a pond ; when lo ! the secret of their birth is revealed : they rush instinctively into the deep, and leave their disconsolate ψευδο-parent "on the bleak shore alone." The passage, however, which I have selected for translation is in a higher key, and gives a very favourable idea of the father's candour and benevolence. It occurs towards the close of his poem.

"Hactenus in sterili satis eluctatus arenâ,
Et fodere et ferro lætas compescere vites
Edocui, falcem tractans durosque ligones.
Nunc cratere manum armatus, nunc sordida musto
Vasa gerens, cellas et subterranea Bacchi
Hospitia ingredior. Proh quanta silentia ! quantus
Horror inest ! lato pendet curvamine fornix
Luce carens fumoque niger. Stant ordine longo
Dolia, quæ culicum globus obsidet, atque bibaci
Guttula si qua meri costis dependeat orc,
Sugit et in varios circumvolat ebrius orbes," &c., &c.

VANIÈRE'S *Prædium Rusticum*, lib. xi.

MEDITATIONS IN A WINE-CELLAR.

BY THE JESUIT VANIÈRE.

"Introduxit me in cellam vinariam."—*Song of Solomon*, cap. ii. v. 4. (Vulgate version.)

I.

I've taught thus far a vineyard how to plant,
Wielded the pruning-hook, and plied the hoe,
And trod the grape : now, Father Bacchus, grant
Entrance to where, in many a goodly row,
You keep your treasures safely lodged below.
Well have I earn'd the privilege I ask ;
Then proudly down the cellar-steps I go :
Fain would I terminate my tuneful task,
Pondering before each pipe, communing with each cask.

II.

Hail, horrors, hail ! Welcome, Cimmerian cellar !
Of liquid bullion inexhausted mine !
Cumean cave !...no sibyl thy indweller :
Sole Pythoness, the witchery of wine!

Pleased I explore this sanctuary of thine,
An humble votary, whom venturous feet
Have brought into thy subterranean shrine;
Its mysteries I reverently greet,
Pacing these solemn vaults in contemplation sweet.

III.

Arm'd with a lantern though the poet walks,
Who dares upon those silent halls intrude,
He cometh not a pupil of GUY FAUX,
O'er treasonable practices to brood
Within this deep and awful solitude;
Albeit LOYOLA claims him for a son,
Yet with the kindliest sympathies imbued
For every human thing heaven shines upon,
Naught in his bosom beats but love and benison.

IV.

He knows nor cares not what be other men's
Notions concerning orthodox belief;
Others may seek theology in "DENS,"
He in this grot would rather take a leaf
From Wisdom's book, and of existence brief
Learn not to waste in empty jars the span.
If jars there must be in this vale of grief,
Let them be *full ones!* let the flowing can
Reign umpire of disputes, uniting man with man.

V.

'Twere better thus than in collegiate hall,
Where huge infolios and ponderous tomes
Build up Divinity's dark arsenal,
Grope in the gloom with controversial gnomes—
Geneva's gospel still at war with Rome's:
Better to bury discord and dissent
In the calm cellar's peaceful catacombs,
Than on dogmatic bickerings intent,
Poison the pleasing hours for man's enjoyment meant.

VI.

Doth yonder cask of BURGUNDY repine
That some prefer his brother of BORDEAUX?
Is old GARUMNA jealous of the RHINE?
Gaul, of the grape Germanic vineyards grow?
Doth XERES deem meek LACHRYMA his foe?
On the calm banks that fringe the blue MOSELLE,
On LEMAN'S margin, on the plains of PO,
Pure from one common sky these dew-drops fell.
Hast thou preserved the juice in purity? 'Tis well!

VII.

Lessons of love, and light, and liberty,
Lurk in these wooden volumes. Freedom's code
Lies there, and Pity's charter. Poetry
And Genius make their favourite abode
In double range of goodly puncheons stow'd;
Whence welling up freely, as from a fount,
The flood of Fancy in all time has flow'd,
Gushing with more exuberance, I count,
Than from Pierian spring on Greece's fabled mount.

VIII.

School of Athenian eloquence! did not
Demosthenes, half-tonsured, love to pass
Winters in such preparatory grot,
His topics there in fit array to class,
And stores of wit and argument amass?
Hath not another Greek of late arisen,
Whose eloquence partaketh of the glass,
Whose nose and tropes with rival radiance glisten,
And unto whom the Peers night after night *must* listen?

IX.

Say not that wine hath bred dissensions—wars;
Charge not the grape, calumnious, with the blame
Of murder'd Clytus. Lapithæ, Centaurs,
Drunkards of every age, will aye defame
The innocent vine to palliate their shame.
O Thyrsus, magic wand! thou mak'st appear
Man in his own true colours—vice proclaim
Its infamy—sin its foul figure rear,
Like the recumbent toad touch'd by Ithuriel's spear!

X.

The glorious sun a savage may revile,*
And shoot his arrows at the god of day;
Th' ungrateful Ethiop on thy banks, O Nile!
With barbarous shout and insult may repay
Apollo for his vivifying ray,
Unheeded by the god, whose fiery team
Prances along the sky's immortal way;
While from his brow, flood-like, the bounteous beam
Bursts on the stupid slaves who gracelessly blaspheme.

XI.

That savage outcry some attempt to ape,
Loading old Bacchus with absurd abuse;
But, pitying them, the father of the grape,
And conscious of their intellect obtuse,
Tells them to go (for answer) to the juice:
Meantime the god, whom fools would fain annoy,
Rides on a cask, and, of his wine profuse,
Sends up to earth the flood without alloy,
Whence round the general globe circles the cup of joy.

XII.

Hard was thy fate, much-injured HYLAS! whom
The roguish Naiads of the fount entrapp'd;
Thine was, in sooth, a melancholy doom—
In liquid robes for wint'ry wardrobe wrapp'd,

* "Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
Les noirs habitans des déserts
Insulter, par de cris sauvages,
L'astre brillant de l'univers.
Cris impuissans! fureurs bizarres!
Tandis que ces monstres barbares
Poussent d'inutiles clameurs,
Le Dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
Verse des torrens de lumière
Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs."

This, of all the voluminous effusions from the pen of Le Franc de Pompignan, is the only stanza which will be remembered by posterity: it occurs in a collection of poetry which he has entitled "Poésies Sacrées"—a large quarto book. "*Sacrées elles sont,*" says Voltaire, "*car personne n'y touche.*"—PROUT.

And "in Elysium" of spring-water lapp'd!"
Better if hither thou hadst been enticed,
Where casks abound and generous wine is tapp'd;
Thou wouldst not feel, as now, thy limbs all iced,
But deem thyself in truth blest and imparadised.

XIII.

A Roman king—the second of the series—
NUMA, who reign'd upon Mount PALATINE,
Possess'd a private grotto call'd *Egeria's*;
Where, being in the legislative line,
He kept an oracle men deem'd divine.
What nymph it was from whom his "law" he got
None ever knew; but jars, that smelt of wine,
Have lately been discover'd in a grot
Of that *Egerian* vale. Was this the nymph? God wot.

XIV.

Here would I dwell, oblivious!* aye shut out
Passions and pangs that plague the human heart,
Content to range this goodly grot throughout,
Loth, like the lotus-eater, to depart,
Deeming this cave of joy the genuine mart;
CELLAR, though dark and dreary, yet I ween
Dépôt of brightest intellect thou art!
Calm reservoir of sentiment serene!
Miscellany of mind! wit's GLORIOUS MAGAZINE!

Of George Buchanan Scotland may be justly proud; though I suspect there exists among our northern friends a greater disposition to glory in the fame he has acquired for them than an anxiety to read his works, of which there was never an edition published on the other side of the great wall of Antonine save one, and that not until the year 1715, by Ruddiman, in 1 vol. folio. The continental editions are innumerable. The Scotch have been equally unmindful of certain earlier celebrities, such as John Hollybush, known abroad by the name of Sacrobosco, who flourished in 1230; Duns Scotus, who made their name famous among the Gentiles in 1300, and concerning whom a contemporary poet thought it necessary to observe—

"Non Σκοτος a tenebris sed Σκωτος nomine dictus,
A populo extremum qui colit oceanum."

Then there was John Mair, a professor of Sorbonne, born among them in 1446; not to speak of Tom Dempster, professor at Bologna, and Andrew Melvin the poet, on whose patronymic the following execrable pun was perpetrated:

"Qui non *mel* sed fel non *vinum* das sed acetum
Quam malé tam belli nominis omen habes."

As to the admirable Crichton, the pupil of Buchanan, I don't much blame them for not making a fuss about *him*, as the only copy of his works (in MSS.) happens to be in my possession, having been discovered by me in an old trunk in Mantua, and shown to no human being except Mr. Ainsworth, who mentioned to me his project of sketching off that brilliant character when last he visited Watergrasshill. These unpublished works will be found among my papers by my executors. To return to Buchanan, he has taken the precaution of writing his own life, conscious that if left to some of nature's journeymen it would be sadly handled. Born in 1506, in the shire of Lennox, poor and penniless, he contrived to get over to Paris, where, having narrowly escaped

* "Quittons ce lieu où ma raison s'enivre."—BÉRANGER.

starvation at the university (the fare must have been very bad on which a Caledonian could not thrive), he returned "bock agin," and enlisted at Edinburgh in a company of French auxiliaries, merely, as he says, to learn "military tactics." Our soldier spent a winter in hospital, which sickened him of martial pursuits. So to Paris he sped on a second spree, and contrived to get appointed master of grammar at the college of Ste. Barbe. Here a godsend fell in his way in the shape of a young Scotch nobleman, Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, who brought him to Scotland, and introduced him at court. James made him tutor to one of his bastard sons; another being placed under the care of Erasmus. These lads were born with a silver spoon! Meantime Buchanan's evil star led him to lampoon the Franciscan friars, at the request, he says, of the king, who detested the fraternity; but it cost him dear. Were it not for the kind offices of the young Princess Mary (whom he subsequently libelled), it would have gone hard with him. Be that as it may, he contrived to get out of prison, fled from the vengeance of Cardinal Beaton into England, where Henry was then busy bringing to the stake folks of every persuasion; wherefore he crossed to France, but found Beaton before him at Paris: so he proceeded to Bordeaux, and met a friendly reception from André Govea, the Portuguese rector of that Gascon university. While in this city he composed the tragedy of "Jephté," to discourage the foolish melodrames of that period called "mysteries," of which Victor Hugo has given such a ludicrous specimen in the opening chapters of "Notre Dame;" he also presented a complimentary address to Charles V. on his passage from Madrid to Paris. Govea subsequently took him to Coimbra, of which celebrated academy he thus became one of the early founders. But the friars, who never yet lost sight of a foe, got him at last here into the clutches of the Inquisition, and, during a long captivity in *Banco St. Dominici*, he was at leisure to execute his glorious translation of the Psalms into Latin lyrical verse.

From Portugal he managed to escape in a Turkish vessel bound for London, and thence repaired to France, for which country he appears to have had a curious predilection. He there got employment as tutor in the Marshale Brissac's family; and meantime wrote verses in honour of every leading contemporary event, such as the raising of the siege of Metz, the taking of Vercelles, and the capture of Calais by the Duc de Guise in 1557. This latter occurrence is one of such peculiar interest to an English reader, and gives Buchanan such an opportunity of expressing his real sentiments towards England, that I have selected it for translation. It is strange that in his autobiography he abuses the hero whom he celebrates in his ode, and who was no other than the celebrated Guise le *Balafré* (so called from a cicatrice on the cheek), whose statue may be seen in our own day on the market-place of Calais, and whose military genius and activity much resembled the rapid conceptions and brilliant execution of Buonaparte. The allusion to the prevalent astrological mania at court is quite characteristic of the philosophic poet, ever grave and austere even in the exercise of fancy; but the abuse lavished on the ex-emperor Charles V. is not a proof of Buchanan's consistency.

AD FRANCIÆ REGEM, HENRICUM II., POST VICTOS CALETES,

Georgius Buchanan, Scotus.

Non Parca fati conscia, lubricæ
Non sortis axis, sistere nescius,
Non siderum lapsus, sed unus
Rerum opifex moderatur orbem.

ODE ON THE TAKING OF CALAIS,

Addressed to Henry II., King of France, by George Buchanan.

Henry! let none commend to thee
FATE, FORTUNE, DOOM, or DESTINY,
Or STAR in heaven's high canopy,
With magic glow
Shining on man's nativity,
For weal or woe.

Qui terram inertem stare loco jubet,
Æquor perennes volvere vortices,
Cœlumque nunc lucem tenèbris,
Nunc tenebras variare luce.

Rather, O king! here recognize
A PROVIDENCE all-just, all-wise,
Of every earthly enterprise
The hidden mover;
Aye casting calm complacent eyes
Down on thy Louvre.

Qui temperatæ sceptra modestiæ,
Dat et protervæ fœna superbiæ,
Qui lachrymis fœdat triumphos,
Et lachrymas hilarat triumphis.

Prompt to assume the right's defence,
Mercy unto the meek dispense,
Curb the rude jaws of insolence
With bit and bridle,
And scourge the chief whose frankincense
Burns for an idol.

Exempla longè ne repetam; en! jacet
Fractusque et exspes, quem gremio suo
Fortuna fotum nuper omnes
Per populos tumidum ferebat.

Who, his triumphant course amid,
Who smote the monarch of Madrid,
And bade Pavia's victor bid
To power farewell?
Once Europe's arbiter, now hid
In hermit's cell.

Nec tu secundo flamine quem super
Felicitatis vexerat æquora
Henrice! virtus,—nesciisti,
Umbriferæ fremitum procellæ.

Thou, too, hast known misfortune's blast;
Tempests have bent thy stately mast,
And nigh upon the breakers cast
Thy gallant ship:
But now the hurricane is pass'd—
Hush'd is the deep.

Sed pertinax hunc fastus adhuc premit,
Urgetque pressum, et progeniem sui
Fiduciâque pari tumentem,
Clade pari exagitat Philippum.

For PHILIP, lord of ARRAGON,
Of haughty CHARLES the haughty son,
The clouds still gather dark and dun,
The sky still scowls;
And round his gorgeous galleòn
The tempest howls.

Te qui minorem te superis geris,
Culpamque fletu diluis agnitam,
Mitis parens placatus audit,
Et solitum cumulat favorem.

Thou, when th' Almighty Ruler dealt
The blows thy kingdom lately felt,
Thy brow unhelm'd, unbound thy belt,
Thy feet unshod,
Humbly before the chastener knelt,
And kiss'd the rod.

Redintegratæ nec tibi gratiæ
Obscura promit signa. Sub algido
Nox Capricorno longa terras
Perpetuis tenebris premebat,

Pardon and peace thy penance bought;
Joyful the seraph Mercy brought
The olive-bough, with blessing fraught
For thee and France:—
GOD for thy captive kingdom wrought
Deliverance.

Rigebat auris bruma nivalibus,
Amnes acuto constiterant gelu,
Deformis horror incubabat
Jugeribus viduis colono.

'Twas dark and drear! 'twas winter's reign!
Grim horror walk'd the lonesome plain;
The ice held bound with crystal chain
Lake, flood, and rill;
And dismal piped the hurricane
His music shrill.

At signa castris Francus ut extulit
Ductorque Franci Guizius agminis,
Arrisit algenti sub arcto
Temperies melioris auræ.

But when the gallant GUISE display'd
The flag of FRANCE, and drew the blade,
Straight the obsequious season bade
Its rigour cease;
And, lowly crouching, homage paid
The FLEUR DE LYS.

Hyems retuso languida spiculo
Vim mitigavit frigoris asperi,
Siccis per hybernum serenum
Nube cavâ stetit imber arvis.

Winter his violence withheld,
His progeny of tempests quell'd,
His canopy of clouds dispell'd,
Unveil'd the sun—
And blithesome days unparallel'd
Began to run.

Ergo nec altis tuta paludibus
Tulere vires mœnia Gallicas;
Nec arcibus tutæ paludes
Præcipitem tenuêre cursum.

'Twas then beleaguer'd Calais found,
With swamps and marshes fenced around,
With counterscarp, and moat, and mound,
And yawning trench,
Vainly her hundred bulwarks frown'd
To stay the French.

Lorænе princeps! præcipuo Dei
Favore felix, præcipuas Deus
Cui tradidit partes, superbos
Ut premeres domitrice dextrâ.

Guise! child of glory and Lorraine,
Ever thine house hath proved the bane
Of France's foes! aye from the chain
Of slavery kept her,
And to the teeth of haughty Spain
Upheld her sceptre.

Unius anni curriculo sequens
Vix credet ætas promeritas tibi
Tot laureas, nec si per æthram
Pegaseâ* veherere pennâ.

Scarce will a future age believe
The deeds one year saw thee achieve:
Fame in her narrative should give
Thee magic pinions
To range, with free prerogative,
All earth's dominions.

Cessere saltus ninguidi, et Alpium
Inserta cœlo culmina, cum pater
Romanus oraret, propinquæ ut
Subjiceres humeros ruinæ.

What were the year's achievements? first,
Yon Alps their barrier saw thee burst,
To bruise a reptile's head, who durst,
With viper sting,
Assail (ingratitude accurst!)
Rome's Pontiff-King.

Defensa Roma, et capta Valentia,
Coacta pacem Parthenope pati,
Fama tui Segusianus
Barbarica face liberatus.

To rescue Rome, capture Plaisance,
Make Naples yield the claims of France,
While the mere shadow of thy lance
O'erawed the Turk:—
Such was, within the year's expanse,
Thy journey-work.

Æquor procellis, terra paludibus,
Armis Britannus, mœnia sæculis
Invicta longis insolentes
Munierant animos Caletum:

But Calais yet remain'd unwon—
Calais, stronghold of Albion,
Her zone begirt with blade and gun,
In all the pomp
And pride of war; fierce Amazon!
Queen of a swamp!

Loræna virtus, sueta per invia
Non usitatum carpere tramitem,
Invicta devincendo, famam
Laude nova veterem refellit.

But even she hath proven frail,
Her walls and swamps of no avail;
What citadel may Guise not scale,
Climb, storm, and seize?
What foe before thee may not quail,
O gallant Guise!

Ferox Britannus viribus antehac
Gallisque semper cladibus imminens,
Vix se putat securum ab hoste
Fluctibus Oceani diremptus.

Thee let the men of England dread,
Whom Edward erst victorious led,
Right *joyful* now that ocean's bed
Between them rolls
And thee!—that thy triumphant tread
Yon wave controls.

* Buchanan appears to have the following verse of Hesiod in view:

Την μεν Ηηγασος ειλε και εσθλος Βελλεροφωντης.—*Theogonia.*

Regina, pacem nescia perpeti
Jam spreta mœret fœdera : Jam Dei
Iram timet sibi imminentem
Vindicis et furiæ flagellum.

Huic luce terror Martius assonat,
Diræque cædis mens sibi conscia,
Umbræque nocturnæ, quietem
Terrificis agitant figuris.

Let ruthless MARY learn from hence
That Perfidy's a foul offence;
That falsehood hath its recompense;
That treaties broken,
The anger of Omnipotence
At length have woken.

May evil counsels prove the bane
And curse of her unhallow'd reign;
Remorse, with its disastrous train,
Infest her palace;
And may she of God's vengeance drain
The brimming chalice!

Every schoolboy knows that this event broke Queen Mary's heart, so inconsolable was she for the loss of those "keys of France" which the monarchs of England, from Edward to the bluff Harry, had gloried in wearing suspended to the royal girdle.

Of Buchanan's career on his return to Scotland, and his conduct as a politician and courtier, I rather say nothing, than not enter fully into that intricate subject as it deserves. The limits of this paper do not allow me the latter alternative. As a poet his career terminated when the gates of state intrigue were thrown open to his ingress, and so I bid him farewell on the threshold. His "Maiæ Calendæ," his "Epicœdium on the Death of John Calvin," his poem "De Sphærâ," his translations from Euripides, his elegiac poetry, all his titles to renown had been already won ere he entered on the stage as a political partisan. By the way, John Milton has translated his tragedy of "Baptistes," if we are to credit Peck's edition of the bard of Paradise. Certain it is, however, that Buchanan's "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," a wonderful step in Radicalism for that day, was the prototype of the Cromwellian secretary's "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano." It appears that Buchanan had some share in the education of Michel Montaigne—a glorious feather in his cap, if it be not a borrowed one. Crichton was *certainly* his scholar; and no better proof of the fact can be afforded than the following lyric (from the MS. found by me in an old trunk, as before stated), a copy of which I fear has got abroad in Burns's time, he having somehow transferred the sentiments it expresses most *literally* to a song of his set to a well-known tune. However, it is clear that Crichton's claim cannot be invalidated by any *ex post facto* concern; to him the original version of the matter belongs undoubtedly, or else I am no judge. In fact, the thing speaks for itself.

JOANNEM ANDREÆ FILIUM ANUS UXOR ALLOQUITUR.

(From the unpublished Works of the Admirable Crichton.)

Senex Joannes! dulcis amor tuæ
Anilis æquè conjugis! integrâ
Cùm nos juventâ jungeremur
Quàm bene cæsaries nitebat!
Frontis marito qualis erat decor!
Nunc, heu! nivalis canities premit,
Nullæ sed his canis capillis
Illecebræ mihi cariores!

THE OLD HOUSEWIFE'S ADDRESS TO HER GUDEMAN.

(Translated into broad Scotch by Robert Burns, of the Excise.)

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

Quando, Joannes mî bone! primitùs
Natura rerum finxit imagines
  Formam elaboravit virilem,
  Hoc ut opus fieret magistrum.
Sed, inter omnes quas opifex pia
Struxit figuras artifici manu,
  Curavit ut membris et ore
  Nulla foret tibi par Joannes!

Tibi rosarum primitias dedi,
Vernosque virgo candida flosculos,
  Nec fonte miraris quod illo
  Delicias repetam perennes:
Jam te senilem, jam veterem vocant;
Verum nec illis credula, nec tibi,
  Oblita vel menses, vel annos,
  Haurio perpetuos amores.

Propago nobis orta parentibus,
Crevit remoti aucta nepotibus,
  At nos in asmborum calentes
  Usque sinu recreamur ambo;
Hyems amori nulla supervenit—
Nos semper ulnis in mutuis beat,
  Tibique perduro superstes
  Qualis eram nitidâ juventâ.

Patris voluptas quanta domesticam
(Dum corde mater palpitat intimo)
  Videre natorum coronam
  Divitias humilis tabernæ!
Videre natos reddere moribus
Mores parentum, reddere vultibus
  Vultus, et exemplo fideles
  Tendere cum proavis Olympo.

Heu! mî Joannes, Temporis alite
Pennâ quot anni, quotque boni dies
  Utrumque fugerunt! suprema
  Jamque brevi properabit hora.—
Mortis prehendet dextera conjuges
Non imparatos, non timidos mori,
  Vitâque functos innocenti,
  Nec sine spe melioris ævi!

Vitæ labores consociavimus,
Montana juncti vicimus ardua,
  Et nunc potiti gaudiorum
  Culmine quid remoramur ultrà?
Dextris revinctis, per semitas retrò
Lenes, petamus vallis iter senex!
  Quâ vir et uxor dormiamus
  Unius in gremio sepulchri.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  When Nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
  Her master-work was man;
And you amang them all, John,
  Sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
  That I ca' ye trim and neat:
Though some folks say you're old, John,
  I never think ye so,
But I think you're aye the same to me,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  We've seen our bairnies' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
  I'm happy in your arms;
And so are ye in mine, John—
  I'm sure you'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that ye have seen,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  What pleasure does it gi'e
To see sae many sprouts, John,
  Spring up 'tween you and me!
And ilka lad and lass, John,
  In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  Frae year to year we've pass'd,
And soon that year maun come, John,
  Will bring us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John,
  Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
  John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
  We've clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson my jo.

XIX.

Father Prout's Dirge.

(*Fraser's Magazine, January*, 1836.)

—o—

[Considerably more than half the opening instalment of *Regina* for 1836 was set apart, to the number of exactly eighty pages, for a laboured piece of pleasantry purporting to be a Parliamentary Report of the Proceedings instituted at the close of last session to inquire into the conduct and to regulate the future management of *Fraser's Magazine*. Instead of Lords and Commons, Immortals to the number of twenty, and Mortals to the number of one hundred and thirty-six, were there represented as having been called together by Oliver Yorke in the name of his and their putative Sovereign. The record of the proceedings, now that it comes to be looked back at in cold blood, presents to view the wildest imaginable extravagance, the contributors and their friends (and enemies) indulging in horse-play and high jinks alternately. Songs and speeches, about as coherent as Foote's nonsense verses, are intermingled in the utmost confusion. There is a procession like a march through Coventry, and a festival of Gargantuan proportions, that is in the delirium of its fun; and, as the climax of it all, the Ghost of Father Prout, rising in answer to the crowning incantation, delivers the speech and chants the dirge which are here subjoined.]

THE Ghost of Father Prout here held forth his whisky bottle, and begged to be heard in a case of "narration." Even the feminines were quieted instanter. He addressed himself to the subject *not* before the meeting in these interesting and disinterested terms of art :—

"YORKE and Boys!—without exception, you are the queerest lads ever generated out of the beautiful city called Cork. Well, let all that be buried in immemorial oblivion. Living heroes of the world of letters, listen! Immortal as are your lustrous and illustrious souls, you can't live here on earth for ever. No clay could ever stand the steadfast fires of your ardent minds for more than a hundred years. Down your tenements must inevitably fall; for the sustaining life within them, now glowing like a candle 'in a grotto' of oyster-shells, must soar to—

> 'An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams.'

There can be no question but you will be CHUCKLED over, *shouted* over, *howled* over by 'the base, the dull, the cold.' Supposing, then, that you were all dead (*great sensation*)—supposing, I say, that you were all dead (*increasing sensation*), supposing (but I won't repeat) that you, gentlemen, were each of you 'one of us,' the dirge which I should submit, not to you but to your adversaries, would run as follows :—

"DIRGE.

"Now Dullmen all be merry, O!
While the *Fraser* boys they bury, O!
To curse their grave,
I'll chant a stave
To the tune of Derry, derry, O!

"So give your hearts to glee for once,
And we will have a spree for once;
While our lemonade,
In proud cascade,
Shall rival barley bree for once.

"Sing riggledum diggledum razor, O!
Now we'll astonish each gazer, O!
And to sky-cock'd ears
We'll bray proud cheers
'Gainst the Lions who roar'd in *Fraser*, O!

"Don't, Dullmen, be *too* merry, O!
Should the *Fraser* boys they bury, O!
For the bright and brave,
In a glorious grave,
Will be deaf to your Derry, derry, O!

"So rather plunge in grief each dunce,
Shedding "iron tears," that brief, for once,
Has been the reign
Of blood and brain
That gave the world relief, for once!

"Sing riggledum diggledum razor, O!
There'll be tears in the eyes of each gazer, O!
As they follow the hearse
Of deep Prose and Verse,
Which we feel will be buried with *Fraser*, O!"

This solemn psalm caused the blushes of the ladies to be transferred to the cheeks of the gentlemen; and, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled," the bright Aurora bowed her sable rival out of "cloudland, gorgeous land," and "Honour to Woman" once again sung, the ladies withdrew, to give a beautiful embodiment of the Byronian image—

"The slumbers of each folded flower."

And, as for the men, having shaken hands (if hand-shaking it could be called) with the ghosts,

"Evanishing amid the storm,"

they—the men, not the ghosts—took care of themselves as true Fraserians always *can* and *do*.

XX.

Father Prout's Self-Examination.

(*Fraser's Magazine, March*, 1836.)

—o—

[Father Prout, in this Paper, may be said to have adventured, as scrupulously as might be in any way possible, under the circumstances, upon a sort of serio-comic self-examination. Like each of his other Papers, it is introduced with incidental remarks, purporting to convey the dispassionate opinions of an outsider on the disquisitions of the dead-and-gone Parish Priest of Watergrasshill. This comprehensive criticism by himself of the whole of the Reliques when they were collectively republished, appeared in the number of *Fraser* containing Maclise's whimsical etching of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, author, in 1786, of Fourteen Sonnets, representing the bald-headed sonneteer seated, swathed in cloak and arrayed in hessians, each of the latter a world too wide for his shrunk shank, his hat and umbrella being at the same time disposed about him as conspicuously as Paul Pry's might have been in a well-posed portrait of that farcical hero.]

Η *φιλος ανηρ· η φιλος οχθος*
Φιλα γαρ κεκευθεν ηθη
* * *
Ιθι ικου
Ελθ' απ' ακρον κορυμ
βον οχθου καρδομοφορoιο.—ESCHYL. *Persa.*

"*An infallible cure* for the *Maw-worms*:—Poti fortis quartum unum, rowlorum brownorum ad minimum tres: his addatur blityri culinaris quantum valeat duos denarios, cum bunsho radishorum vel WATERGRASS."—SWIFT, *Tripos*, Act I. (SCOTT'S Edition, vol. iv. p. 231.)

THE thinking portion of the public must have felt considerable uneasiness, and the rest of mankind lost itself in vain conjecture, to account for the glaring fact of our having, for several months back, stopped the supplies from Watergrasshill, and discontinued our accustomed issues of Prout Paper. It were hard, in sooth, to cloak so obvious a deficit in the economy of our immortal Magazine; and we therefore fain admit that, as far as those valuable documents are concerned, REGINA hath, since November last, exhibited, what scientific men are agreed to denominate, "a solution of continuity," while grammarians describe such appearance by the established formula "*hiatus valde deflendus*," the same being called, by Lady Morgan, "a hole in the ballad." No doubt Glorvina's vernacular phraseology properly describes the true nature of the case; nor can we account for the circumstance otherwise than by laying the

blame on a Fraserian who went off last autumn to Italy, taking with him the key of the chest. A gaping void was thus occasioned in the periodical literature of the land—an awful chasm, to fill up which no "Roman" has been found willing to devote himself to the infernal gods. The known abhorrence of forgery in all its branches has prevented us from applying to the Smiths (James or Horace). The coffer has remained unopened, and the vacuum unclosed.

Even had we been disposed to practise an imposition on the public, the thing, in this instance, were impossible, Prout's chest and its contents being matters apart and unique; nor could any modern *homme de lettres* be found to personate successfully our *vieux de la montagne.*

To bend the bow of Ulysses, to wield the gridiron of Cobbett, to revive the sacred pigeon of Mahomet, to reinflate the bagpipe of Ossian, to reproduce the meal-tub of Titus Oates, or (when Dan goes to his long account) to get up a begging-box, must necessarily be hopeless speculations. Under the management of the original and creative genius these contrivances may work well; but they invariably fail in the hands of copyists or imitators.

This affords us a desirable opportunity of animadverting on the erroneous theories of a new weekly periodical, called *Fraser's Literary Chronicle*, in the fifth number of which appeared a polyglot "Lament of all Nations on the Death of the late Mr. Simpson," the renowned Master of Ceremonies at Vauxhall. In the œcumenic grief for Simpson we cordially concur; great men are, in fact, becoming every day more scarce among us—

> "We are fallen on evil days,
> Star after star decays;"

but we cannot approve of the arrangement proposed for supplying the deficiency. Not attending to the fact, that a truly original character can have *no* successor in whatever peculiar department of excellence he has made his own, this imaginative *chroniqueur* has indulged in the fanciful contemplation of various personages undertaking to fill the vacant office; and finally hits, with curious infelicity, on a *ci-devant* Lord High Chancellor of England as the best qualified of the numerous aspirants for the empty cock hat. We give insertion to this "Lament," that all may judge of its absurdity:—

> Ergo LUDORUM periit MAGISTER
> Et suburbani moderator horti
> Arbiter SIMPSON elegantium
> Ivit ad orcum.
>
> Jamque vulgaris petit umbra manes,
> Splendido frontem minor heu galero
> Nec senis, dextram regit, ut solebat,
> Aurea virga.
>
> Horridâ turbâ male mixtus errat,
> Nec salutantem tenet hortus illum
> Amplius noster, neque dirigentum
> Publica festa.
>
> Quis viri tanti poterit subire,
> Munus et diram reparare damnum!
> Quam vocat Vauxhall mage candidatum
> Sede vacante.
>
> Cui dabit partes nemus hoc habendi
> Jupiter! tandem venias precamur
> Ære mendicos humeros omustus
> Suavis O'Connell.

Sive tu mavis benedicte Roebuck,
Quem decor linguæ notat et venustas
Quippe deposcunt ea delicatos
Munera mores.

Sive mutatâ veterum figurâ
SIMPSONEM in terris imitatis, altæ
Curiæ præses patiens vocari
"Brougham et Vauxhall."

Sumat Henricus vacuos honores
Hic amet dici pater atque præses
Cœtui quendo procerum præcosse
Curia non vult.

The writer of these Sapphics evidently takes it as a matter of course that, on the extinction or disappearance of *any* shining light, an equivalent may be readily found in some fresh luminary; or that, as among the torch-carriers (ὁαδοῦχοι) of old, the transfer of Simpson's gold-headed cane to the hands that whilom wielded with such becoming dignity the chancellor's mace, were a natural and feasible operation. This is a grave mistake. The process would, if generally adopted, produce unspeakable confusion in the social and political world. It is in vain to argue that some men are endowed by nature with such prodigious versatility of talent, that it is to them a matter of indifference whether they fill the highest situation on what is called the bench (*scammum*), or preside as tutelary genius over a garden—*Furum aviumque maxima formido.* This may be very well as far as they are concerned; but the public likes to see every one in his proper place; the "fitness of things" being best promoted by such arrangements. Nostradamus, arrayed in the solemn accoutrements of his profession, and engaged in the diffusion of useful knowledge among the rustics of France, forms in our mind's eye an impersonation of individual excellence distinct, one, and indivisible; Petronius Arbiter supplies another. Brougham and Simpson may have each had a *particular* of the *auro divinior* which dwelt in the corporeal envelope of their great predecessors; but the metempsychosis, in my fuller sense, can never be said to take place, much less (as in the proposed transmission of the M. C.ship of Vauxhall) can the functions of the one at all coalesce in our imagination, or amalgamate with the attributions of the other. Some fancy they can perceive, in the quarter alluded to, a counterpart of the illustrious Lord Verulam. As we just said, there *are* points of resemblance; but the ingenuity of Plutarch would be expended in vain, on eking out those points into an historical parallel. A cracked barrel organ has a term in common with the "Novum Organum," and the merest gammon may claim some sort of affinity to Bacon.

In the annals of literary, as well as political impostorship, we apprehend the same trick will hardly be found to succeed twice; and a remarkable instance just now occurs in the untimely end of the "Roebuck Pamphlets," which we find *registered* in the bills of periodical mortality. A case far more akin to Prout's Papers suggests itself to us in that of the "Persian Letters," which, at their first appearance in 1721, carried Paris by storm, and from the bold effrontery of their mock orientalism, led to a general belief in their authenticity. The consequence was obvious. "*Faites nous des 'Lettres Persannes'*" was the injunction of every French bookseller to his hack. The idea was quickly caught up, and worked out into innumerable forms; but none produced the effect wrought on gentle readers when Montesquieu's youthful production first beamed on the dulness of contemporary publications. "Chinese Letters," "Lettres Peruviennes," "The Turkish Spy," Don Espriella's "Letters from England," and "Anacharsis in Greece" were some of the numerous maggots hatched into

life by the brilliant ray of that original conception; an "illustrious foreigner's" opinion of things in general became the received vehicle of conveying gossip, criticism, and information. But it was in the nature of things that little of the primæval spark should have communicated itself to the slimy spawn that crawled into being under the warm influence of Montesquieu's creative fancy; and in a late specimen called "Pencillings by the Way," written under the fictitious character of an American attaché, may be seen how wofully the information and the criticism have departed from that species of composition, leaving gossip alone as the flat and unprofitable residuum.

These considerations have deterred us from adopting the practice too prevalent in the world of letters of personating a dead or favourite writer, and so deluding the public by supposititious authorship. Hence, since the above-mentioned epoch (viz., the Hegira of the Key), no paper has been sent abroad by us under the name of Prout: the *chest* has remained

> "Lone as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
> Smce the sad day its master-chord was broken."

Meantime our country correspondents have waxed clamorous at the cessation of these monthly essays, in a way that abundantly testified the serious nature of the privation. *Marco Tulli, quid agis?* was of old the searching interrogatory addressed by all Italy to her consul in the heated imagination of Cicero (Cat. IV.). The same question has been put to us in black and white from every quarter of the empire. *Brute dormis?* was the billet-doux flung into the *lectico* of a reluctant and justly hesitating conspirator, by some kind friend anxious in those days, like many a *patriot* in our own,

> "To make the fun stir"

at the risk and peril of another. To us the same challenge has been conveyed with a less tragic intent, though in equally laconic form, viz.—

> Father Prout
> What are ye about?—

an exhortatory couplet from the pen of Jerdan, the illustrious *Gazetteer*.

All have not confined themselves to exhortation. Some folks have got it into their heads that we are not at liberty to withhold these "Papers" from the public, and that Prout's coffer should of right be, like the crown of these realms, "merely held in trust for the benefit of the people." Our claims to these posthumous treasures is not recognized unless subject, as hitherto, to monthly dividends; and the stoppage is viewed as an attempt to defraud a host of creditors. By the Lord! from the tenor of some communications, it would be supposed that the pillar at the end of the street was erected to OLIVER YORKE, and not to a far more illustrious personage.

It were useless to remonstrate with these people. Such continued and merciless exigency would refuse to old Homer, were he under their control, the enjoyment of an occasional nap, or to Milton his usual idle season, which we believe regularly came on about the equinox. They would have us shower down Prout Papers on the world all the year round, with the facility and profusion of "leaf-shaking Pelion"—

> Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον.

They would require us to strew the paths of literature with the foliage of Watergrasshill—

"Thick as autumnal leaves
In Vallombrosa."

With these we do not stop to reason or apologize, but content ourselves with repeating that we are sorry to have been under the necessity, for the reason already assigned, of disobliging, during the late recess, the numerous admirers of our old gentleman; the editing of whose MSS. we hope shortly to resume to the satisfaction of the public—

"Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus."

Nevertheless, it strikes us there has been no lack of appropriate publications, pending the interruption of our series, while Sol was in his apogee, and while the town was empty. The interval has, for instance, been made jocund by the simultaneous concert of those innocent and playful vocalists, the ANNUALS, who, with instinctive sagacity, have selected that period for their praiseworthy performances. "Soft was the strain," as the poet of the "Deserted Village" says of them, when in the spirit of prophecy he enumerates their several characteristics:—

"At evening's close,
On yonder hill the village murmur rose,
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung:
The tuneful cow that low'd to meet her young;
The playful children just let loose from school,
The noisy ducks that gabbled o'er the pool."

All these melodious outpourings, we think, amply compensated for the silence of the Father, and soothed the ear of the deserted metropolis with an agreeable diversion or diversity of sound:—

"All these in sweet succession sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made."

In the meantime we have not been idle, we have recogitated and reperused, we have "collected and arranged." The mere transitory enjoyment of good things has not sufficed to satisfy or to satiate us; and we know we will readily find excuse and sympathy if we acknowledge to have cast a lingering look of retrospection on our bygone jollifications with the pastor of Watergrassbill. In the writings of Diodorus Siculus (l. ii. p. 109), there is a sentiment attributed to Sardanapalus, which in a literary sense we are tempted to adopt, as expressive of what we experienced in ruminating over these recollections:—

Κειν' ἔχω οσα ἔφαγον καὶ ἐφύβρισα καὶ μετ' ἔρωτος
Τερπν' ἔπαθον· τὰ δὲ πολλα καὶ ολβια πάντα λελειπ ται;

which Greek couplet has had the distinguished honour of having been translated by no less a distinguished versifier than Cicero, whose Latin distich is to the following effect:—

"Hæc habeo quæ edi, quæque exsaturata libido
Hætsit ut ECCE JACENT QUANTA ET PRÆCLARA RELICTA."

Whereupon, though Aristotle has denounced the Assyrian's effusion in no very measured terms, stating it to be only "fit for a hog," we will imitate Tully, and give it currency in our native idiom:—

"I've revell'd at the gorgeous board—
Oft as they fill'd the cup, I drank it:
Unsated still; fain would I hoard
The splendid remnants of the banquet!"

So spoke the voluptuary of Nineveh, who never dreamed that we would apply his dying speech, after a lapse of ages, to the relics of Father Prout, and by that redeeming use of a swinish sentiment rebuke the saying of the Stagyrite.

"*Gather the fragments*" was addressed to the disciples of old on the occasion of a beneficent miracle. The consequence of such injunction was, that they filled twelve baskets with what had otherwise been wasted in the desert. We have brought together, into two small octavo volumes, the scattered remnants of Prout's loaves and fishes, under the impression that some may be glad to feed again on that which has already banqueted so many thousands.

Owing to the limited capacity of our two octavo baskets, we have not been able to stow away all the hitherto exhibited morsels (*disjecta membra*) of the Father within the prescribed dimensions. We have, therefore, contented ourselves with securing the first twelve essays, twelve being a long-established numeral in high credit with antiquity, sacred and profane. Are there not the twelve labours of Hercules, twelve signs of the zodiac, twelve tribes, twelve tables, twelve cantos, twelve judges, twelve months, and twelve pence?

The first of these volumes opens with an "Apology for Lent," elicited by Bunn's smuggling attempt to get up the sacred oratorio of "Jephthah," during this solemn season at Covent Garden, two years ago. Truly there is no study so instructive as the inquiring into cause and effect; nor any that occasionally unfolds such unexpected combinations. Thus, Bishop Blomfield's vigorous and successful resistance to Bunn's flagrant innovation led to the publication of Prout's defence of salt-fish, and the subsequent conveyance of his *chest* into our possession.

An account of the Father's death, "his funeral and an elegy," are appended to that deipnosophistic dissertation. It is suitably followed up by "A Plea for Pilgrimages," with a full narrative of Sir Walter Scott's peregrination to Blarney during the summer of 1825. *Huic accedunt*, the polyglot version of "The Groves," the Father's carousal on Watergrasshill, the secret of his parentage, revealed in "Dean Swift's Madness: a Tale of a Churn," an edifying *exposé* of the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," an argument in the manner of Tully, *pro domo sua*, entitled "Literature and the Jesuits," the tome being wound up with Gresset's immortal poem, "Vert-Vert," "done" into English.

The contents of the second volume comprise the Father's four papers on the songs of France, with two on the lyrical poetry of the Italians—*per die* and *per baccho!* a goodly selection of exotic minstrelsy! In careful juxtaposition with Prout's translative and hermeneutic labours, we have placed the ever-enduring originals, embodying, as they do, the choicest specimens *utrinsque linguæ*. The French is furnished by Béranger, Victor Hugo, Casimir de la Vigne, Chateaubriand, Millevoye, Alp. de la Martine, Clement Marot, &c.; while Petrarch, Filicaia, Dante, Zappi, Tolomei, Guidi, Menzini, Vitorelli, and Michael Angelo, supply the Italian. That there might be a pendant to Gresset's poem of "The Parrot," which concludes Vol. I., we have added (from the series of Latin poets by the Father) Bishop Vida's canto on the "Silkworm," as a becoming finale to volume the second.

Of the luminous effulgence flung round all these matters by that brillant enlightener (λαμπαδοφορος) Alfred Croquis, we know not in what style to speak fittingly, or where to find adequate terms of eulogy. "Illustrated" books are, now-a-days, common enough; but we must say that Prout has been singularly fortunate in meeting with such an Apelles as figures here. Posterity will be justly puzzled to decide whether the letterpress was got up to act as handmaid to the engravings, or whether the latter was destined to be ancillary to the book; just as it is still a *quæstio vexata* among the learned whether Virgil composed his episode from having previously seen the Laocoon, or the sculptor his group from the outline in the "Æneid." Our own opinion is so well expressed by Miguel Cervantes, that we shall content ourselves with quoting

the original Spanish : "Para mio solo nocio (Don Quixote) y yo para el, El supo obrar y yo escrivir, Solos los dos somos para en uno." The present is the first continuous exploit of Croquis in this particular province of pictorial embellishment; the work of etching on copper, as well as the designs, being exclusively his handicraft. And, of a verity, since the day when the youthful genius of Hans Holbein decorated with woodcuts the "Praise of Folly," by Desiderius Erasmus, never has an experimental operation been so successfully performed. Truly hath our Alfred, already distinguished in the very highest departments of professional excellence, revealed himself to the gaze of men in a new and unexpected character; and while future ages will stand enraptured before the canvas over which he has flung, with that profusion so characteristic of opulent genius, the creations of his exuberant fancy, a voice will add that his was—

"The pencil of light
That illumined the volume."

To these gems of art we would gladly advert *seriatim*, but knowing how fully attractive they will prove by the bare indication of the name of Croquis, and mindful of the proverbial recommendation to the priest to christen his own child first, we would say a few words in our editorial capacity of the essays themselves, *i.e.*

"For us and for our tragedie."

When Voltaire, at Potsdam, or Sans Souci, was employed by Frederick in overlooking and arranging for the press the poetical effusions of his royal patron, he is known to have described his avocation in very vulgar terms, to wit, "*Je lave le linge sâle de sa majesté.*" Far be it from us to depict in any such contemptuous and disparaging language the nature of our functions in connection with the Father and his chest of MSS. On the contrary, the task of overhauling these miscellaneous sheets has been to us hitherto, and is likely long to continue, a labour of love. But we have another meaning in our eye. There is a certain supplementary process which these compositions are probably doomed to undergo on issuing from our hands—in fact, there are such people as reviewers, *Regionam di lor.*

This class of operatives in literature have been called by Bob Southey, in his "Life and Remains of Kirke White," "the ungentle craft,"—a term which the Laureate had at the time sundry sound reasons for applying. Maturer reflection has, no doubt, confirmed him in the wisdom of the phrase; notwithstanding that, since then, he has continued to take a notable part himself in their quarterly labours. We will probably be thought guilty of great foolhardiness in giving utterance to what we are about to say, but we can't help finding the figurative language of Voltaire wonderfully expressive of these gentlemen's detersive functions: nor can we choose but consider their employment as curiously similar to that in which Ulysses found Princess Nausicaa engaged on the sea-shore of Phæacia—

Ταὶ δ' ἀπ, ἀπηνης
Ειμαατα χερσιν ἑλοντο καὶ ἐσφόρεον ΜΕΛΑΝ ΥΔΩΡ.
Odyss. l. 90.

It is not necessary to be very conversant with the current business of the learned republic to be aware of the tremendous quantity of author's soiled linen that lies accumulated in this fashion awaiting the labours of the craft, and, notwithstanding that a vast increase has lately been visible in the number of establishments where "washing is taken in" and "mangling performed" and "gentlemen done for," it is found quite impossible to keep pace with the influx of business. Could not some plan be devised for alleviating the drudgery of these hard-working and meritorious individuals?

This has been in the present article the object of our ambition. Towards so desirable an end, and to ease them of their toil, would it not be advisable for every author, like us, to review and puff his own book, impelled by the same philanthropy that induces the member for the County Tipperary to act as his own reporter. Bulwer, to do him justice, set a forcible example in this respect during his brilliant but, alas! too brief management of the *New Monthly*. But here, as indeed in other matters, the "Student" did not, properly speaking, originate the idea on which he so skilfully improved; the theory had been previously taught by Brougham in one of his useful knowledge publications, entitled "Every Man his own Washerwoman."

It would be a want of sincerity on our part were we not to add, that another motive, besides our professed anxiety to lighten the labours of a toil-worn fraternity, hath impelled us to draw up this "critical notice" ourselves. Those who know us need not be told how devoutly we venerate the writings of the great defunct, and with what deferential awe we are accustomed to approach these emanations of sacerdotal authorship. Looking at these volumes in a peculiar light—esteeming them, in fact, as a sort of

"Lapsa ancilla cœlo,"

we cannot entertain without abhorrence the idea of their being handled by the uninitiated and the profane. To obviate such rude manipulation, we would claim for Prout the old "benefit of clergy," not in the vulgar sense of mere safety from the gallows which a knowledge of reading was supposed to guarantee among our ancestors, but as implying the broad principle of clerical exemption from all secular tribunals, for which the martyred Thomas à Beckett so strenuously combated. Good reason had all true clerks to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury! By the old law of the land—*per legem terræ*, as Chandos has it—ecclesiastical delinquents were not amenable to the common authorities; and no mere layman could sit in judgment on Prout's literary preparations. Every man of old was tried by his peers. Were the rule to obtain at the present day, where could a reviewer be found for our author?

"Quando ullum invenient parem."
Ode xxiv. lib. 1.

When we emblazoned the word RELIQUES on the title-page, we sufficiently indicated our views as to the mood of mind with which all true votaries, according to us, should visit the shrine. To scrutinize with cold, anatomic eye the vertebræ, tibia, ribs and os coccygis of the late pastor of Watergrasshill, were, to our fancy, a *quasi* desecration of canonized bones. And it is fair to presume that we have rightly interpreted his wishes in this respect, when we inscribed under the graphic vignette of Croquis (vol. i. p. 46) the significant phrase PACE IMPLORA.

A peculiar sensitiveness (technically called *criticophobia*) has possessed the mind of every great author of whose mental state we may be said to possess any pathological details; and all have experienced a vivid horror of the strange liberties which folks were likely to take with their writings. Homer, in the opening scenes of the "Iliad," while ostensibly dwelling on the *post-mortem* liability of his heroes—

Κυνεσσιν
Οἰωνοισι τεπασι—

is supposed by a German scholiast to denote the doom he bitterly anticipates for his own poem, denouncing, under the veil of allegory, the "dogs" and "vultures" of criticism. Many other matters were foreseen by blind Mæonides, who, like Rabelais, had a fashion of wrapping up his wisdom in the recondite folds of apparent triviality.

It is, at the very least, *equally* obvious that Shakespeare entertained similar apprehensions of the treatment that awaited him, if we may judge from his pathetic appeal, deprecatory beforehand, of such unholy doings:—

"Kind friend, for Jesu's sake, forbear," etc., etc.,

an adjuration, in our opinion, by far too emphatic and impassioned to be only intended as a caution to the parish grave-digger. An admonition so solemnly conveyed could not, of course, be meant for so low a functionary. Hence we may safely infer, that while apparently soliciting the forbearance of the sexton, he figuratively sought to warn off the pickaxe of the annotator; elucidative commentary on his writings, doubtless, seemed a more formidable bore than that which could but perforate his coffin.

It was *not* for his "bones," but for his works, that he would have felt a qualm in this Christian country. His dreams were haunted by a vision of mangled tragedies—

"Que des chiens dévorans se disputaient entr'eux."
Athalie.

We grieve for Homer—we are filled with commiseration for the woes of Shakespeare; but Prout possesses naturally enough the core of our sympathies. The fact is, we happen to have some knowledge of "the ungentle" practitioners into whose hands he is likely to fall, and hence ariseth our concern for the good old gentleman. In the "Acta Sincera Martyrum," by that laborious Benedictine, Don Ruinart, a book to us of fond and frequent perusal, we have often shuddered at one particular formula, of constant recurrence under the truculent Diocletian; but we now feel inclined to transfer to Prout the feelings with which we used to read DAMNATUS AD BESTIAS affixed to the name of some primitive Christian.

Yet of what avail is the expression of our misgivings? Can REGINA shield him from the onslaught or blunt the *mandibulæ* of a single critic? We fear not. She is no sorceress; nor is it without reason that Horace records

"Ossa ab ore rapta jejuni canis" (*Epod.*)

among the exploits of Canidia.

There is, however, one crumb of comfort:—the process of gnawing these reliques, in the ordinary course of things, must be speedily interrupted by the substitution of more attractive and succulent matter.

Such is the rapid succession of living candidates for critical dissection, that these tough remains will be quickly superseded. American Willis may happily publish a fresh "book," or Bob Montgomery a new "poem," to the inexpressible delight of the reviewers. Some such tit-bits are such to be found floating on the *mare magnum* of publication:—

"At length they caught two boobies and a noddy,
And then they left off eating the dead body."

Not that we would institute a parallel between our author and him who "left the cloisters of the classic Salamanca," as travelling tutor to the incorrigible Juan; there was nothing in common between Prout and the licentiate Pedrillo, save, perhaps, the *penchant* for polyglot erudition (Juan, ii. 25), a remarkable trait in the character of both these distinguished churchmen.

A priest's book, in sober earnest, is a sort of rarity, as times go; for the *sic raro scribis*, so totally inapplicable to every other rank, trade, class, or profession in this country, can only be with truth addressed to the Romish clergy. Why they should thus studiously abstain from taking part in the current literature of the day we are not in a position to explain; but the fact is as we state it. When we speak of literature, we do not of course mean to recognize

as such Pastorini's "Prophecies;" neither can we admit the claim of Dens' "Complete Body of Theology," which we charitably presume was never meant by its worthy author to be read beyond the circle of his ecclesiastical brethren, but a book on topics extra professional, a volume on matters of general acceptance, not confined to the politician or the religionist—

"Sed quæ legat ipsa Lychoris"—

such a volume penned by a priest is not a thing of every-day occurrence.

The "Classical Tour" of the late Rev. Chetwinde Eustace, the historical labours of the Rev. Dr. Lingard, a quarto on the literature of the Middle Ages by the Rev. Joseph Berrington, Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," a work of immense research, concerning which we need only quote Gibbon's significant and characteristic remark—"*the learning was his own, the faults those of his subject*," these, with the "Scriptores rerum Hiberni curum," edited at Stowe by the Rev. Charles O'Connor of Ballanagar, form the only contributions from that quarter to the common fund of British *belles lettres*. We know none else of late years—we had almost said since the Reformation.

But here we stand rebuked by Sam Hall, the discriminating editor of the "Book of Gems." In that exquisite selection from the early poets of Great Britain, the intelligent gem nosophist, to whom we are indebted for the choice and arrangement of the dazzling *bijouterie*, has introduced some specimens from the works of a bygone Jesuit, whom, in defiance of national and perhaps reasonable antipathies, he nevertheless delights to honour. We allude to the poems of Southwell, which Sam has hauled up from the "well of English undefiled," where they lay, like Truth, long awaiting the assistance of a friendly bucket. Were Prout alive he would not fail to express his gratitude to the compiler for the following:—

"Robert Southwell, born in the year 1560, at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, received his early education at Douay; and at sixteen, while residing at Rome, was received into the 'Society' in 1584; he returned as a missionary priest to his native country, but appears to have been disheartened by the vain issue of his attempts to stay the progress of the Reformation, 'living like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which among his nearest blood he presumed not to seek.' In England, notwithstanding, he continued to reside, labouring, and with sincerity until the year 1592, when he was arrested on a charge of sedition and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, so noisome and filthy, that his father was induced, successfully, to petition Elizabeth, that his son, being a gentleman, might be treated as such. He continued three years in prison, and, it is said, was ten several times put to the rack. At length, death appearing more easy and welcome than such continued torture, he applied to the Lord Treasurer Cecil that he might be brought to trial. The brutal answer of the Lord Treasurer is recorded, 'If he was in such haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.'

"On the 5th of February, 1595, he was tried at Westminster on a charge of high treason, in that he, being a Popish priest, born in the dominion of the Crown of England, had come over thither from beyond seas, and had tarried there longer than three days without conforming and taking the oaths. He was found guilty on his own confession, and was executed at Tyburn according to the horrible practice of the age, adding one to the long list of victims sacrificed to the inveterate and unchristian spirit which characterized the times."

That Southwell had a genius of a very high order is undeniable—genius worthy of the high and ennobling themes of which he wrote—and in the treatment of which he is seldom or ever uncharitable. They consist of "St. Peter's Complainte, and St. Magdalene's Funerall Teares, with sundry other selected and devout Poemes;" "Mæoniæ; or, certain excellent Poemes and

Spiritual Hymnes; " "The Triumph over Death; or, a consolatory Epistle for afflicted Mindes on the affects of dying friends, first written for the consolation of one, but now published for the good of all."

It is remarkable, observes Mr. Ellis, that the few copies of his works that now exist are the remnants of twenty-four different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600. They must, therefore, have obtained considerable celebrity, though now but little known.

Sam Hall, from whose copious and tasteful industry we derive the knowledge of a *Jesuit's* claim to rank on the national Parnassus, illustrates his discovery by some delightful extracts, for which we refer with confidence to his "Book of Gems." "*Per Gemini!*" (as was eloquently said by Ugo Foscolo in his sonnet to the author of Rimini), we do approve, Hall, of thy judicious undertaking, and exhort thee to persevere therein, to the gratification of the public and thy own peculiar privilege of treasure trove. Thou wilt assuredly find a literary Golconda in the neglected *sterquilinium* of old English authorship—

"Enni de stercore gemmas;"

such employment offering, in sooth, a far more lucrative prospect than what is called "original writing," which is much like "gathering samphire"—a "dreadful trade."

We know not if we must ascribe to the tragic end of this tuneful son of Loyola the fact of none of his brethren having since then made any attempt to emulate his literary achievements; for it is a curious anomaly, that while the men of his order throughout the rest of Europe freely contributed to every department of art, science, and literature, the name of the Jesuit Southwell should appear alone as a writer on the muster-roll of British celebrity.

The wisdom of the usually sagacious Lord Burleigh does not shine in this transaction. His "war to the knife" against the emissaries of the Vatican was, no doubt, sound policy, and the security of the Queen's government required strong measures; but Cecil should have known that fondness for elegant lore with a cultivated taste was a sufficient guarantee in its possessor against treachery and sedition. It is not from rightly disciplined minds that the well-being of society has anything to dread. A kindly and peaceable disposition is the result and the index of intellectual refinement; nor is it without reason that the *belles lettres* have been termed, from their obvious and natural tendency, *Litteræ Humaniores*. Turbulence and treason most go hand in hand with ignorance and fanaticism; and it must be a very illiterate priesthood in the ranks of which a conspirator will find his confederates, or a demagogue his tools. We do not, therefore, approve of the mandate that handed Southwell over to the functionary at Tyburn. To be sure, it was wrong to deny the Queen's supremacy; it was also wrong in Orpheus of old to deny the sovereign empire of the sex; but, for the honour of poetry, we are far from sanctioning the proceedings either of Cecil or—

"Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
For rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice! nor could the Muse defend her boy."

Religious rancour, the plague of all social intercourse, will rarely be found to co-exist with a relish for those studies, or a predilection for those "ingenuous arts," to cultivate which with fidelity has ever been deemed the surest recipe for taming the ferocity of individual as well as national manners. Many theories have been broached for the tranquillization of the sister country; but concerning Ireland "we have a vision of our own;" nor do we deem it a whit less substantial than other visionary systems. Tom Moore, expatiating somewhere on the supposed juxtaposition of a tear and a smile in Erin's eye, talks

incidentally of the rainbow, and finds therein a symbol of peace and concord. There are, undoubtedly, many points of resemblance between a black eye and the prismatic colours: neither do we deny that the *arc en ciel* suggests the idea of conciliation—the thought is as old as the flood; but we rather fear that it were vain to count on the blissful consummation devoutly sighed for by the melodist—vain to hope that the green island will become an Arcadia until the ποιμενες λαων acquire other habits and gentler natures: until the "humanities" obtain a portion of that leisure time that is devoted to electioneering, and some fountain of Hippocrene be discovered that may supersede the "Devil's Punchbowl" in Kerry.

We speak thus in the sincerity of our souls, having nothing but the general welfare at heart, and unaffectedly anxious to promote universal cordiality. A great poet has said that he—

> "Wish'd well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
> Having been bred a moderate Presbyterian."

We should hope that our aspirations for the happiness of our fellow-subjects are not the less vivid and comprehensive. We are far from despairing of improvement and amelioration in the quarter alluded to, for we see no reason why what *has* been may not be again. "The Papacy during the Middle Ages was nothing but a confederacy of the learned men of the west of Europe against the barbarism and ignorance of the time. The Pope was the head of this confederacy."* We would respectfully submit the case of Ireland as a "*casus fœderis*" to his Holiness.

Of a truth, could we fancy Prout debarred from the resources afforded by his favourite pursuits, we should feel at a loss how to comprehend the possibility of his existence during so long a period on the summit of his parochial Pisgah; the prospect before him must have been as dreary as the "long hollow valley of Bagdad" in the "Vision of Mirza." Without the converse of the Muses, we can scarcely imagine how the stillness of domestic solitude could be made endurable at Watergrasshill.

> "Martiis cœlebs quid agam calendis."
>
> *Hor.* lib. 3.

Such must have been the sad self-interrogatory, not merely on the recurrence of this present 1st of March, but throughout the whole calendar. It was haply otherwise with the Father. Endowed with scholarly propensities, the wilderness for him teemed with populous thoughts—antiquity ever present to his meditations, and erudition still inviting "to see her stones unrolled." His childless and lonely position singularly favoured such habits and appliances; nor can we deny that he was much more advantageously circumstanced for the pursuits of learning than were he beset with such troubles as befell the Vicar of Wakefield. Among the many curious passages that occur in the correspondence of Abelard with her who became prioress of Paraclete, we are favoured with the lady's opinion as to the total inexpediency of a family establishment for a man of letters, and the utter incompatibility of conjugal avocations with those of learning. Héloise's Latinity (which, by the way, is throughout far purer than that of her quondam lover) expresses the sentiment with such graphic energy, that an English translation would much impair the force of her observations; we therefore leave them in their original vigour:—"Quis sacris vel philosophicis meditationibus intentus, pueriles vagitus, nutricum quæ hos mitigant nœnias tumultuosam familiæ turbam sustinere poterit? Quis etiam inhonestas illa PARVULORUM SORDES assidui tolerare valeat."†

Prout's life at Watergrasshill appears to have thus been one of leisure. By

* Coleridge's "Table Talk," vol. i., p. 163. London: Murray.
† "Opera Abelard," p. 14.

the philosophic seclusion of his old age, he fittingly wound up the adventurous period of his rambles over the Continent. After such a fluctuating existence final repose was natural and desirable; no matter where Noah's ark rested on the top of Ararat, Prout's chest was on as bleak a mountain. A halo of glory will, however, encircle the hill:

> "Qui nunc misenus ab illo
> Dicitur æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen"
> (*Æneid*, vi. 234);—

or, to quote from Pindar (the general tenor of this article being *Pindaric* in the extreme),

> Λέγονται μίαν βροτῶν
> Ὄλβου ὑπέρτατον οἶ
> Χεῖν—οὔτε καὶ χρυσαπύχων
> Μελπομενᾶν ἐν ὄρει
> Μοῖσαν
> Αἴου. PYTH. Γ. ἐπῳδ. δ.

A biographical account of his earlier history is yet a desideratum; but of his later years, the affection of his parishioners and the contents of his chest are the intelligible records. We know not whether he has any chance of the honours of *canonization*, for we have not read Lambertini's (Benedict XIV.) quarto book "De Beatificatione SS." in which the qualifications are set forth. But if we be not authorized (until he obtain brevet rank in the calendar) to say of him in positive terms,

> "*Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi*,"

we may at least confidently assert that, as far as human testimony can go,

> "He had kept
> The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."
> *Ch. Har.* iii. 57.

In corroboration of which, we have been informed by Croquis (who, previous to illustrating his works, paid a visit to the hill) that the lap of earth in which he is laid has produced a most luxuriant crop of shamrocks—a circumstance the more remarkable, in our opinion, as from the Father's known antipathy to quacks, he cannot have been much addicted to the use of Morrison's Vegetable Pills. But what is conclusive of the miraculous nature of this verdure is, that it offers abundant specimens of that genuine Irish plant, the *quadrifoliated trifolium*, or "four-leaved shamrock," concerning the properties of which we need only refer to Lover's delightful song. The peasantry, according to Alfred's account, deem the herbs to possess sundry *Hygiestic* virtues; some wearing them all round their hat—as a specific for the ague—others preferring to take them inwardly, as an antiphlogistic, in a glass of whisky. All that we can say is, that the transmission of the Father's spirit into these shamrocks is not without parallel in the legendary pages of the ἁγιογραφοι and as for a classical precedent, we need only refer to the account of Polidorus, and the shrubs that grew up from the turf that wrapped *his* clay, as set forth in the third book of the "Æneid," v. 45.

One thing is, however, certain—that he despised the frivolities of the world, and in the retirement of his solitude bestowed a proper degree of attention on the cares of futurity. From sundry passages in the translation of Vida's "Silkworm" it is evident that he had understood well the nature of this tran-

sitory existence—that, with old Dante, he was fully convinced of it being only a state of grub-like lowliness preparatory to a brilliant παλιγγενεσία.

"Noi siam verni
Nati per formar l'angelica furfalla."

Hence his views were fixed on loftier objects than the pursuits of ordinary men; his musings were those of a priest, priestly. In his intercourse with the nine sisters, he taught them not to imitate the foolish virgins in the Gospel, who neglected to put oil in their lamps; and the waters of Siloa's brook mingled in his cup with those of the classic Aganippe. To be known to mankind as a writer or a *savant* was the least of his aspirations; for he had evidently meditated on a passage of Seneca which he has traced on sundry fly-leaves in the chest, and which is so like a sentence from the Epistles, that it must have been penned by Nero's tutor after one of his many interviews with St. Paul—

"ILLI MORS GRAVIS INCURAT
QUI NOTUS NIMIS OMNIBUS
IGNOTUS MORITUR SIBI."

SEN., *Traged. of Thysa.*

XXI.

The Songs of Horace.

(Fraser's Magazine, July, 1836.)

—o—

[Croquis' contribution to the number of *Regina* containing this first of the five decades of the Songs of Horace done into English by Prout, was his smooth-faced, boyish-looking effigy of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, standing, evidently by a dessert-table, leaning his hand on the back of his chair, either proposing a toast or returning thanks. With good reason has the preference been given, with one accord, among all Mahony's Horatian translations, to his incomparable version, "See how the Winter Blanches," of the "Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum." In it not only the words but the thoughts and feelings underlying them have been caught and echoed back in another tongue to a very miracle.]

DECADE THE FIRST.

ΑΝΩ ΤΩΝ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΙΕΡΩΝ ΧΩΡΟΥΣΙ ΠΑΓΑΙ.

EURIPID., *Medea.*

"Quis sub ARCTO
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ
Quid Territatem terreat unice
Securus est qui FONTIBUS INTEGRIS
Gaudet."

Lib. i. ode xxvi.

Deeming it wasteful and ridiculous
To watch Don Carlos or Czar Nicholas—
Sick of our statesmen idiotic—
Sick of the knaves who (patriotic)
Serve up to clowns, in want of *praties*,
"Repale" and "broken Limerick traties,"
With whom to grudge their poor a crust is,
To starving Ireland "doing JUSTICE"—
Sick of the moonshine called "*municipal*,"
Blarney and Rice, Spain and Mendizábal,
Shiel and shilelahs, "Dan" and "Maurice,"
PROUT turns his thoughts to Rome and HORACE.

O. Y.

"Chassons loin de chez nous tous ces rats du Parnasse,
Jouissons, écrivons, vivons avec Horace."

VOLT., *Epîtres.*

FROM the ignoble doings of modern Whiggery, sneaking and dastardly in its proceedings at home, and not very dignified in its dealings abroad—from Melbourne, who has flung such unwonted *éclat* round the premiership of Great Britain (*addens cornua pauperi*), and Mulgrave, who has made vulgarity and

ruffianism the supporters of a vice-regal chair (*Regis Rupili pus atque venenum*), it is allowable to turn aside for a transient glimpse at the Augustan age, when the premier was Mecænas, and the proconsul, Agrippa. The poetic sense, nauseated with rank and ribald effusions, such as Lord Russell's pension can elicit from Lord Lansdowne's family-piper, finds relief in communing with Horace, the refined and gentlemanly Laureate of Roman Toryism. In his abhorrence of the "profane Radical mob" (lib. iii. ode i.)—in his commendation of virtue, "refulgent with uncontaminated honour, because derived from a steady refusal to take up or lay down the emblems of authority at popular dictation" (lib. iii. ode ii.)—in his portraiture of the Just Man, undismayed by the frenzied ardour of those who would force on by clamour depraved measures (lib. iii. ode iii.)—need we say how warmly we participate? That the wits and sages who shed a lustre on that imperial court should have ended by becoming thorough Conservatives, and have merged all their previous theories in a rooted horror of agitators and *sans-culottes*, was a natural result of the intellectual progress made since the unlettered epoch of Marius and the Gracchi. In the bard of Tivoli, who had fought under the insurrectionary banners of Brutus, up to the day when "the chins of the unshaven demagogues were brought to a level with the dust" (lib. ii. ode vii.), Tory principles obtained a distinguished convert; nor is there any trace of mere subserviency to the men in power, or any evidence of insincerity, in the record of his political opinions. He seems to have entertained a heartfelt *bonâ fide* detestation of your "men of the people," and a sound conviction that there exist not greater foes to the common weal, or greater pests to society.

The Georgian era has, in common with the age of Augustus, exhibited more than one striking example of salutary resipiscence among those who started in life with erroneous principles. Two eminent instances just now occur to us: Southey among the poets, Burke among the illustrious in prose; though, perhaps, the divine gift of inspiration, accompanied with true *poetic* feeling, was more largely vouchsafed to the antagonist of the French Revolution than to the author of "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." What can be more opposite to the train of thought in which we are indulging, and to the actual posture of affairs, than the following exquisitely conceived passage, in which the sage of Beaconsfield contrasts the respective demeanour and resources of the two parties into which public opinion is divided?—

"When I assert anything concerning the people of England, I speak from observation, and from the experience I have had in a pretty extensive communication with the inhabitants of this kingdom, begun in early life, and continued for near forty years. I pray you, form not your opinion from certain publications. The vanity, restlessness, and petulance of those who hide their intrinsic weakness in bustle, and uproar, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine that the nation's contemptuous neglect is a mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you! Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing under the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field."

It is right, however, in common fairness towards Horace, to remark, that while fighting in his juvenile days under the banners of Brutus, even then he never for a moment contemplated Mob-ascendency in Rome as the ultimate result of his patriotic efforts. Like Cato and Tully, in the part he took he merely espoused the cause of THE SENATE, in opposition to that of a frenzied rabble, rushing on, with swinish desperation, to political suicide; for in that, as in every age, the deluded multitude, in his view, was sure to become the dupe of some designing and knavish demagogue, unless rescued, in very despite of itself, by such interposition as the "SENATORS" could exercise in Rome; or,

we may add, the "BARONS" in England—both the hereditary guardians of liberty. When the adhesion of the *conscript fathers* had sanctioned the protectorate of Augustus, the transition to openly Conservative politics, on the poet's part, was as honourable as it was judicious. The contempt he felt, through his whole career, for the practice of propitiating the sweet voices of the populace by a surrender of principle, is as plainly discoverable throughout the whole of his varied writings as his antipathy to *garlic*, or his abhorrence of "*Canidia*."

His little volume contains the distilled quintessence of Roman life, when at its very acme of refinement. It is the most perfect portraiture (cabinet size) that remains of the social habits, domestic elegance, and cultivated intercourse of the capital, at the most interesting period of its prosperity. But the philosophy it inculcates, and the worldly wisdom it unfolds, is applicable to all times and all countries. Hence, *we* cannot sympathize with the somewhat childish (to say the least of it) distaste, or indisposition, evinced by the immortal pilgrim, Harold (canto iv. st. lxxv.), for reverting, even in the full maturity of experienced manhood, to those ever-enduring lyrics that formed the nourishment of our young intellect, in our schoolboy days, "when George the Third was king." The very affectation of alluding to the "drilled dull lesson, forced down, word for word, in his repugnant youth," proves the *alumnus* of Harrow on the Hill to have relished and recollected the almost identical lines of the author he feigns to disremember—*Carmina Livi memini* PLAGOSUM *mihi parvo Orbilium dictare* (Epist. ii. 70); and (though Peel may have been a more assiduous scholar) we can hardly believe the beauties of Horace to have been lost on Byron, even in his earliest hours of idleness. It is *àpropos* of Mount Soracté, on which he stumbles in the progress of his peregrination, that the noble poet vents his "fixed inveteracy" of hatred against a book which, at the same time, he extols in terms not less eloquent than true:

> "Then farewell, HORACE! whom I hated so;
> Not for thy faults, but mine! It is a curse
> To understand, not *feel*, thy lyric flow,
> To comprehend, but never *love*, thy verse,
> Although no deeper moralist rehearse
> Our little life, nor bard prescribe his art,
> Nor livelier satirist the conscience pierce,
> Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart.
> FAREWELL! upon Soracté's ridge WE PART!"

We can readily imagine the comic nature of such a "parting." We picture in our mind's eye him of Newstead Abbey bidding him of the Sabine farm

> "Farewell!—a word that has been, and shall be;"

while we fancy we can hear the pithy "*Bon voyage, milor*," with which significant formula (in Latin) he is gently dismissed by the weeping Flaccus—δακρυχεων γελασας.

PROUT was not addicted to this aristocratic propensity for cutting all schoolboy acquaintances. In him was strikingly exemplified the theory which attributes uncommon intensity and durableness to first attachments: it is generally applied to love; he carried the practice into the *liaisons* of literature. The odes of Horace were his earliest mistresses in poetry; they took his fancy in youth, their fascinations haunted his memory in old age—

> "L'ON REVIENT TOUJOURS
> À SES PREMIERS AMOURS."

Most of the following papers, forming a series of Horatian studies, were penned in ITALY, often on the very spots that gave birth to the effusions of the

witty Roman; but it appears to have afforded the Father considerable satisfaction to be able, in the quiet hermitage of his hill, to redigest and chew the cud of whatever might have been crude and unmatured in his juvenile lucubrations. He seems to have taken an almost equal interest in the writers, the glories, and the monuments of PAGAN as of PAPAL Rome: there was in his mental vision a strange but not unpleasant confusion of both; the *Vaticani montis imago* (lib. i. 20) forming, in his idea, a sort of bifurcated Parnassus—St. Peter on the one peak, and Jupiter on the other. Mr. Poynder has written a tract on this supposed "*alliance between Popery and Heathenism*," which DR. WISEMAN, in these latter days, has thought worthy of a pamphlet in reply. The gravity of the question deters us from entering on it here; but, to reconcile the matter, might we not adopt the etymological *medius terminus* of Dean Swift, and maintain that Jove—Ζευς πατηρ, or Sospiter—was nothing, after all, but the JEW PETER?

We are not without hopes of finding, among Prout's miscellanies, an elaborate treatise on this very topic. The French possess a work of infinite erudition, called "L'Histoire véritable des Tems Fabuleux," in which the "ILIAD" is shown to be an arrant plagiarism from the three last chapters of the Book of Judges; the Levite's wife being the prototype of Helen, and the tribe of Benjamin standing for the Trojans. WIT, says Edmund Burke, is usually displayed by finding points of contact and resemblance; JUDGMENT, or *discrimination*, generally manifests itself in the faculty of perceiving the points of disagreement and disconnection.

But it is high time to resume our editorial seat, and let the Father catch the eye of the reader.

> "With faire discourse the evening so they passe,
> For that olde man of pleasaunte wordes had store,
> And well could file his tongue as smoothe as glasse:
> He tolde of saintes and popes, and evermore
> He strowed an AVE-MARY after and before."
>
> *Faëry Queene*, canto i. stanza 35.

Regent Street, June 27th. OLIVER YORKE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

I. PROUT.
II. *An Elzevir.* 12mo.
III. *A Jug of Punch.* 4to.

SCENE.—*Watergrasshill.*

Here's a health to HORACE! "*Vivi tu!*" Songster of TIVOLI, who alone of all the tuneful dead, alone of Greek and Roman wits, may be said to LIVE. If to be quoted and requoted, until every superficial inch of thy toga has become (from quotation) threadbare, constitute perpetuity of poetical existence, according to the theory of Ennius (*volito vivu' per ora virum*), such LIFE has been pre-eminently vouchsafed to thee. In the circle of thy comprehensive philosophy, few things belonging to heaven or earth were undreamt of; nor did it escape thy instinctive penetration that in yonder brief tome, short, plump, and tidy, like its artificer, thou hadst erected a monument more durable than brass, more permanent than an Irish "ROUND TOWER," or a PYRAMID of King Cheops. It was plain to thy intuitive ken, that, whatever mischance might befall the heavier and more massive productions of ancient wisdom, thy lyrics were destined to outlive them all. That though the epics of VARIUS

might be lost, or the decades of LIVY desiderated, remotest posterity would possess thee (like the stout of Barclay and Perkins) "ENTIRE"—would enjoy thy book, undocked of its due proportions, uncurtailed of a single page—would bask in the rays of thy GENIUS, unshorn of a single beam. As often as the collected works of other classic worthies are ushered into the world, the melancholy appendage on the title-page of

"Omnia *quæ extant*"

is sure to meet our eye, reminding us, in the very announcement of the feast of intellect, that there is an *amari aliquid*; viz. that much entertaining matter has irretrievably perished. The *torso* of the Belvidere is, perhaps, as far as it goes, superior to the Apollo; but the latter is a complete statue: a Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg is a very respectable—but truncated—copy of humanity. *Thy* MSS. have come down to us unmutilated by the pumice-stone of palimpsestic monk, unsinged by the torch of Calif Omar, ungnawed by the tooth of Time. The perfect preservation of thy writings is only equalled by the universality of their diffusion—a point especially dwelt on in that joyously geographic rhapsody of a prophetic soul (lib. ii. ode 20), wherein thou pourest forth thy full anticipation of œcumenic glory. If thou canst hardly be said still to haunt the "shores of the Bosphorus," take "OXFORD" as a literal substitute: though disappointed of fame among the "remote Geloni," thou hast an equivalent in the million schoolboys of South America. Should the "learned Iberian" chance to neglect thee amid the disasters of his country, hanging up thy forsaken lyre on the willows of the Guadalquiver—should they "who drink the Rhone" divide their affections between (thy brother bard) Béranger and THEE, thou mayest still count among "the Dacians" of the Danube admirers and commentators. Thou hast unlooked-for votaries on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; and though Burns may triumph on the Tweed, Tom Moore can never prevent thee from being paramount on the Shannon, nor Tom D'Urfey evict thee from supremacy on the Thames. In accordance with thy fondest aspiration, thou hast been pointed out as the "prime performer on the Roman lyre," by successive centuries as they passed away (*digito prætereuntium*): the dry skeleton of bygone criticism hung up in our libraries, so designates thee with its bony index: to thee, PRINCE OF LYRIC POETS! is still directed in these latter days, albeit with occasional aberrations (for even the magnetic needle varies under certain influences), the ever-reverting finger of Fame.

Here, then, I say, is a HEALTH to HORACE! Though the last cheerful drop in my vesper-bowl to-night be well-nigh drained, and the increasing feebleness of age reminds me too plainly that the waters are ebbing fast in my Clepsydra of life, still have I a blessing in reserve—a benison to bestow on the provider of such intellectual enjoyment as yon small volume has ever afforded me; nor to the last shall I discontinue holding sweet converse, through its medium, with the GRACES and the NINE.

Ου παυσομαι τας χαριτας
Μουσαισι συγκατμιγνυς
Ηδισταν συζυγιαν.

In the brief biographic memoir left us by Suetonius, we read that the emperor was in the habit of comparing the poet's book, and the poet himself, to a FLAGON—*cum circuitus voluminis sit* ογκωδεστατος, *sicut est ventriculi tui.* Various and multiform are the vitrified vases and terracotta jars dug up at Pompeii, and elsewhere, with evidence of having served as depositories for Roman sack; but the peculiar Horatian shape alluded to by Augustus has not been fixed on by antiquaries. The Florentine academy *della crusca*, whose

opinion on this point ought to obtain universal attention, have considered themselves authorized, from the passage in Suetonius, to trace (as they have done, in their valuable vocabulary) the modern words, *flaccone fiasco* (whence our *flask*), to Q. Horat. FLACCVS. The origin of the English term *bumper*, it is fair to add, has been, with equal sagacity, brought home by Joe Miller to our "*bon père*," the pope. But commend me to the *German* commentators for transcendental ingenuity in classical criticism. Need I more than instance the judicious Milcherlick's hint, that the birth of our poet must have presented a clear case of *lusus naturæ*; since, in his ode *Ad Amphoram* (xxi. lib. iii.), we have, from his own lips, the portentous fact of his having come into the world "in company with a bottle," under the consulship of Manlius? Should the fact of his having had a twin-brother of that description be substantiated, on historical and obstetric principles, we shall cease, of course, to wonder at the similitude discovered by the emperor. Byron maintains—though without any data whatever to warrant his assertion—that "HAPPINESS was born a twin" (Juan, canto ii. st. 172); the case was, perhaps, like that imagined by Milcherlick.

My own theory on the subject is not, as yet, sufficiently matured to lay it before the learned of Europe; but from the natural juxtaposition of the two congenial objects now before me, and the more than chemical affinity with which I find the contents of the Elzevir to blend in harmonious mixture with those of the jug, I should feel quite safe in predicating (if sprightliness, vigour, and versatility constitute sufficiently fraternal features) that the "spirit in the leaves" is brother to the "bottle imp."

"Alterius sic,
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicé."
Art. Poet., 408.

The recondite philosophy of the common expression, "ANIMAL SPIRITS," has not, that I am aware of, been thoroughly investigated, or its import fully developed, by modern metaphysicians. How animal matter may become so impregnated, or, to use the school term, "compenetrated," by a spiritual essence, as to lose its substantive nature and become a mere adjective, or modification of the all-absorbing πνευμα, is a "rub" fit to puzzle Hamlet. In my Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology," which gives the solution of every known question, this difficulty is unaccountably neglected. There is not a single word about animated alcohol. An ingenious doubt was expressed by some great thinker—Jack Reeve, or Doctor Wade—after a protracted sitting, whether, legally, the landlord could remove him off the premises without a "permit." That was genuine metaphysics, far above all Kant's rubbish. How are we, in fact, to draw the distinction? Is there to be one law for a living vessel, and another for an inert jar? May not the ingredients that go to fill them be the same? the quantity identical in both recipients? Why, then, should not the Excise anxiously track the footsteps of so many walking gallons of X X X, with the same maternal solicitude she manifests in watching the progress and removal of spirit in earthenware? This common-sense view of the matter was long ago taken up by Don Quixote, when, acting on the suggestion of calm logic, he gave battle to certain goat-skins, distended with the recent vintage of Valdepenas. Cervantes may sneer, but the onslaught does not appear to me irrational. Was the knight to wait till the same juice should offer itself under the form and colour of blood, to be shed from the bodies of bloated buffoons in buckram? Clearly not!

But to return. If by ANIMAL SPIRITS be meant that state of buoyancy and elevation in which the opaque corporeal essence is lost in the frolicsome play of the fancy, and evaporates in ethereal sallies, a collateral and parallel process takes place when the imaginative and rarefied faculties of *mind* are, as it

were, condensed so as to give a precipitate, and form a distinct portion of visible and tangible *matter*. Yon Elzevir is a case in point. In the small compass of a duodecimo we hold and manipulate the concentrated feelings and follies, the "quips and cranks," the wit and wisdom, of a period never equalled in the history of mankind: the current conversational tones and topics are made familiar to us, though the interlocutors have long since mouldered in the grave. The true FALERNIAN wine ripens no more on the accustomed slope; the FORMIANI COLLES are now barren and unprofitable; but, owing to the above-mentioned process, we can still relish their *bouquet* in the odes of Horace: we can find the genuine smack of the Cæcubean grape in the effusions it inspired.

I recollect Tom Moore once talking to me, after dinner, of Campbell's "Exile of Erin," and remarking, in his ordinary *concetto* style, that the sorrows of Ireland were in that elegy CRYSTALLIZED and made immortal. Tommy was right; and he may be proud of having done something in that way himself: for when the fashion of drinking "Wright's champagne" shall have passed away, future ages will be able to form a notion of that once celebrated beverage from the perusal of *his* poetry. There it is, crystallized for posterity.

Horace presents us, in his person, with an accomplished specimen of the *bon vivant;* such as that agreeable variety of the human species was understood by antiquity. Cheerfulness and wit, conjointedly with worldly wisdom, generally ensure a long, jolly, and prosperous career to their possessor.

I just now adverted to the good luck which has secured his *writings* against accident: his *personal* preservation through what Mathews would term the "wicissitudes and waccinations" of life, appears to have been, from his own account, fully as miraculous. A somewhat profane French proverb asserts, *qu'il y a une Providence pour les ivrognes;* but whatever celestial surveillance watches over the zigzag progress of a drunkard—whatever privilege may be pleaded by the plenipotentiary of Bacchus, poetry would seem, in his case, to have had peculiar prerogatives. Sleeping in his childhood on some mountain-top of Apulia, pigeons covered him with leaves, that no "bears" or "snakes" might get at him (lib. iii. ode iv.); a circumstance of some importance to infant genius, which, alas! cannot always escape the "hug" of the one or the "sting" of the other. Again, at the battle of Philippi, he tells us how he had well-nigh perished, had not MERCURY snatched him up from the very thick of the *mêlée*, fully aware of his value, and unwilling to let him run the risk to which vulgar *chair à canon* is exposed. Subsequently, while walking over his grounds at the Sabine farm, the fallen trunk of an old tree was within an ace of knocking out his brains, had not FAUN, whom he describes as the guardian-angel of mercurial men—*mercurialium custos virorum*—interposed at the critical moment. To MERCURY he has dedicated many a graceful hymn: more than one modern poet might safely acknowledge certain obligations to the same quarter. But all are not so communicative as Horace of their personal adventures.

What he states in his bantering epistle to Julius Florius cannot be true; viz. that poverty made a poet of him:

> "*Pauperbas impulit audax*
> *Ut versus facerem.*"
>
> Ep. ii. 2, 51.

On the contrary, far from offering any symptoms of jejune inspiration or garret origin, his effusions bear testimony to the pleasant mood of mind in which they were poured forth, and are redolent of the joyousness of happy and convivial hours. Boileau, a capital judge, maintains that the jovial exhilara-

tion pervading all his poetry betrays the vinous influence under which he wrote—

"*Horace a bu son saoul quand il voit les Menades;*"

an observation previously made by a rival satirist of Rome—

"Satur est cum dicit Horatius HIC!"

Hints of this kind are sometimes hazarded in reference to very grave writers, but, in the present instance, will be more readily believed than the assertion made by Plutarch, in his Συμποσιον, that the gloomy Eschylus "was habitually drunk when he wrote his tragedies."

In adopting the poetical profession he but followed the bent of his nature: thus, LYRICS were the spontaneous produce of his mind, as FABLES were of a kindred soul, the *naïf* Lafontaine. "*Voilà un* FIGUIER," said the latter one day to Madame de la Sablière, in the gardens of Versailles; "*et moi, je suis un* FABLIER." Let us take the official manifesto with which Horace opens the volume of his odes, and we will be at once put in possession of his views of human life, through all its varied vanities; of which poetry is, after all, but one, and not the *most* ridiculous.

ODE I.—TO MECÆNAS.

"Mecænas! atavis edite regibus," &c.

My FRIEND and PATRON, in whose veins runneth right royal blood,
Give but to some the HYPPODROME, the car, the prancing stud,
Clouds of Olympic dust—then mark what ecstasy of soul
Their bosom feels, as the rapt wheels glowing have grazed the goal.
Talk not to them of diadem or sceptre, save the whip—
A branch of palm can raise them to the GODS' companionship.

And there be some, my friend, for whom the crowd's applause is food,
Who pine without the hollow shout of ROME'S mad multitude;
Others, whose giant greediness whole provinces would drain—
Their sole pursuit to gorge and glut huge granaries with grain.

Yon homely hind, calmly resigned his narrow farm to plod,
Seek not with ASIA'S wealth to wean from his paternal sod:
Ye can't prevail! no varnish'd tale that simple swain will urge,
In galley built of CYPRUS oak, to plough th' EGEAN surge.

Your merchant-mariner, who sighs for fields and quiet home,
While o'er the main the hurricane howls round his path of foam,
Will form, I trow, full many a vow, the deep for aye t' eschew.
He lands - what then? Pelf prompts again—his ship's afloat anew!

Soft Leisure hath its votaries, whose bliss it is to bask
In summer's ray the livelong day, quaffing a mellow flask
Under the greenwood tree, or where, but newly born as yet,
Religion guards the cradle of the infant rivulet.

Some love the camp, the horseman's tramp, the clarion's voice; aghast
Pale mothers hear the trumpeter, and loathe the murderous blast.

Lo! under wint'ry skies his game the Hunter still pursues;
And, while his bonny bride with tears her lonely bed bedews,
He for his antler'd foe looks out, or tracks the forest whence
Broke the wild boar, whose daring tusk levell'd the fragile fence.

THEE the pursuits of learning claim—a claim the gods allow;
Thine is the ivy coronal that decks the scholar's brow:

ME in the woods' deep solitudes the nymphs a client count,
The dancing FAUN on the green lawn, the NAIAD of the fount.
For me her lute (sweet attribute!) let POLYHYMNIA sweep;
For me, oh! let the flageolet breathe from EUTERPE'S lip;
Give but to me of poesy the lyric wreath, and then
Th' immortal halls of bliss won't hold a prouder denizen.

His political creed is embodied in this succeeding ode; and never did patriotism, combined (as it rarely is) with sound sense, find nobler utterance than in the poet's address to the head of the government. The delicate ingenuity employed in working out his ultimate conclusion, the apparently natural progression from so simple a topic as the "state of the weather," even coupled as it may have been with an inundation of the Tiber, to that magnificent *dénouement*—the apotheosis of the emperor—has ever been deservedly admired.

ODE II.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ Grandinis," &c.

I.

Since JOVE decreed in storms to vent
The winter of his discontent,
Thundering o'er ROME impenitent
With red right hand,
The flood-gates of the firmament
Have drench'd the land!

II.

Terror hath seized the minds of men,
Who deem'd the days had come again
When PROTEUS led, up mount and glen,
And verdant lawn,
Of teeming ocean's darksome den
The monstrous spawn.

III.

When PYRRHA saw the ringdove's nest
Harbour a strange unbidden guest,
And, by the deluge dispossest
Of glade and grove,
Deers down the tide, with antler'd crest,
Affrighted drove.

IV.

WE saw the yellow TIBER, sped
Back to his TUSCAN fountain-head,
O'erwhelm the sacred and the dead
In one fell doom,
And VESTA'S pile in ruins spread,
And NUMA'S tomb.

V.

Dreaming of days that once had been,
He deem'd that wild disastrous scene
Might soothe his ILIA, injured queen!
And comfort give her,
Reckless though JOVE should intervene,
Uxorious river!

VI.

Our sons will ask, why men of Rome
Drew against kindred, friends, and home,
Swords that a Persian hecatomb
Might best imbue—
Sons, by their fathers' feuds become
Feeble and few!

VII.

Whom can our country call in aid?
Where must the patriot's vow be paid?
With orisons shall Vestal maid
Fatigue the skies?
Or will not VESTA's frown upbraid
Her votaries?

VIII.

Augur APOLLO! shall we kneel
To THEE, and for our commonweal
With humbled consciousness appeal?
Oh, quell the storm!
Come, though a silver vapour veil
Thy radiant form!

IX.

Will VENUS from Mount ERYX stoop,
And to our succour hie, with troop
Of laughing GRACES, and a group
Of Cupids round her?
Or comest THOU with wild war-whoop,
Dread MARS! our FOUNDER?

X.

Whose voice so long bade peace avaunt;
Whose war-dogs still for slaughter pant;
The tented field thy chosen haunt,
Thy child the ROMAN,
Fierce legioner, whose visage gaunt
Scowls on the foeman.

XI.

Or hath young HERMES, MAIA's son,
The graceful guise and form put on
Of thee, AUGUSTUS? and begun
(Celestial stranger!)
To wear the name which THOU hast won—
"CÆSAR'S AVENGER?"

XII.

Blest be the days of thy sojourn,
Distant the hour when ROME shall mourn
The fatal sight of thy return
To Heaven again,
Forced by a guilty age to spurn
The haunts of men.

XIII.

Rather remain, beloved, adored,
Since ROME, reliant on thy sword,
To thee of JULIUS hath restored
The rich reversion;
Baffle ASSYRIA'S hovering horde,
And smite the PERSIAN!

It was fitting that thus early in the series of his lyrics there should appear a record of his warm intimacy with the only Roman poet of them all, whose genius could justly claim equal rank with his. It is honourable to the author of the "Æneid" that he feared not, in the first instance, to introduce at the court of Augustus, where his own reputation was already established, one who alone of all his contemporaries could eventually dispute the laureateship, and divide the applause of the imperial circle, with himself. Virgil, however, though he has carefully embalmed in his pastorals the names of Gallus, Asinius Pollio, Varius, and Cinna; nay, though he has wrapt up in the amber of his verse such grubs as Bavius and Mævius, has never once alluded to Horace—at least, in that portion of his poems which has come down to us—whilst the lyrist commemorates his gifted friend in more than a dozen instances. I should feel loth to attribute this apparently studied omission to any discreditable jealousy on the part of the Mantuan; but it would have been better had he acted otherwise. Concerning the general tenor of the following outburst on the shores of the Adriatic, while Virgil's galley sunk below the horizon, it will be seen that his passionate attachment leads him into an invective against the shipping interest, which I do not seek to justify.

ODE III.—TO THE SHIP BEARING VIRGIL TO GREECE.

"Sic te diva potens," &c.

I.

May Love's own planet guide thee o'er the wave!
Brightly aloft
HELEN'S star-brother's twinkling,
And EOLUS chain all his children, save
A west-wind soft
Thy liquid pathway wrinkling,
Galley! to whom we trust, on thy parole,
Our VIRGIL,—mark
Thou bear him in thy bosom
Safe to the land of GREECE; for half my soul,
O gallant bark!
Were lost if I should lose him.

II.

A breast of bronze full sure, and ribs of oak,
Were his who first
Defied the tempest-demon;
Dared in a fragile skiff the blast provoke,
And boldly burst
Forth on the deep a Seaman!
Whom no conflicting hurricanes could daunt,
Nor BOREAS chill,
Nor weeping HYADS sadden,
E'en on yon gulf, whose lord, the loud LEVANT,
Can calm at will,
Or to wild frenzy madden.

III.

What dismal form must Death put on for him
Whose cold eye mocks
The dark deep's huge indwellers!
Who calm athwart the billows sees the grim
CERAUNIAN rocks,
Of wail and woe tale-tellers!—
Though PROVIDENCE pour'd out its ocean-flood,
Whose broad expanse
Might land from land dissever,
Careering o'er the waters, MAN withstood
JOVE'S ordinance
With impious endeavour.

IV.

The human breast, with bold aspirings fraught,
Throbs thus unawed,
Untamed, and unquiescent.
Fire from the skies a son of JAPHET brought,
And, fatal fraud!
Made earth a guilty present.
Scarce was the spark snatch'd from the bright abode,
When round us straight
A ghastly phalanx thicken'd,
Fever and *Palsy*; and grim DEATH, who strode
With tardy gait
Far off,—his coming quicken'd!

V.

Wafted on daring art's fictitious plume
The CRETAN rose,
And waved his wizard pinions;
Downwards ALCIDES pierced the realms of gloom,
Where darkly flows
Styx, through the dead's dominions.
Naught is beyond our reach, beyond our scope,
And heaven's high laws
Still fail to keep us under;
How can our unreposing malice hope
Respite or pause
From JOVE'S avenging thunder?

The tone of tender melancholy which pervades all his dreams of earthly happiness—the constant recurrence of allusions to Death, which startle us in his gayest and apparently most careless strains, is a very distinguishing feature of the poet's state of mind. There is something here beyond what appears on the surface. The skull so ostentatiously displayed at the banquets of Egypt had its mystery.

ODE IV.

"Solvitur acris hyems."

I.

Now WINTER melts beneath
SPRING'S genial breath,
And ZEPHYR
Back to the water yields
The stranded bark—back to the fields
The stabled heifer—
And the gay rural scene
The shepherd's foot can wean,
Forth from his homely hearth, to tread the
meadows green.

I.

Solvitur acris hiems
Grata vice
Veris et Favoni;
Trahuntque siccas
Machinæ carinas:
Ac neque jam stabulis
Gaudet pecus
Aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis
Albicant pruinis.

II.

Now VENUS loves to group
Her merry troop
Of maidens,
Who, while the moon peeps out,
Dance with the GRACES round about
Their queen in cadence;
While far, 'mid fire and noise,
VULCAN his forge employs,
Where CYCLOPS grim aloft their ponderous
sledges poise.

III.

Now maids, with myrtle-bough,
Garland their brow—
Each forehead
Shining with flow'rets deck'd;
While the glad earth, by frost uncheck'd,
Buds out all florid;—
Now let the knife devote,
In some still grove remote,
A victim-lamb to FAUN; or, should he list,
a goat.

IV.

DEATH'S undiscerning foot
Knocks at the hut;
The lowly
As the most princely gate.
O favour'd friend! on life's brief date
To count were folly;
Soon shall, in vapours dark,
Quench'd be thy vital spark,
And thou, a silent ghost, for PLUTO'S land
embark.

V.

Where at no gay repast,
By dice's cast
King chosen,
Wine-laws shalt thou enforce,
But weep o'er joy and love's warm source
For ever frozen;
And tender LYDIA lost,
Of all the town the toast,
Who then, when thou art gone, will fire all
bosoms most!

II.

Jam Cytherea choros
Ducit Venus,
Imminente Luna;
Junctæque Nymphis
Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram
Quatiunt pede,
Dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens
Urit officinas.

III.

Nunc decet aut viridi
Nitidum caput
Impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ
Quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis
Fauno decet
Immolare lucis,
Seu poscat, agnâ,
Sive malit, hædo.

IV.

Pallida *mors* æquo
Pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.
O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis
Spem nos vetat
Inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox,
Fabulæque Manes,

V.

Et domus exilis
Plutonia:
Quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini
Sortiere talis;
Nec teneram Lydiam
Mirabere,
Quâ calet juventus
Nunc omnis, et tun
Magis incalebit

In the following lines to Pyrrha we have set before us a Roman lady's boudoir, sketched *à la Watteau*. Female fickleness was, among the Greeks, a subject deemed inexhaustible. Horace has contrived to say much thereanent throughout his volume; but the matter seems to be as fresh as ever among the moderns.—It has, no doubt, given great edification to Mr. Poynder to observe that the practice alluded to, towards the closing verses, of hanging up what is called an "*ex voto*" in the temples, still prevails along the shores of the Mediterranean. For that matter, any Cockney, by proceeding only as far as Boulogne-sur-Mer, may find evidence of this classic *heathenism* in full vogue among the Gallic fishermen.

ODE V.—PYRRHA'S INCONSTANCY.

"Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ."

I.

PYRRHA, who now, mayhap,
Pours on thy perfumed lap,
With rosy wreath, fair youth, his fond addresses?
Beneath thy charming grot,
For whom, in gay love-knot,
Playfully dost thou bind thy yellow tresses?

II.

So simple in thy neatness!
Alas! that so much sweetness
Should ever prove the prelude of deception!
Must he bewail too late
His sadly alter'd fate,
Chill'd by a bleak tempestuous reception,

III.

Who now, to fondness prone,
Deeming thee all his own,
Revels in a long dream of future favour;
So bright thy beauty glows,
Still fascinating those
Who have not learnt how apt thou art to waver.

IV.

I the false light forswear,
A shipwreck'd mariner,
Who hangs the painted story of his suffering
Aloft o'er Neptune's shrine;
There shall I hang up mine,
And of my dripping robes the votive offering!

I.

Quis multâ gracilis
Te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis
Urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

II.

Simplex munditiis?
Heu! quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos
Flebit, et aspera
Nigris, æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

III.

Qui nunc te fruitur
Credulus aureâ;
Qui semper vacuam,
Semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri, quibus

IV.

Intentata nites!
Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries
Indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

The naval rencontres off Actium, Lepanto, and Trafalgar, offer in European history three gigantic "landmarks," such as no three battle-plains ashore can readily furnish: but the very magnitude of each maritime event has probably deterred shrewd poets from grappling with what they despaired to board successfully. Our Dibdin's dithyrambic,

"'*Twas in Trafalgar bay*
We saw the Frenchman lay," &c.,

as well as the Venetian carzelletta,

"*Cantiam tutti allegramente*," &c.,*

were, no doubt, good enough for the watermen of the Thames and the gondoleers of the Gulf. But when the Roman admiral begged from Horace an ode, emblazoning the defeat of the combined fleets of Antony and Cleopatra, it required much tact and ability to eschew the perilous attempt. The following effort shows how he got out of the scrape. The only parallel instance of clever avoidance we remember, occurred when the great Condé offered a thousand ducats for the best poem on his campaign of Rocroi. A Gascon carried the prize by this audacious outburst:

"Pour célébrer tant de hauts faits,
Tant de combats, et tant de gloire,
Mille écus! Parbleu! MILLE ECUS?
Ce n'est qu'un SOU par victoire."

* See "Songs of Italy," *apud nos*, p. 238.—O. Y.

ODE VI.

"Scriberis Vario," &c.

I.

AGRIPPA! seek a loftier bard; nor ask
Horace to twine in songs
The double wreath, due to a victor's casque
From land and ocean: such HOMERIC task
To VARIUS belongs.

II.

Our lowly lyre no fitting music hath,
And in despair dismisses
The epic splendours of "ACHILLES' wrath,"
Or the "dread line of PELOPS," or the "path
Of billow-borne ULYSSES."

III.

The record of the deeds at ACTIUM wrought
So far transcends our talent—
Vain were the wish! wild the presumptuous thought!
To sing how CÆSAR, how AGRIPPA fought—
Both foremost 'mid the gallant!

IV.

The *God of War* in adamantine mail;
MERVON, gaunt and grim;
PALLAS in aid; while TROY'S battalions quail,
Scared by the lance of DIOMED . . . must fail
To figure in our hymn.

V.

Ours is the banquet song's light-hearted strain,
Roses our only laurel,
The progress of a love-suit our campaign,
Our only scars the gashes that remain
When romping lovers quarrel.

Deprecating the mania for foreign residences, which hurried off then (as it does now) estimable citizens from a far more reputable sojourn in their native country villas, the poet exhorts PLANCUS to give up his project of retiring into Greece (from the displeasure of Augustus), to continue in the service of the state, and, above all, to stick to the bottle.

ODE VII.—TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

"Laudabunt alii claram RHODON,"

I.

RHODES, EPHESUS, or MITYLENE,
Or THESSALY'S fair valley,
Or CORINTH, placed two gulfs atween,
DELPHI, or THEBES, suggest the scene
Where some would choose to dally;
Others in praise of ATHENS launch,
And poets lyric
Grace, with MINERVA'S olive-branch
Their panegyric.

II.

To JUNO's city some would roam—
  ARGOS—of steeds productive;
In rich MYCENÆ make their home,
Or find LARISSA pleasantsome,
  Or SPARTA deem seductive;
Me TIBUR's grove charms more than all
    The brook's bright bosom,
And o'er loud ANIO's waterfall
    Fruit-trees in blossom.

III.

PLANCUS! do blasts for ever sweep
  Athwart the welkin rancoured?
Friend! do the clouds for ever weep?—
Then cheer thee! and thy sorrows deep
  Drown in a flowing tankard:
Whether "the camp! the field! the sword!"
    Be still thy motto,
Or Tibur to thy choice afford
    A sheltered grotto.

IV.

When TEUCER from his father's frown
  For exile parted,
Wreathing his brow with poplar crown,
In wine he bade his comrades drown
  Their woes light-hearted;
And thus he cried, Whate'er betide,
    HOPE shall not leave me:
The home a father hath denied
    Let FORTUNE give me!

V.

Who doubts or dreads if TEUCER lead?
  Hath not APOLLO
A new-found *Salamis* decreed,
Old Fatherland shall supersede?
  Then fearless follow.
Ye who could bear ten years your share
    Of toil and slaughter,
Drink! for our sail to-morrow's gale
    Wafts o'er the water.

The old tune of "Peas upon a trencher" has been adapted to "The time I've lost in wooing," by Tom Moore. Mr. Cazalès, of the *Assemblée Nationale*, has given a French version of the immortal original. *Ex. gr.*:

"Garçon, apportez moi, moi,
  Des pois, des petits pois, pois:
Ah, quel plaisir! quand je les vois
  Sur l'assiette de bois, bois," &c. &c.

I hope there is no profanation in arranging an ode of Horace to the same fascinating tune.—The diary of a Roman man of fashion can be easily made up from the elements of daily occupation, supplied by the following:

ODE VIII.

"Lydia, dic per omnes," &c.

I.

Enchanting LYDIA! prithee,
By all the gods that see thee,
Pray tell me this: Must SYBARIS
Perish, enamour'd with thee?
Lo! wrapt as in a trance, he
Whose hardy youth could fancy
Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
All through thy necromancy!

II.

Why rides he never, tell us,
Accoutred like his fellows,
For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
And martial bearing zealous?
Why hangs he back, demurrent
To breast the TIBER'S current,
From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
Of poisonous snake, abhorrent?

III.

No more with iron rigour
Rude armour-marks disfigure
His pliant limbs; but languor dims
His eye and wastes his vigour.
Gone is the youth's ambition
To give the lance emission,
Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
In gallant competition.

IV.

And his embower'd retreat is
Like where the Son of THETIS
Lurk'd undivulg'd, while he indulged
A mother's soft entreaties,
Robed as a Grecian girl,
Lest soldier-like apparel
Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

I.

LYDIA, dic per omnes
Te Deos oro,
SYBARIM
Cur properas amando,
Perdere? cur apricum
Oderit campum,
Patiens
Pulveris atque Solis?

II.

Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales
Equitat?
Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frænis?
Cur timet flavum
TIBERIM
Tangere? cur olivum.

III.

Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat?
Neque jam
Livida gestat armis
Brachia, sæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem
Jaculo
Nobilis expedito?

IV

Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filium dicunt
THETIDIS,
Sub lachrymosa Trojæ
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, et
LYCIAS
Proriperet catervas.

To relish the ninth ode, the reader must figure to himself the hunting-box of a young Roman, some miles from Rome, with a distant view of the Mediterranean in front; Mount Soracté far off on the right; a tall cypress grove on the left, backed by the ridge of Apennines.

ODE IX.

"Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte," &c.

VERSIO PROUTICA.

I.

See how the winter blanches
SORACTE'S giant brow!
Hear how the forest branches
Groan for the weight of snow
While the fix'd ice impanels
Rivers within their channels.

TRABUTTA DAL GARGALLO.

I.

Vedi tu di neve in copia
Il *Soratte* omai canuto
Vedi come crollan gli alberi
Sotto al peso; e 'l gelo acuto
Come ai fiumi trà le sponde
Fa indurar le liquid onde.

II.

Out with the frost! expel her!
Pile up the fuel-block,
And from thy hoary cellar
Produce a SABINE crock:
O THALIARCK! remember
It count a fourth December.

III.

Give to the gods the guidance
Of earth's arrangements. List!
The blasts at their high biddance
From the vex'd deep desist,
Nor 'mid the cypress riot;
And the old elms are quiet.

IV.

Enjoy, without foreboding,
Life as the moments run;
Away with Care corroding,
Youth of my soul! nor shun
LOVE, for whose smile thou'rt suited;
And 'mid the dancers foot it.

V.

While youth's hour lasts, beguile it;
Follow the field, the camp,
Each manly sport, till twilight
Brings on the vesper-lamp;
Then let thy loved one lisp her
Fond feelings in a whisper.

VI.

Or in a nook hide furtive,
Till by her laugh betray'd,
And drawn, with struggle sportive,
Forth from her ambuscade;
Bracelet or ring th' offender
In forfeit sweet surrender!

II.

Sciogli 'l freddo con man prodiga
Rifornendo, O TALIARCO!
Legni al foco; e più del solito
A spillar non esser parco
Da orecchiuto orcio *Sabino*,
Di quattr' anni 'l pretto vino.

III.

Sien del resto i numi gli arbitri
C' ove avran d' Austro e di Borea
Abattuto il fervid impeto
Per la vasta arena equorea
Ne i cipressi urto nemico
Scuoterà, ne l' orno antico.

IV.

Ciò indagar fuggi sollecito
Che avvenir doman dovrà;
Guigni a lucro il di che reduce
La Fortuna a te darà
Ne sprezzar ne' tuoi fresc' anni
Le carole e dolci affanni.

V.

Sin che lunga da te vegeto
Sta canuta eta importuna
Campi e piazze *ti* riveggano;
E fidele quando imbruna
T' abbia l' ora che ti appella
A ronzar con la tua bella.

VI.

Or e caro quel sorridere
Scopritor della fanciulla
Che in un angolo internandosi
A celarsi si trastulla
Ed al finto suo ritegno
Trar d' armilla o anello il pegno.

The subsequent *morceau* is not given in the usual printed editions of our poet; even the MSS. *omit it*, except the "Vatican Codex." I myself have no hesitation as to its genuineness, though Burns has saved me the trouble of translation.

ODE X.

"Virent arundines."—"Green grow the rashes, O!"

I.

There's naught but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life of man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

I.

Curæ corrodunt Urbem, Rus,
Et sapientûm cellulas,
Nec vitâ vellem frui plus
Ni foret ob puellulas—
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

II.

The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee thee, O!
And when at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

III.

Give me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary, O!
Then warly cares and warly men
May all gang tapsalteery, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

IV.

For ye sae douce ye sneer at this,
Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

V.

Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest wark she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

II.

Divitias avaro dem,
Insudet auri cumulo,
Quærat quocumque modo rem,
Inops abibit tumulo.
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

III.

Cùm Sol obscurat spicula,
Mî brachio tunc niveo,
Stringente, fit, amiculâ,
Rerum dulcis oblivio!
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

IV.

Num dices contrà? canum grex!
An fuit vir sagacior
Quàm Solomon? aut unquam rex
In virgines salacior?
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

V.

Quas cum de terræ vasculo
Natura finxit bellulas,
Tentavit manum masculo
Formavit tunc puellulas.
Virent arundines!
At me tenellulas,
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas!

XXII.

The Songs of Horace.

(*Fraser's Magazine, August,* 1836.)

—o—

[The number of *Regina* containing Prout's second decanting from Horace was doubly remarkable. It comprised Maclise's etching of Sir John Soane, and yet more notably Maginn's hideously scurrilous review of "Berkeley Castle," a historical romance in three volumes, by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, M.P. Turning to an examination of that review now in cold blood, it seems almost by necessity to have involved the application of a horsewhip to somebody's shoulders, even though they had been as pachydermatous as those of the figurehead battered by Quilp down at his wharf on the Thames. It is a satisfaction at least to feel absolutely certain of this, that no organ of polite literature would ever dream now-a-days of indulging in any such brutal personalities.

Decade the Second.

"Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari."

Quinctiliani *Instit. Or.*, i. 8.

"The lyrical part of Horace can never be perfectly translated."

Sam. Johnson *apud* Boswell, vol. vii. p. 219.

"Horacio es de todos los poetas latinos el mas dificil de manejar."

Don Javier de Burgos, p. 11. Madrid, 1820.

"Horace crochette et furette tout le magasin des mots."

Montaigne, *Essais.*

"Prout's translations from Horace are too *free* and *easy.*"

Athenæum, 9th July, 1836.

Πειράσομαι λεγειν, Ω ΑΝΔΡΕΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ, δεηθεις ὑμων τοσαυτου, επειδαν παντα ακουσητε κρινατε, και μη προτερου προλαμβανετε.

Demost., Φιλιπ. Πρωτ.

The sage Montaigne, a grave Castilian,
Old Dr. Johnson, and Quinctilian,
Would say, a task, by no means facile,
Had fallen to him of Watergrasshill.
May he, then, claim indulgence for his
Renew'd attempt to render Horace? . . .
As for your critic o' th' *Asinæum,*
We (Yorke), unrancour'd, hope to see him
Smoking yet many a pipe, an't please ye,
With us at old Prout's "free and easy."—O. Y.

It is fully admitted, at this time of day, that endurable translations, in any modern idiom, of the Greek and Roman *capi d'opera,* are lamentably few. But

if there be a paucity of successful attempts in prose, it must not surprise us that the candidates for renown in the poetical department should be still less fortunate in the efforts they have made to climb the sacred hill, by catching at the skirts of some classic songster. The established and canonized authors of antiquity seem to view with no favourable eye these surreptitious endeavours to get at the summit-level of their glorious pre-eminence, and HORACE in particular (as Mawworm, or Mathews, would say) has positively resolved on "*wearing a Spenser.*" To the luckless and presumptuous wight who would fain follow him, in the hopes of catching at a fold of his impracticable jacket, he turns round and addresses, in his own peculiar Latin, the maxim which we will content ourselves with giving in the French of Voltaire:

"LE NOMBRE DES ELUS AU PARNASSE EST COMPLET!"

"The places are all taken, on the double-peaked mountain of Greek and Roman poesy the mansions are all tenanted; the classic Pegasus won't carry double; there is not the slightest chance here: go elsewhere, friend, and seek out in the regions of the north a Parnassus of your own."

Whereupon we are reminded of an anecdote of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, when the German horse-auxiliaries were routed at Ballynacoppul, in the county Wexford, by the bare-footed heroes of the pike and pitchfork. A victorious Patlander was busily engaged in a field pulling off the boots from a dead trooper, when another repealer, coming up, suggested the propriety of dividing the spoil—half-a-pair being, in his opinion, a reasonable allowance for both. "Why, then, neighbour," quietly observed the operator in reply, "can't you be aisy, and go and kill a Hessian *for yourself?*" By what process of induction this story occurred to us just now we cannot imagine; *àpropos des bottes*, most probably.

Certain it is that, to succeed, a translation must possess more or less intrinsic originality. Among us, POPE'S HOMER is, beyond all comparison, the most successful performance of its kind; not that it textually reproduces the "Iliad"—a task far more accurately accomplished by the maniac Cowper, in *his* unreadable version—but because the richly endowed mind of Pope himself pours out its own opulence in every line, and works the mineral ores of Greece with the abundant resources of English capital.

Dryden's forcible and vigorous, but more frequently rollicking and titubant, progress through the "Æneid," may awhile arrest the attention; nay, ever and anon some bold passage will excite our wonder, at the felicitous hardihood of "glorious John;" but it would be as wrong to call it VIRGIL, as to take the slapdash plungings of a "wild-goose at play" for the graceful and majestic motion of the Swan of Mantua gliding on the smooth surface of his native Mincio, under a luxuriant canopy of reeds. The TACITUS of Arthur Murphy is *not* the terse, significant, condensed, and deep-searching contemporary of Pliny; no one would feel more puzzled than the Roman to recognize his own semi-oracular style in the sonorous phraseology, the *quasi*-Gibbonian period, the "long impedimented march of oratoric pomp" with which the Cork man has encumbered him. And yet Murphy tacitly passes for a fit English representative of the acute ANNALIST, the scientific ANALYZER of imperial Rome. Our Junius alone could have done justice to the iron Latinity of Tacitus. To translate the letters of old "*Nominis umbra*" into French or Italian, would be as hopeless an experiment as to try and anglicize the *naïf* Lafontaine, or make Metastasio talk his soft nonsense through the medium of our rugged gutturals. PLUTARCH was lucky enough to have found long ago, among the French, a kindred mind in old Amyot: the only drawback to which good fortune is, that your modern Gaul requires somebody to translate the translator. Abbé Delille has enriched his country with an

admirable version of the "Georgics;" but the same ornamental touches which he used so successfully in embellishing Virgil, have rendered his translation of our Milton a model of absurdity.

No one reads "Ossian" now-a-days in England; his poems lie neglected among us—"desolate" as the very "walls of Balclutha:" yet in Italy, thanks to Cesarotti, "Fingal" still brandishes his spear "like an icicle," and the stars continue, "dimly to twinkle through thy form, ghost of the gallant Oscar!" The affair presents, in truth, a far more ornate and elaborate specimen of the bombast in the *toscana farella* than it doth in the original Macphersonic; and Buonaparte, who confessedly modelled the style of his "proclamations" on the speeches of these mad Highlanders, derived all his phil-Ossianism from the work of Cesarotti. Of the "Paradise Lost" there happen to be a couple of excellent Italian versions (with the author of one, the exiled Guido Sorelli, we now and then crack a bottle at Offley's); and "l'Eneide" of Annibal Caro is nearly unexceptionable. RABELAIS has met, in our Sir Thomas Urquhart, a congenial spirit; but DON QUIXOTE has never been enabled to cross the Pyrenees, much less the ocean-boundaries of the peninsula. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Westminster has lately sent, in Evans, a rival of the woful knight's chivalry to St. Sebastian. To return to the classics: when we have named Dr. Gifford's "Juvenal," with the praiseworthy labours of Sotheby and Chapman, we think we have exhausted the subject; for it requires no conjurer to tell us that Tom Moore's "Anacreon" is sad rubbish, and that, in hundreds of similar cases, the *traduttore* differs from a *traditore* only by a syllable.

On the theory, as well as the practice of translation, old Prout seems to have bestowed considerable attention; though it would appear, at first, somewhat strange that so eccentric and self-opinionated a genius as he evidently possessed could stoop to the common drudgery of merely transferring the thoughts of another man from one idiom into a second or third—nay, occasionally, a fourth (as in the case of "Les Bois de Blarney"), instead of pouring out on the world his own ideas in a copious flood of original composition. Why did he not indite a "poem" of his own? write a treatise on political economy? figure as a *natural* theologian? turn history into romance for the ladies? or into an old almanack for the Whigs? We believe the matter has been already explained by us; but, lest there should be any mistake, we do not care how often we repeat the Father's favourite assertion, that, in these latter days, "ORIGINALITY there can be none." The thing is not to be had. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, Plagiarism! thou art still perceptible to the eye of the true bookworm; and the silent process of reproduction in the world of ideas is not more demonstrable to the scientific inquirer than the progressive metempsychosis of matter itself, through all its variform molecules. As Horace has it:

> "Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere."
>
> *Ep. ad Pison.*, 70.

Or, to quote the more direct evidence of honest old Chaucer, who discovered the incontrovertible fact at the very peep-o'-day of modern literature:

> . . . . "Out of olde feldies, as man saieth,
> Comith all this newe corne from yere to yearn;
> And out of olde bokis, in good faithe,
> Comith all this newe science that menne learn."

Scarce is an ancient writer sunk into oblivion, or his works withdrawn from general perusal, when some literary Beau Tibbs starts upon town with the identical cast-off intellectual wardrobe, albeit properly "refreshed" so as to

puzzle any mortal eye, save that of a regularly educated Jew old-clothesman. ADDISON has hinted, somewhat obscurely, his belief in the practice here described, when (recording his judgment allegorically) he says—

> "Soon as the shades of night prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

Would any one wish to see this truth further developed, let him purchase a book called "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," by Benjamin Disraeli the Younger; of which, no doubt, a few copies remain on hand.

So long ago as the seventy-second Olympiad, an ingenious writer of Greek songs had already intimated his knowledge of these goings-on in the literary circles, and of the brain-sucking system generally, when he most truly (though enigmatically) represents the "black earth" drinking the rain-water, the trees pumping up the moisture of the soil, the sun inhaling the ocean vapours and vegetable juices, the moon living equally on suction—

> Ο δ' ηλιος θαλαττην
> Τον δ'ηλιον σελημη·

and so on, through a long series of compotations and mutual hobnobbings, to the end of the chapter. Most modern readers are satisfied with moonshine.

Prout had too high a sense of honesty to affect original writing; hence he openly gave himself out as a simple translator. "*Non meus hic sermo*" was his constant avowal, and he sincerely pitied the numerous pretenders to inventive genius with whom the times abound. Smitten with the love of antique excellence, and absorbed in the contemplation of classic beauty, he turned with disdain from books of minor attraction, and had no relish save for the ever-enduring perfections of the Greek and Roman muse. He delighted in transferring these ancient thoughts to a modern vocabulary, and found solace and enjoyment in the renewed repercussion of remote and bygone "old familiar" sounds.

There is not, in the whole range of pagan mythology, a more graceful impersonation than that of the nymph Echo—the disconsolate maiden, who pined away until nothing remained but the faculty of giving back the voice of her beloved. To the veteran enthusiast of Watergrasshill, little else was left in the decline of his age but a corresponding tendency to *translate* what in his youth he had admired; though it must be added, that his echoes were sometimes like the one at Killarney, which, if asked, "*How do you do, Paddy Blake?*" will answer, "*Pretty well, I thank you!*"

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *July 26th.*

WATERGRASSHILL, *half-past eleven.*

In the natural progress of things, and following the strict order of succession, I alight on the tenth ode of book the first, whereof the title is "AD MERCURIUM." This personage, called by the Greeks HERMES, or the "interpreter," deserves particular notice at my hands in this place; forasmuch as, among the crowd of attributes ascribed to him by pagan divines, and the vast multiplicity of occupations to which he is represented as giving his attention (such as performing heavenly messages, teaching eloquence, guiding ghosts, presiding over highways, patronizing commerce and robbers), he originated, and may be supposed to preserve a lingering regard for, the art of *translation*. Conveyancing is a science divisible into many departments, over all which his influence, no doubt, extends: nor is it the least troublesome province of all

aptly to convey the meaning of a difficult writer. With ORPHEUS, then, may it be allowable to address him on the threshold of a task like mine—

Κλυθι μου Ερμεια, Διος αγγελε, κ. τ. λ.

Indeed, Dean Swift, in his advice to poets, seems to be fully aware of the importance to be attached to the assistance of so useful and multiform an agent, when he knowingly penned the following recipe for "*the machinery*" of an epic :—

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use ; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle : let Juno set him in a ferment and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, *to make use of* VOLATILE MERCURY."

The quantity of business necessarily transacted by him in his innumerable capacities, has furnished that profane scoffer at all established creeds, LUCIAN, with matter of considerable merriment; he going so far, in one of his dialogues, as to hint, that, though young in appearance (according to what sculpture and painting have made of his outward semblance), he must fain be as old as Japhet in malice. This degenerate Greek would seem to look on the god of wit, eloquence, commerce, and diplomacy, as a sort of pagan compound of Figaro, Rothschild, Dick Turpin, and Talleyrand. It would be naturally expected that our neighbours, the French, should have evinced, from the earliest times, an instinctive partiality for so lively an impersonation of their own endemic peculiarities ; and we therefore feel no surprise in finding that fact recorded by a holy Father of the second century (*Tertullian adversus Gnostic*, cap. vii.), the same observation occurring to Cæsar in his "Commentaries," viz. "*Galli deum maxime Mercurium colunt*" (lib. iv.). HUET, the illustrious bishop of Avranches, has brought considerable ability to the identification of Mercury, or *Hermes Trismegistus*, with the Hebrew shepherd MOSES; and this, I confess, has been my own system, long ago adopted by me on the perusal of Father Kircher's "Œdipus."

The twisted serpents round his magical rod are but slight indications of his connection with Egypt, compared to the coincidences which might be alleged were it advisable to enter on the inquiry; and I merely allude to it here because Horace himself thinks proper, in the following ode, to call his celestial patron a "*nephew of Mount Atlas :*" setting thus at rest the question of his African pedigree. This odd expression has been re-echoed by an Italian poet of celebrity in some sonorous lines :

"Scendea talor degli inaurati scanni
E risaliva alle stellanti rote,
Araldo dagli Dei battendo i vanni
D'Atlante il facondissimo nipote."

We are told by Apollodorus how the god, walking one day on the banks of the Nile, after the annual inundation had ceased, and the river had fallen back into its accustomed channel, found a dead tortoise lying on its back, all the fleshy parts of which had been dried up by the action of the sun's rays, so intensely powerful in Egypt : but a few of the tougher fibres remained; upon touching which, the light-fingered deity found them to emit an agreeable tone. Forthwith was conceived in his inventive brain the idea of a lute. Thus, the laws of gravitation are reported to have suggested themselves to Newton, while pondering in his orchard of an afternoon, on seeing a ripe apple fall from its parent branch. The Corinthian capital was the result of a Greek girl having left her clothes-basket, covered over with a tile, on a plant of acanthus. The STEAM-ENGINE originated in observing the motion of the lid on a barber's kettle. Whatever gracefulness and beauty may be found in the three first

statements (and, surely, they are highly calculated to charm the fancy), the last, I fear (though leading to far more important consequences than all the rest), offers but a meagre subject for painting or poetry.

The Latin name of Mercury is derived, according to a tradition religiously preserved among those hereditary guardians of primitive ignorance, the schoolmasters, from the word *merx*, merchandise. I beg leave to submit (and I am borne out by an old MS. in the King's Library, Paris, marked B. Φ.), that, though the name of commercial commodities may have been aptly taken from the god supposed to preside over their prosperous interchange, HE himself was so called from his functions of messenger between earth and heaven, *quasi* MEDIUS CURRENS; an origin of far higher import, and an allusion to far more sacred doctrines, than are to be gathered from the ordinary ravings of pagan theology.

Among the Greeks, he rejoiced in the equally significant title of Hermes, or, the "expounder of hidden things." And, for all the purposes of life, it would appear that he was as constantly put in requisition by his classic devotees of old, as St. Antonio of Padua is at the present day among the *vetturini*, and the vulgar generally throughout Italy. It is, however, a somewhat strange contradiction in the Greek system of divinity, that the god of locomotion and rapidity should also be the protector of fixtures, milestones, landmarks, monumental erections, and of matters conveying the idea of permanence and stability. The well-known signet of Erasmus, which gave rise to sundry malicious imputations against that eminent priest, was a statue of the god in the shape of a *terminus*, with the motto, "CEDO NULLI;" and every one knows what odium attached itself to the youth Alcibiades, when, in a mad frolic, he removed certain figures of this description, during a night of jollity, in the streets of Athens. The author of the Book of Proverbs gives a caution, which it were well for modern destructives were they to take to themselves, entering into the spirit that dictated that most sensible admonition (Prov. xxii. 28, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set:" "*Ne transgrediaris terminos antiquos quos posuerunt patres tui.*"—*Id. Vulgate.*

ODE X.—HYMN TO MERCURY.

"MERCURI facunde Nepos ATLANTIS."

I.

Persuasive HERMES! AFRIC's son!
Who—scarce had human life begun—
Amid our rude forefathers shone
With arts instructive,
And man to new refinement won
With grace seductive.

II.

Herald of Jove, and of his court,
The lyre's inventor and support,
GENIUS! that can at will resort
To glorious cunning;
Both gods and men in furtive sport
And wit outrunning!

III.

YOU, when a child the woods amid,
APOLLO's kine drew off and hid;
And when the god with menace bid
The spoil deliver,
Forced him to smile—for, while he chid,
You stole his quiver!

I.

Mercuri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus, et decoræ
More palæstræ!

II.

Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto.

III.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

IV.

The night old PRIAM sorrowing went,
With gold, through many a GRECIAN tent,
And many a foeman's watchfire, bent
To ransom HECTOR,
In you he found a provident
Guide and protector.

V.

Where bloom ELYSIUM's groves, beyond
Death's portals and the STYGIAN pond,
You guide the ghosts with golden wand,
Whose special charm is
That JOVE and PLUTO both are fond
Alike of HERMES!

IV.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

V.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces
Aurea turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus et imis.

So much for Mercury. Turn we now to another feature in the planetary system. The rage for astrological pursuits, and the belief in a secret influence exercised by the stars over the life and fortune of individuals, seems, at certain epochs of the world's history, to have seized on mankind like a periodical epidemic; but at no junction of human affairs was the mania so prevalent as after the death of Julius Cæsar. The influx of Asiatic luxury had been accompanied by the arrival at Rome of a number of "wise men from the east," and considerable curiosity had been excited among all classes by the strange novelty of oriental traditions. Among these remnants of original revelation, the announcement of a forthcoming Conqueror, to be harbingered and ushered into the possession of empire by a mysterious star,* had fixed the attention of political intriguers as a fit engine for working on popular credulity; and hence the partisans of young Octavius were constantly ringing the changes on "CÆSARIS ASTRUM" and "JULIUM SIDUS," until they had actually forced the populace into a strong faith in the existence of some celestial phenomenon connected with the imperial house of Cæsar. Those who recollect, as I do, how famously "Pastorini's Prophecies" assisted the interests of Captain Rock and the dynasty of Derrynane, will understand the nature of this sort of humbug, and will readily imagine how the mob of Rome was tutored by the *augurs* into a firm reliance on the interference of Heaven in the business. Buonaparte was too shrewd a student of human weaknesses, and had read history too carefully to overlook the tendency of the vulgar towards this belief in supernatural apparitions; hence he got up an *ignis fatuus* of his own, which he called the "SOLEIL D'AUSTERLITZ," and out of which he took a particular shine on more than one brilliant occasion. Many an old infidel grenadier was firmly persuaded that, better than Joshua the Jew, their leader could command the glorious disc to do his biddings; and every battle-field, consequently, became a "valley of Ajalon," where they smote the sourcrout children of Germany to their hearts' content. But we are wandering from the era of Augustus. By a very natural process, the belief in a ruling star, in connection with the imperial family, expanded itself from that narrow centre into the broad circumference of every family in the empire; and each individual began to fancy he might discover a small twinkling shiner, of personal importance to himself, in the wide canopy of heaven. Great, in consequence, was the profit accruing to any cunning seer from the east, who might happen to set up an observatory on some one of the seven hills for the purpose of allotting to each lady and gentleman their own particular planet. Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Dr. Spurzheim, and St. John

* The expressions of Propertius are very remarkable:

"Quæritis et cœlo PHŒNICUM INVENTA sereno
Quæ sit stella," &c., &c.

Lib. ii. 20, 60.

Long, had long been anticipated by Roman practitioners; and in the annals of roguery, as well as of literature and politics, there is nothing new under the sun.

In Mr. Ainsworth's yet unpublished romance of the "Admirable Crichton" (which he has had the idea of submitting to my perusal), I cannot but commend the use he has made of the astrological practices so prevalent under the reign of Henri Trois, and in the days of Catherine de Medicis; indeed, I scarcely know any of the so-called historical novels of this frivolous generation, which has altogether so graphically reproduced the spirit and character of the times, as this dashing and daring portraiture of the young Scotchman and his contemporaries.

The mistress of Horace, it would seem, had taken it into her head to go consult these soothsayers from Chaldea, as to the probable duration of the poet's life and her own—of course, fancying it needless to inquire as to the probability of their amours being quite commensurate with the continuance of their earthly career; a matter which circumstances, nevertheless, should render somewhat problematical—whereupon her lover chides the propensity, in the following strain of tender and affectionate remonstrance:—

ODE XI.

AD LEUCONOEN.

I.

Love, mine! seek not to grope
Through the dark windings of CHALDEAN witchery,
To learn your horoscope,
Or mine, from vile adepts in fraud and treachery.
My LEUCONOË! shun
Those sons of BABYLON.

II.

Far better 'twere to wait,
Calmly resign'd, the destined hour's maturity,
Whether our life's brief date
This winter close, or, through a long futurity,
For us the sea still roar
On yon TYRRENEAN shore.

III.

Let WISDOM fill the cup:—
Vain hopes of lengthen'd days and years felicitous
FOLLY may treasure up;
Ours be the day that passeth—unsolicitous
Of what the next may bring.
TIME flieth as we sing!

I.

Tu ne quæsieris,
Scire nefas,
Quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Di dederint,
Leuconoë,
Nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros.—
Ut melius

II.

Quidquid erit, pati,
Seu plures hiemes,
Seu tribuit
Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis
Debilitat
Pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum!

III.

Sapias, vina liques,
Et spatio brevi
Spem longem reseces,
Dum loquimur,
Fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem,
Quam minimum
Credula postero.

Horace has often been accused of plundering the Greeks, and of transferring entire odes from their language into Latin metres. The charge is perfectly borne out by conclusive facts, and I shall have many an opportunity of recurring to the evidences, as afforded in the subsequent decades of this series. The opening of the following glorious dithyramb is clearly borrowed from the Ἀναξιφορμιγγες Ὑμνοι of Pindar; but I venture to say that there is not, in the whole collection of the Songs of Horace, a more truly Roman, a more

intensely national effusion, than this invocation of divine protection on the head of the government. The art of lyrical progression, the *ars celare artem*, is nowhere practised with greater effect; and the blending up of all the historical recollections most dear to the country with the prospects of the newly established dynasty, the hopes of the young Marcellus, and the preservation of the emperor's life, is a master-stroke of the politico-poetical tactician. The very introduction of a word in honour of the republican Cato, by throwing the public off its guard, and by giving an air of independent boldness to the composition, admirably favours the object he has in view. A more august association of ideas, a bolder selection of images, is not to be found within the compass of any ode, ancient or modern—save, perhaps, in the canticle of Habakkuk, or in the "Persian feast" of Dryden.

ODE XII.—A PRAYER FOR AUGUSTUS.

"Quem virum aut heroa."

ARIA—"Sublime was the warning."

I.

Name, CLIO, the man! or the god . . .—for whose sake
The lyre, or the clarion, loud echoes shall wake
On thy favourite hill, or in HELICON'S grove? . . . .
Whence forests have follow'd the wizard of THRACE,
When rivers enraptured suspended their race,
When ears were vouchsafed to the obdurate oak,
And the blasts of Mount HÆMUS bow'd down to the yoke
Of the magical minestrel, grandson of JOVE.

II.

First to HIM raise the song! whose parental control
Men and gods feel alike; whom the waves, as they roll—
Whom the earth, and the stars, and the seasons obey,
Unapproach'd in his GODHEAD; majestic ALONE,
Though PALLAS may stand on the steps of his throne,
Though huntress DIANA may challenge a shrine,
And worship be due to the god of the vine,
And to archer APOLLO, bright giver of day!

III.

Shall we next sing ALCIDES? or LÆDA'S twin-lights—
Him the Horseman, or him whom the Cestus delights?
Both shining aloft, by the seaman adored:
(For he kens that their rising the clouds can dispel,
Dash the foam from the rock, and the hurricane quell.)—
Of ROMULUS next shall the claim be allow'd?
Of NUMA the peaceful? of TARQUIN the proud?
Of CATO, whose fall hath ennobled his sword?

IV.

Shall SCAURUS, shall REGULUS fruitlessly crave
Honour due? shall the CONSUL, who prodigal gave
His life-blood on CANNÆ'S disasterous plain?—
CAMILLUS? or he whom a king could not tempt?
Stern Poverty's children, unfashion'd, unkempt.—
The fame of MARCELLUS grows yet in the shade,
But the meteor of JULIUS beams over his head,
Like the moon that outshines all the stars in her train!

V.

Great DEITY, guardian of men! unto whom
We commend, in AUGUSTUS, the fortunes of Rome,
REIGN FOR EVER! but guard *his* subordinate throne.
Be it his—of the PARTHIAN each inroad to check;
Of the INDIAN, in triumph, to trample the neck;
To rule all the nations of earth;—be it JOVE'S
To exterminate guilt from the god's hallow'd groves,
Be the bolt and the chariot of thunder THINE OWN!

Next comes an ode in imitation of Sappho. Who has not read that wondrous woman's eloquent outburst of ecstatic passion? In all antiquity, no love-song obtained such celebrity as that which has come down to us in the form of a fragment; but though many attempts have been made to divest it of its Grecian envelope, and robe it in modern costume, I am sorry for the sake of the ladies to be obliged to say, that it can never be presented in any other shape than what it wears in the splendid original. This is the more to be regretted, as in a recent volume of very exquisite poetry, Miss Landon has devoted six glowing pages* to the development of Sappho's supposed feelings. If kindred eloquence could be taken as a substitute, and if the delicate instinct of a lively and fertile female soul may be imagined fully capable of catching the very spirit of Greek inspiration, then may it be permitted to apply the words of Horace occurring in another place:

"Spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commissi calores
Lætitiæ fidibus puellæ."
Lib. iv. ode ix.

But, returning to the ode before us, it is not my province to decide whether the jealousy which our poet here describes was really felt, or only affected for poetic purposes. From the notorious unsteadiness of his attachments, and the multitudinous list of his loves, including in the catalogue Lalagé, Glycera, Leuconoë, Neæra, Cloris, Pyrrha, Nerine, Lycé, Phidylé, Cynaris, &c., &c. (by the way, all *Greek* girls), I should greatly doubt the sincerity of his ardour for Lydia. It is only necessary, for the explanation of "*dente labris notam*," terminating the third stanza, in reference to Roman ideas of proper behaviour towards the ladies, to record what Flora says of her friend Pompey, in Plutarch's life of that illustrious general:—Μνημονευειν της προς τον Πομπειον ομιλιας ως ουχ ην εκεινῳ συναναπαυσαμενην ΑΔΗΚΤΩΣ απελθειν. For the right understanding of that singular phrase in the fourth stanza, the "quintessence," or "fifth part," of NECTAR, be it remembered that the sweetness of the celestial beverage so called was supposed to be divided into ten parts, the tenth or tithe whereof constituted what men call *honey*: Το μελι, ενατον της αμβροσιας μερος, quoth Ibycus. From which it is as plain as Cocker, that Love, being the fifth part, or $\frac{1}{5}$, gives a fractional sweetness of much higher power and intensity.

ODE XIII.—THE POET'S JEALOUSY.

"Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam," &c.

I.

LYDIA, when you tauntingly
Talk of TELEPHUS, praising him
For his beauty, vauntingly
Far beyond me raising him,
His rosy neck, and arms of alabaster,
My rage I scarce can master!

I.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam,
Cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ! meum
Fervens difficili
Bile tumet jecur.

* Pp. 115–121 of the "Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems, by L. E. L." 1 vol. small 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

II.

Pale and faint with dizziness,
All my features presently
Paint my soul's uneasiness;
Tears, big tears, incessantly
Steal down my cheeks, and tell in what fierce fashion
My bosom burns with passion.

III.

'Sdeath! to trace the evidence
Of your gay deceitfulness,
Mid the cup's improvidence,
Mid the feast's forgetfulness,
To trace, where lips and ivory shoulders pay for it,
The kiss of some young favourite!

IV.

Deem not vainly credulous
Such wild transports durable,
Or that, fond and sedulous,
LOVE is thus procurable:
Though VENUS drench the kiss with her quintessence,
Its nectar Time soon lessens.

V.

But where meet (thrice fortunate!)
Kindred hearts and suitable,
Strife comes ne'er importunate,
Love remains immutable;
On to the close they glide, mid scenes Elysian,
Through life's delightful vision!

II.

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet;
Humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus
Macerer ignibus.

III.

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros
Immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem
Dente labris notam.

IV.

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum
Dulcia barbaré
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui
Nectaris imbuit.

V.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet
Copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius
Solvet Amor die!

Quinctilian (lib. viii. 6) gives the following address to the vessel of the state as a specimen of well-sustained allegory. It appears to have been written at the outbreak of the civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, and of course, as all such compositions ought to do, explains itself. There is, however, a naval manœuvre hinted at in st. ii. admirably illustrative of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles (cap. xxvii. v. 17), where the mariners are described by St. Luke as "*undergirding* the ship" that carried Paul. Ropes, it appears, were let down, and drawn under the keel of the vessel to keep all tight: this is what Horace indicates by *sine funibus carinæ*. I recommend the point to Captain Marryat, should he make St. Paul's shipwreck on the isle of Malta the subject of his next nautico-historical novel.

ODE XIV.—TO THE VESSEL OF THE STATE.

An Allegory.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

I.

What fresh perdition urges,
GALLEV! thy darksome track,
Once more upon the surges?
Hie to the haven back!
Doth not the lightning show thee
Thou hast got none to row thee?

I.

O navis, referent
In mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis?
Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus

II.

Is not thy mainmast shatter'd?
Hath not the boisterous south
Thy yards and rigging scatter'd?
In dishabille uncouth,
How canst thou hope to weather
The storms that round thee gather?

II.

Et malus celeri
Saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant,
Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

III.

Rent are the sails that deck'd thee;
Deaf are thy gods become,
Though summon'd to protect thee,
Though sued to save thee from
The fate thou most abhorrest,
Proud daughter of the forest!

III.

Æquor? Non tibi sunt
Integra lintea,
Non Di quos iterum
Pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,

IV.

Thy vanity would vaunt us,
Yon richly pictured poop
Pine-timbers from the PONTUS;
Fear lest, in one fell swoop,
Paint, pride, and pine-trees hollow,
The scoffing whirlpool swallow!

IV.

Jactes et genus et
Nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus
Navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

V.

I've watch'd thee sad and pensive,
Source of my recent cares!
Oh, wisely apprehensive,
Venture not unawares
Where GREECE spreads out her seas,
Begemm'd with CYCLADES!

V.

Nuper sollicitum
Quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium,
Curaque non levis
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

The same "*intérêt de circonstance*" which may have given piquancy to the allegory, possibly attached itself also to the following spirited lines. Antony and Cleopatra must have looked on the allusion to Paris and Helen as libellous in the extreme. Considered merely in the light of a political squib, the ode is capital; but it has higher merit as a finished lyric; and Tom Campbell evidently found in it the form as well as substance of his popular and spirited effusion:

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array."

ODE XV.—THE SEA-GOD'S WARNING TO PARIS.

"Pastor cum traheret," &c.

I.

As the Shepherd of Troy, wafting over the deep
Sad Perfidy's freightage, bore HELEN along,
Old NEREUS uprose, hush'd the breezes to sleep,
And the secrets of doom thus reveal'd in his song.

II.

Ah! homeward thou bring'st, with an omen of dread,
One whom GREECE will reclaim!—for her millions have sworn
Not to rest till they tear the false bride from thy bed,
Or till PRIAM'S old throne their revenge overturn.

III.

See the struggle! how foam covers horsemen and steeds!
See thy ILION consign'd to the bloodiest of sieges!
Mark, array'd in her helmet, MINERVA, who speeds
To prepare for the battle her car and her ægis!

IV.

Too fondly thou deemest that VENUS will vouch
For a life which thou spendest in trimming thy curls,
Or in tuning, reclined on an indolent couch,
An effeminate lyre to an audience of girls.

V.

Though awhile in voluptuous pastime employ'd,
Far away from the contest, the truant of lust
May baffle the bowmen, and AJAX avoid,
Thy adulterous ringlets are doom'd to the dust!

VI.

Seest thou him of ITHACA, scourge of thy race?
Gallant TEUCER of Salamis? NESTOR the wise?
How, urging his car on thy cowardly trace,
Swift STHENELUS poises his lance as he flies?

VII.

Swift STHENELUS, DIOMED's brave charioteer,
Accomplish'd in war like the Cretan MERYON,
Fierce, towering aloft, see his master appear,
Of a generous stock the illustrious scion.

VIII.

Whom thou, like a fawn, when a wolf in the valley
The delicate pasture compels him to leave,
Wilt fly, faint and breathless—though flight may not tally
With all thy beloved heard thee boast to achieve.

IX.

ACHILLES, retired in his angry pavilion,
Shall cause a short respite to Troy and her dames;
Yet a few winters more, and the turrets of ILION
Must sink mid the roar of retributive flames!

Horace first burst on the town as a satirist, and more than one fair dame must have had cause, like TYNDARIS, *to* fall out with him. There is a graceful mixture of playfulness and remonstrance in the following *amende honorable*, in which he dwells on the unseemly appearance of resentment and anger in the features of beauty. With reference to stanza v., it would appear that the tragedy of "Thyestes," by Varus, was at that moment in a successful run on the Roman boards.

ODE XVI.—THE SATIRIST'S RECANTATION.

PALINODIA AD TYNDARIDEM.

"O! matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior."

I.

Blest with a charming mother, yet,
Thou still more fascinating daughter!
Prithee my vile lampoons forget—
Give to the flames the libel—let
The satire sink in Hadria's water!

I.

O! matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis
Cunque voles modum
Pones iambis; sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Hadriano.

II.

Not all CYBELE's solemn rites,
Cymbals of brass and spells of magic;
APOLLO's priest, mid Delphic flights;
Or BACCHANAL, mid fierce delights,
Presents a scene more tragic

III.

Than ANGER, when it rules the soul.
Nor fire nor sword can then surmount her,
Nor the vex'd elements control,
Though JOVE himself, from pole to pole,
Thundering rush down to the encounter.

IV.

PROMETHEUS—forced to graft, of old,
Upon our stock a foreign scion,
Mix'd up—if we be truly told—
With some brute particles, our mould—
ANGER he gather'd from the LION.

V.

ANGER destroy'd THYESTE's race,
O'erwhelm'd his house in ruin thorough,
And many a lofty city's trace
Caused a proud foeman to efface,
Ploughing the site with hostile furrow

VI.

Oh, be appeased! 'twas rage, in sooth,
First woke my song's satiric tenor;
In wild and unreflecting youth,
ANGER inspired the deed uncouth:
But, pardon that foul misdemeanour.

VII.

Lady! I swear—my recreant lays
Henceforth to rectify and alter—
To change my tones from blame to praise,
Should your rekindling friendship raise
The spirits of a sad defaulter!

II.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum
Incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

III.

Tristes ut iræ: quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis,
Nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Juppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

IV.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus
Particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

V.

Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere, et altis
Urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris

VI.

Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem;
Me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, et in celeres iambos

VII.

Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia;
Dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Here follows a *billet-doux*, conveying to the same offended lady (whose wrath we must suppose to have vanished on perusal of the foregoing) a gallant invitation to the rural mansion of our author. To perceive the difference between a *bonâ fide* invite and a mere moonshine proposal, it is only necessary to collate this with Tom Moore's

'Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew!"

ODE XVII.—AN INVITATION TO HORACE'S VILLA.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

I.

Oft for the hill where ranges
My Sabine flock,
Swift-footed FAWN exchanges
ARCADIA's rock,
And, tempering summer's ray, forbids
Untoward rain to harm my kids.

I.

Velox amœnum
Sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo
Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

II.

And there, in happy vagrance,
Roams the she-goat,
Lured by marital fragrance,
Through dells remote;
Of each wild herb and shrub partakes,
Nor fears the coil of lurking snakes.

III.

No prowling wolves alarm her;
Safe from their gripe
While FAWN, immortal charmer!
Attunes his pipe,
And down the vale and o'er the hills
Of USTICA each echo fills.

IV.

The GODS, their bard caressing,
With kindness treat:
They've fill'd my house with blessing—
My country-seat,
Where Plenty voids her loaded horn,
Fair TYNDARIS, pray come adorn!

V.

From SIRIUS in the zenith,
From summer's glare,
Come, where the valley screeneth,
Come, warble there
Songs of the hero, for whose love
PENELOPÉ and CIRCÉ strove.

VI.

Nor shall the cup be wanting,
So harmless then,
To grace that hour enchanting
In shady glen.
Nor shall the juice our calm disturb,
Nor aught our sweet emotions curb?

VII.

Fear not, my fair one! CYRUS
Shall *not* intrude,
Nor worry thee, desirous
Of solitude,
Nor rend thy innocent robe, nor tear
The garland from thy flowing hair.

II.

Impune tutum
Per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes
Et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti:
Nec virides metuunt colubras,

III.

Nec martiales
Hæduleæ lupos;
Utcunque dulci,
Tyndari, fistula
Valles, et Usticæ cubantis
Levia personuere saxa.

IV

Dî me tuentur;
Dîs pietas mea
Et musa cordi est.
Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

V.

Hic in reductâ
Valle caniculæ
Vitabis æstus,
Et fide Teïâ
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

VI.

Hic innocentis
Pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ;
Nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia; nec metues protervum

VII.

Suspecta Cyrum
Ne male dispari
Incontinentes
Injiciat manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

ODE XVIII.

This drinking song is a manifest translation from the Greek of Alcæus. To the concluding words, "*perlucidior vitro*," I have ventured to attach a meaning which the recent discoveries at Pompeii, of drinking utensils made of a kind of silicious material, would seem fully to justify.

"Nullam, VARE, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem," &c.

Μηδεν αλλο φυτευσης προτερον δενδρον αμπελω, κ. τ. λ.
ALCÆUS *apud* ATHENÆUM.

I.

Nullam, Vare, sacre vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili:
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.

II.

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero

III.

Debellata; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus

IV.

Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

I.

Since at TIVOLI, VARUS, you've fix'd upon planting
Round your villa enchanting,
Of all trees, O my friend! let the VINE be the first.

II.

On no other condition will JOVE lend assistance
To keep at a distance
Chagrin, and the cares that accompany thirst.

III.

No one talks after wine about "battles" or "famine;"
But, if you examine,
The praises of love and good living are rife.

IV.

Though once the CENTAURS, mid potations too ample,
Left a tragic example
Of a banquet dishonour'd by bloodshed and strife.

V.

Far removed be such doings from us! Let the THRACIANS,
Amid their libations,
Confound all the limits of right and of wrong

VI.

I never will join in their orgies unholy—
I never will sully
The rites that to leaf-y-crown'd BACCHUS belong

VII.

CYBELÈ may silence her priesthood, and calm her
Brass cymbals and clamour;
Away with such outbursts, uproarious and vain!

VIII.

Displays often follow'd by Insolence, mulish,
And Confidence foolish,
To be seen through and through, like this glass that I drain!

In the first decade of Horatian songs, it became my duty to supply in the original Latin, from the Vatican *Codex*, a long-lost effusion of the Sabine farmer, called "*Virent arundines;*" or, as the Scotch have it, "Green grow the rashes, O!" I am equally happy to be enabled, owing to the late Sir Humphry Davy's experiments on the calcined volumes found at Herculaneum, to supply, in concluding this second essay, *another* lost ode of Horace, which has been imitated both in French and English (unconsciously, no doubt) by two modern versemongers.

ODE XIX.

I.

LA CHÛTE D'EMMA.

Ah! maudite soit l'heure,
Quand de l'humble demeure
D'EMMA, le faux seigneur
eut franchi le sueil.
Pauvre fille! la lune
Pleura ton infortune,
Et couvrit son visage
en signe de deuil.

II.

Bientôt la lune étale
Sa clarté de Vestale,
Et de son chaste front
les nuages s'en vont,—
Mais la tache qui reste
De cette nuit funeste,
Qui pourra l'effacer?
ou réparer l'affront?

III.

La neige virginale
Couvrait tout l'intervalle
Du superbe manoir
au modeste réduit;
Et la blanche surface
Garda plus d'une trace
Des pas du faux seigneur
cette fatale nuit.

IV.

Un rayon du soleil,
A son premier réveil,
Effaça pour toujours
les vestiges du parjure;
Mais, EMMA! il te faut
Une lumière d'en haut,
Qui verse un doux oubli
sur ta mésaventure!

I.

EVELINE'S FALL.

Ah! weep for the hour
When, to Eveline's bower,
The lord of the valley
With false vows came.
The moon hid her light
In the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds
For the maiden's shame.

II.

The clouds pass soon
From the cold chaste moon,
And the heavens smiled again
With her vestal flame;
But who shall see the day
When the cloud will pass away
Which that evening left
Upon Eveline's name?

III.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
Where the lord of the manor
Cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print,
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footsteps
To Eveline's door.

IV.

The first sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the passage
Where the false lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow
Of Eveline's fame!

I.

LAPSUS EMMÆ.

Heu lachrymor horam
Cum fraudibus malis,
Dux virgine coràm
Apparuit vallis.
Non tulit impuné
Congressum misella, . . .
Cor doluit Lunæ
Pro lapsâ puellâ!

II.

Quæ condidit frontem
Sub nubium velo,
Mox vultum insontem
Explicuit cœlo.
Sed utinam casti,
Sic nominis gemma,
Quam tu inquinasti
Clarescerat EMMA!

III.

Tegebant rus nives,
Cum meditans crimen,
Pedem tulit dives
Ad pauperis limen.
Et ager est fassus,
Vel indice calle,
Quâ tulerat passus
In candidâ valle.

IV.

Exoriens, mané
Sol uti consuevit
Vestigia plané
Nivemque delevit;
Puella! par lumen
Quod sanet remorsum,
Misericors Numen
Det tibi deorsùm!

XXIII.

The Songs of Horace.

(*Fraser's Magazine, September*, 1836.)

—o—

[Croquis' etching in the *Fraser* containing Mahony's third decade of the Songs of Horace was a full-length profile-sketch of Sheridan Knowles, distinctly suggestive (in his stooping shoulders) of the author of the "Hunchback." Any one who has ever glanced at it will readily recall to mind the grotesque effect with which the dramatist's chin is meditatively buried in his capacious cravat, while clearly enough, though afar off, is seen Shakspere's Monument.]

Decade the Third.

"Tu Latium beas Horati,
Alcæo potior lyristes ipso."—Sidon. Apollin., ep. viii.

"Le seul Horace en tous genres excelle—
De Citharée exalte les faveurs,
Chante les dieux, les héros, les buveurs;
Des sots auteurs berne les vers ineptes,
Nous instruisant par gracieux préceptes,
Et par sermons, de joye antidotes."—J. B. Rousseau.

Horace, in one small volume, shows us what it is
To blend together every kind of talent;—
'Tis a bazaar for all sorts of commodities,
To suit the gay, the sad, the grave, the gallant:
He deals in songs and "sermons," whims and oddities,
By turns is philosophic and pot-valiant,
And not unfrequently with sarcasm slaughters
The vulgar insolence of coxcomb authors.—O. Y.

The "*diffusion*" of knowledge is, we suspect, somehow irreconcilable with its *condensation;* at least, we see no other way of explaining the notorious fact, that one old standard author contains (either in the germ or in full development) more ideas than a whole modern "Cyclopædia;" furnishing more materials for thought and feeling to work on than are now accumulated during a whole Olympiad in the warehouses of Paternoster Row. It is for this reason that we gladly revert with Prout to the small Elzevir which, towards the close of his earthly career, formed the subject of his vesper meditations, and cheerfully accompany him through another "decade" of his classic rosary.

Not that we are inattentive to the workings of the human mind, as displayed in modern authorship; not that we neglect the still more fleeting effusions of contemporary "JOURNALISM;" we read everything that appears in the shape of print; we glance at every object that comes across our path or falls in our way, from the broad sheet of political lightning that flashes every morning from the THUNDERER, to the wisdom of Lord Palmerston, made up every evening in "that ball of horse-dung called the *Globe*."* We take an interest in the daily—we are even curious to see its spirit diluted in the weakly, press; not disdaining the ephemeral baked meats that coldly furnish forth the hebdomadal banquet. The "*repetita κραμβη*" (or "twice-boiled cabbage") does not "kill" us, as it did certain pedagogues in the days of Juvenal; we roam through this world of newspapers and publications like the famous "child at a feast," tasting of each solid, sipping of each liquid, destructive, as it may be, or restorative to the constitution, from the sparkling champagne poured out by Hook or Maginn, to the blue ruin of the *Examiner*, or the small beer of the *Dispatch*.

Such has been our practice up to the present time, but we know not how it will be with us next month. We know not whether we shall be tempted to take up a newspaper after the fatal ides of September, 1836.

The removal of the stamp-duty on the 15th bids fair to open the floodgates of "diffusion," so as to swamp us altogether. Then will begin the grand millennium of cheap knowledge; from that auspicious day will be dated the hegira of Hetherington. The conquest of China by the Tartars will find its parallel in the simultaneous rush of writers over the great wall, which the sober wisdom of former reigns had erected to restrain such-like inroads of Calmuc vagrancy. The breaking down of the dykes of Holland, and the letting in of the Zuyderzee, is to be rehearsed in the domains of literature. The Dutchmen were drowned by a rat—*we* are to be inundated by Rice. SOAP, it is true, will continue to be as dear as ever, but the "waters of instruction" are to be plentifully supplied to the unwashed.

"Venit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua."—*Iter Brundis.*

One cannot help imagining that a concomitant reduction on the former most useful article would prove as beneficial to the Radicals as the cheapening of brimstone (for example) would be to the writers and readers of the *Courier;* but the Whigs, probably, wish to monopolize yet awhile the staple manufacture of Windsor, for the exclusive purpose of blowing bubbles to delude the rabble. We observe, by the bye, from a recently-discovered process, that the *flints* have been found less hard-hearted than the Chancellor.

To the press, as hitherto constituted, we acknowledge ourselves exceedingly indebted. On a late occasion, the unanimous expression of cordial sympathy which burst from every organ of public opinion, in reprobation of a brutal assault, has been to us consolatory and gratifying. We shall hazard the incurring a charge of vanity, perhaps, but we cannot help replying to such testimonies of fellow-feeling towards ourselves in the language of a gifted Roman:—"*Est mihi jucunda in malis, et grata in dolore, vestra erga me voluntas; sed curam de me quæso deponite*" (*Catilinar.* iv.). The interests of literature are still uppermost in our thoughts, and take precedency of any selfish considerations. WE will be ever found at our post, intrepidly denouncing the vulgar arrogance of booby scribblers, unsparingly censuring the obtrusion into literary circles of silly pretenders, ignorant horse-jockies, and brainless bullies.

We said that nothing in the shape of a daily or weekly paper escapes our perusal. Accordingly, we took up a number of the *Carlton Chronicle* for

* Cobbett

last month, in which we read with some astonishment the assertion that Marc Antony "was justified" in causing M. T. Cicero to be waylaid and butchered in cold blood, as some atonement for his "wounded feelings" on reading that glorious oration called the SECOND PHILIPPIC. The *Carlton Chronicle* is conducted by a young barrister of eminent attainments, and we therefore experience some surprise at the views of Roman law, or the laws of civilized society (as contradistinguished from the laws of "LYNCH," the American Lycurgus), put forth in this startling announcement. Our illustrious namesake, Cromwell, was not very scrupulous in his respect for the "baubles" of legal arrangement; yet even he took alarm at the title of a pamphlet, called "KILLING NO MURDER." We are not exactly members of the Inner Temple, but we beg to question the propriety of the above decision, which we cannot otherwise qualify than as

> "A sentiment exceedingly atrocious,
> Not to be found (we trust) in Puffendorf or Grotius."

We rejoice, however, at the introduction of Tully's immortal speech, and are thankful of being thus reminded of a classic precedent for intrepidly exposing to the scorn of all rightly thinking men those blunders and follies which force themselves into public notice by their own act, and, baboon-like, exhibit their shameful side by a false position of their own choosing.

Cicero had to reply to an elaborate composition of his stupid adversary, published by Marc Antony himself, at his own expense, at the bookshop of the Roman Bentley of the day; need we add, miserably deficient in literary value, and rich only in absurdities—"*hoc ut colligeres homo amentissime tot dies in alienâ villâ scriptitasti?*" (*Philip.* ii.) In that production the booby had touched upon points which he should have been, of all other men, careful to avoid. Mark, we pray you, gentle reader, the words of Tully: "MAXIMÉ MIROR MENTIONEM TE HÆREDITATUM AUSUM ESSE FACERE CUM IPSE HÆREDITATEM PATRIS NON ADISSES."—*It. ibidem.*

We need not point out the passage, of which this is the exact prototype; neither is it necessary to indicate where may be found a fac-simile for the subsequent exclamation of the indignant orator—"*O miseræ mulieris fœcunditatem calamitosam!*" (*it. ibidem*); nor the allusion contained in the words by which he reproaches his opponent for the confirmed stupidity evinced in his literary production, albeit he had enjoyed certain advantages of family wit—"*aliquid enim salis* AB UXORE MIMÂ *trahere potuisti*" (*it. ib.*). The following picture of his adversary's personal appearance, and the admission of his signal accomplishments in all the graces of a prize-fighter, ought not to be forgotten:

> "TU ISTIS FAUCIBUS, ISTIS LATERIBUS, ISTÂ GLADIATORIÂ TOTIUS CORPORIS FIRMITATE."—*It. ibidem.*

We recommend the whole discourse (beyond comparison the first model of classic eloquence in existence, and the most powerful *exposé* that folly and brutality ever received) to the attentive meditation of those concerned.

> "Nullo luet hoc Antonius ævo!"

In the course of Prout's youthful rambles through Italy, we find that he has recorded the circumstances of a devout pilgrimage, undertaken by him, to the very spot where the illustrious orator—the terror of all Roman ruffians, from Clodius to Catiline, from Antony to Verres—was cowardly assassinated by the hero of the *Second Philippic.** It is a green lane, leading off the *via Appia*

* Who appears to have been in his day the "lady's man"—κατ' ἐξοχην. We know not, however, whether *he* was fool enough to talk of bringing the matrons of Rome into the senate-house.

down to the shores of the Mediterranean; and close by the scene of the disgraceful event stands to the present day, on the ruins of the Formian villa which had belonged to the murdered statesman, an hotel, known by the classic designation of "Albergo di Cicerone." The details of that visit, with sundry delectable matters appertaining thereunto, remain in our "chest" for further use, when we shall have to entertain our readers with other (and collateral) subjects; when from HORACE we shall pass to some of his contemporaries.

To HORACE we now return. In HIM the dunces and bullies of Rome found an uncompromising foe—equally formidable to "Mævius the blockhead" and to "Gorgonius the he-goat," to "the *débauché* Nomentanus" and to "Pantolabus the buffoon." It is, however, as a lyric poet that Prout chooses to dwell on his merits; and in this, as in most matters, we recognize the professional tendency of the Father to peaceful topics and inoffensive disquisitions.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Ad iam noctis vigiliam.*

When first I took up the Songs of Horace, with a view to record my imaginings thereanent (for the benefit of my parishioners), it occurred to me that something in the shape of methodical arrangement would not be amiss, and that these miscellaneous odes would come more acceptable if an attempt were made at classification. In this department, the moderns have a decided advantage over the writers of antiquity; the bump of "order," as it relates to section and subdivision, being of comparatively late development. Pagan antiquity had been content, ever since the goddess Flora enamelled the earth with so many charming varieties of form and colour, to admire them for their very confusion, and to revel in the delightful contrasts they afforded; nor do we learn, from the author of Genesis, that there was any regular system of botanical science understood by Eve, in her state of horticultural innocence: it was reserved for the great Dutchman, Linnæus, to methodize the beauty and to classify the fragrance of flowers. My old friend and schoolfellow, l'Abbé Moutardier, who, since the French emigration, resides at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire (where the Weld family have gathered round him a small but well-regulated congregation), carries the practice of regular classification to a great extent in his Anglo-Gallic addresses from the modest pulpit of the castle-chapel: *ex. gr.*, "My frinds, the sermong of twoday vill be in *four pints;* after vich, I vill draw for you a little mor-ale," &c. In pursuance of this praiseworthy system of orderly arrangement, I had set out by dividing these songs under six comprehensive heads; 1° political squibs; 2° convivial and bacchanalian; 3° love-songs; 4° philosophical effusions; 5° theological hymns; and, 6° lastly, certain odes addressed to Virgil, Mæcenas, &c., dictated by the purest *friendship*, and bearing, more than all the rest, the impress of earnestness and sincerity. The *catalogue raisonné*, made out after this fashion, took in, I found, the whole range of his lyrics; and, instead of the wild luxuriancy of uncontrolled productiveness—the very wilderness of thought and sentiment which the book now presents—reduced the collection to all the symmetry of a civilized parterre laid out by Evelyn or Lenôtre.

Much meditating, however, on the peculiar genius of the poet, and fully aware that, with reference to the "*series juncturaque*," he practised what he preached, I concluded that, in publishing his four books of occasional minstrelsy in their actual order of succession, totally unobservant, as he evidently is, of chronological form, and clearly regardless of the date of each particular composition, he must have been guided by some hidden principle of refined taste, applicable to the precise consecutive position assigned to every song. Of himself, as well as of the father of poetry, it may be safely predicated that *nil molitur inepté*. Hence, on maturer consideration, I shrunk from inter-

rupting the present law of precedence, established by recognized authority; and I resolved to maintain it as steadfastly as if I had taken a regular oath not to "weaken or disturb the line of succession" in the harmony of Horace . . . I have not yet got through the first book. If I recollect right, a drinking bout "to VARUS" (numbered ode xviii.) wound up the last paper; a love-song "to GLYCERA" (ode xix.) shall, therefore, usher in the essay of to-night.

Horace was not very lucky in his loves. In spite of all the fervour with which he exalts the fascinations and chants the merits of the fair sex—notwithstanding the delicacy with which he could flatter, and the sprightly ingenuity with which he could amuse, the ladies of Rome, he appears, from the desponding tenor of his amatory compositions, to have made but small havoc among the hearts of patrician matrons. These ditties are mostly attuned to the most plaintive strain, and are generally indicative of unrequited attachment and disappointed hopes. He has made Posterity the *confidante* of his jealousy regarding "PYRRHA;" "LYDIA" forsakes him for "TELEPHUS," who was probably a stupid life-guardsman, measuring five feet eleven; "CHLOE" runs away from his addresses, begging her mother to say she is "yet too young to form an engagement;" he records the perjured conduct of "BARINÉ" towards him; laments the inconstancy of "NÆRA," the *hauteur* of "LYCÉ;" makes an abject apology to "TYNDARIS," whose pardon we do not find that he obtains; he invites her to his villa: we don't learn that she accepted the invitation.

The fact is, he was in stature a dwarf, with a huge head, *à la* Quasimodo; further endowed with an ungainly prominence of abdomen; eyes which required the constant application of unguents and *collyria;* was prematurely bald, like Béranger—

> "Moi, à qui la sagesse
> A fait tomber tous les cheveux;"

and, like him, he might break forth into that affecting outburst of *naïf* despondency derived from the consciousness of a deformed figure:

> "Elle, est SI BELLE,
> Et moi—et moi—je suis SI LAID!"

By the way, to Béranger's immortal credit be it remarked, that he is the only *Frenchman* who *ever*, under *any* circumstances of personal ugliness, made a similar admission. "Mons. Mayeux" fancied himself an ADONIS; so does M. Thiers, though the portraits prove him to be what Theodore Hook has imagined, as the exact symbol, or *vera ικων* of Tom Moore: viz. "something between a toad and a Cupid."

Still, nothing could keep Horace from trying his fortune among the girls. "His only books were woman's looks;" though "folly" (as in Moore's case) was positively all he gathered from the perusal. Though his addresses are repeatedly rejected, he still perseveres; and, in spite of his notorious scepticism in religious matters, he actually offers up a propitiatory sacrifice to Venus, in the hope of forwarding, by supernatural agency, the object of his desires. His case, in truth, appears one of peculiar hardship; and so graphic is the picture he draws of his hopeless passion, that Racine has found nothing more powerful wherewith to represent the frenzied feelings of Phædra, in his wonderful tragedy of that name, than two lines borrowed from the following ode

> "Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée,
> C'est VÉNUS toute entière à sa proie attachée.

ODE XIX.

DE GLYCERA.

I.

Love's unrelenting QUEEN,
With BACCHUS—Theban maid! thy wayward child
Whene'er I try to wean,
My heart, from vain amours and follies wild,
Is sure to intervene,
Kindling within my breast some passion unforeseen.

II.

GLYCERA's dazzling glance,
That with voluptuous light my vision dims—
The graces that enhance
The PARIAN marble of her snow-white limbs,
Have left my heart no chance
Against her winning wiles and playful petulance.

III.

Say not that VENUS dwells
In distant CYPRUS, for she fills my breast,
And from that shrine expels
All other themes: my lyre, by love possest,
No more with war-notes swells,
Nor sings of PARTHIAN shaft, nor SCYTHIAN slaughter tells.

IV.

Come hither, slaves! and pile
An altar of green turf, and incense burn;
Strew magic vervain, while
I pour libations from a golden urn:
These rites may reconcile
The goddess of fierce love, who yet may deign to smile.

I.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet
Me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva Licentia,
Finitis animum
Reddere amoribus.

II.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario
Marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium
Lubricus aspici.

III.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit:
Nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere; nec
Quæ nihil attinent.

IV.

Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri,
Ponite, thuraque,
Bimi cum patera meri:
Mactata veniet
Lenior hostia.

How different from this melancholy love-sonnet, "made to his mistress' eyebrow," is the jovial style which he assumes when Mæcenus has promised to look in on his rustic dwelling, on his road to some seaport! "A friend and pitcher" seem to constitute the native and proper element of Horace. Mark how he disports himself in the contemplation of the prime minister of Augustus seated by his cheerful hearth, and partaking of such homely fare as the Sabine farm could furnish; insinuating at the same time, without the least appearance of cajolery or toadyism, one of the most ingenious compliments that ever statesman received from dedicatory poet in ancient or modern times! Under pretext of specifying the exact age of some bottled liquor, which he promises shall be forthcoming, he brings up the mention of a fact most gratifying to the feelings of his exalted patron. As Tasso has it,

"E quel che cresce sommo pregio all' opre
L' arte che tutto fa nulla si scuopre."

ODE XX.—"POT-LUCK" WITH HORACE.

AD MÆCENATUM.

I.

Since thou, MÆCENAS, nothing loth,
Under the bard's roof-tree,
Canst drink rough wine of SABINE growth,
Here stands a jar for thee!—
The GRECIAN delf I seal'd myself,
That year the theatre broke forth,
In tribute to thy sterling worth.

II.

When ROME'S glad shout the welkin rent,
Along the TIBER ran,
And rose again, by Echo sent,
Back from Mount VATICAN;—
When with delight, O ROMAN knight!
ETRURIA heard her oldest flood
Do homage to her noblest blood.

III.

Wines of FALERNIAN vintage, friend,
Thy princely cellar stock;
Bethink thee, shouldst thou condescend
To share a poet's crock,
Its modest shape, CAJETA'S grape
Hath never tinged, nor FORMIA'S hill
Deign'd with a purple flood to fill.

I.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Quum tibi plausus,

II.

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

III.

Cæcubum et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

Followeth, in due consecutive order, one of those performances which, in my catalogue above alluded to, I had set down as one of the "hymns theological." Our poet, besides filling at the court of Augustus an office similar to the laureateship of old Nahum Tate, of birthday-ode memory, seems to have combined with that responsible situation the more sacred functions of Sternhold and Hopkins. The "Carmen Sæculare" was, like Southey's "Vision of Judgment," an official effusion of devout loyalty to church and state. This hymn, recommending (very properly) the worship of Diana to the maidens of Rome, while he exhorts the Roman youth to reverence Apollo, must have been composed about the year U.C. 731, when scarcity, combined with the prospect of war, threatened the country. That Persia and Great Britain should be made the scapegoats on the occasion seems natural enough; the Jews had similar uncharitable ideas, as may be gathered from the Psalms of David (lxxix. 6, and *passim*).

ODE XXI.—AD PUBEM ROMANAM.

I.

DIANAM teneræ dicite virgines,
Intonsum pueri dicite CYNTHIUM,
LATONAMQUE supreme
Dilectam penitus JOVI.

II.

Vos lætam fluviis et nemorum comâ,
Quæcumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut ERYMANTHI,
Silvis aut viridis CRAGI.

III.

Vos TEMPE totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollonis,
Insignemque pharetrâ,
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.

IV.

Hic bellum lachrymosum, hæc miseram famem,
Pestemque a populo et principe CÆSARE,
In PERSAS atque BRITANNOS,
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF ROME.

I.

Worship DIANA, young daughters of Italy!
Youths! sing APOLLO—both children of JOVE;
Honour LATONA, their mother, who mightily
Triumph'd of old in the Thunderer's love.

II.

Maids! sing the Huntress, whose haunts are the highlands,
Who treads, in a buskin of silvery sheen,
Each forest-crown'd summit through GREECE and her islands,
From dark ERYMANTHUS to CRAGUS the green.

III.

From TEMPÉ's fair valley, by PHŒBUS frequented,
To DELOS his birthplace—the light quiver hung
From his shoulders—the lyre that his brother invented—
Be each shrine by our youth and each attribute sung.

IV.

May your prayers to the regions of light find admittance
On CÆSAR'S behalf;—and the Deity urge
To drive from our land to the PERSIANS and BRITONS,
Of FAMINE the curse! of BELLONA the scourge!

That he considered himself the object of special solicitude to the gods, is very perceptible in his writings; that he actually believed in the existence of these celestial personages is, nevertheless, as nice a historical problem as the pedigree of Perkin Warbeck or the piety of O'Connell. Like Boniface, however, he "thrived on his ale."

"Di me tuentur: dis pietas mea," &c.

He kept his skin intact (*bene curatâ cute*), kept his neighbours in good humour, and the table in a roar. One day, having extended his rambles beyond the boundary of his farm, humming as he went an ode "to Lalagé," which we have unfortunately lost (unless it be the fifth of the second book), behold! an enormous wolf suddenly stares him in the face, and as precipitately takes to flight, without any apparently efficient cause. The dogs, according to Shakespeare, barked at Richard; this wolf may have been, probably, frightened by the poet's ugliness; for, according to his own description, he was a regular scarecrow. Nevertheless, mark, reader, how he chooses to account for the miracle. The ode, in a literary point of view, has always been (and most deservedly) admired: "Aristius fuscus" was, however, a sort of wag, as may be gathered from the satire "*Ibam viâ sacrâ*," &c. &c.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

I.

ARISTUS! if thou canst secure
A conscience calm, with morals pure,
Look upwards for defence! abjure
All meaner craft—
The arc and quiver of the MOOR,
And poison'd shaft.

I.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

II.

What though thy perilous path lie traced
O'er burning AFRIC'S boundless waste . . .
Of rugged CAUCASUS the guest,
Or doom'd to travel
Where fabulous rivers of the East
Their course unravel! . . .

III.

Under my Sabine woodland shade,
Musing upon my Grecian maid,
Unconsciously of late I stray'd
Through glen and meadow,
When, lo! a ravenous wolf, afraid,
Fled from my shadow.

IV.

No monster of such magnitude
Lurks in the depth of DAUNIA'S wood,
Or roams through LYBIA unsubdued
The land to curse—
Land of a fearful lion-brood
The wither'd nurse.

V.

Waft me away to deserts wild,
Where vegetation never smiled,
Where sunshine never once beguiled
The dreary day,
But winters upon winters piled
For aye delay.

VI.

Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where man to dwell was never known,
I'd cherish still one thought alone,
Maid of my choice!
The smile of thy sweet lip—the tone
Of thy sweet voice!

II.

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

III.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem:

IV.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

V.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

VI.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Here is another love ditty; and, as usual, it places on record some discomfiture of the poet in his attempt to play *l'homme à bonnes fortunes.*

ODE XXIII.—A REMONSTRANCE TO CHLOË THE BASHFUL.

I.

Why wilt thou, CHLOË, fly me thus?
The yearling kid
Is not more shy and timorous,
Our woods amid,
Seeking her dam o'er glen and hill,
While all her frame vain terrors thrill.

II.

Should a green lizard chance to stir
Beneath the bush—
Should Zephyr through the mountain-fir
Disporting gush—
With sudden fright behold her start,
With trembling knees and throbbing heart.

I.

Vitas hinnuleo
Me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam
Montibus aviis
Matrem, nonæ sine vano
Aurarum et silvæ metu:

II.

Nam, seu mobilibus
Vepris inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis,
Seu *virides rubum*
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

III.

And canst thou think me, maiden fair!
A tiger grim?
A Lybian lion, bent to tear
Thee limb by limb?
Still canst thou haunt thy mother's shade,
Ripe for a husband, blooming maid?

III.

Atqui non ego te,
Tigris ut aspera,
Getulusve leo,
Frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

No "elegy," in all antiquity, appears to have given such general satisfaction as that which followed QUINCTILIUS to the tomb. History would have taken no notice of his name, but Horace has secured him immortal celebrity. All we know of him is contained in the chronicle of Eusebius, quoted by St. Jerome, and merely refers to the date of his death; nor would the holy father probably have mentioned him at all, but for the eloquent *requiem* chanted over his grave. It possesses ineffable sweetness in the original; the tender melancholy diffused throughout the composition is still more saddened by the absence of anything like hope in a future state of existence, or belief in a world to come, which was totally undreamt of in the Horatian system of philosophy. David's elegy over Saul and Jonathan is clouded by the same gloomy misgivings as to the chances of a blessed futurity: yet, what can be more beautiful than the Hebrew poet's exclamation—

"Let the dew never fall on the hills where the pride
Of thy warriors, O Israel! lies slain:
They were lovely in life; and, oh mark! how the tide
Of their hearts' blood hath mingled again!"

Milton's "Lycidas;" Burns's splendid effusion over Captain Henderson; Malherbe's

"Rose elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin!"

Pope's "Unfortunate Lady," and Wolfe's "Funeral of Sir John Moore," all deserve to be commemorated in connection with this ode of Horace. Nor should I omit to notice (*honoris causâ*) Gray's elaborately mournful "Country Churchyard," in which he has gathered into one sepulchral urn the ashes of all the human race, and mingled the tears of all mankind in one grand "lachrymatory."

ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM. DEFLET QUINCTILII MORTEM.

I.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithara dedit.

II.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor urget! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas, quando ullum inveniet parem?

III.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit; nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili!
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum poscis Quinctilium Deos.

IV.

Quid! si Threicio blandius Orpheo auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Num vanæ redeat sanguis imagini, quam virga semel horrida,

V.

Non lenis precibus fata recludere nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
Durum! sed levius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas.

TO VIRGIL.—A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS.

I.

Why check the full outburst of sorrow? Why blush
To weep for the friend we adored?
Raise the voice of lament! let the swollen tear gush!
Bemoan thee, MELPOMENE, loudly! nor hush
The sound of thy lute's liquid chord!

II.

For low lies QUINCTILIUS, tranced in that sleep
That issue hath none, nor sequel.
Let CANDOUR, with all her white sisterhood, weep—
TRUTH, MEEKNESS, and JUSTICE, his memory keep—
For when shall they find his equal?

III.

Though the wise and the good may bewail him, yet none
O'er his clay sheds the tear more truly
Than you, beloved VIRGIL! You deem'd him your own:
You mourn his companionship.—'Twas but a loan,
Which the gods have withdrawn unduly.

IV.

Yet not though EURYDICE's lover had left
Thee a legacy, friend, of his song!
Couldst thou warm the cold image of life-blood bereft,
Or force Death, who robb'd thee, to render the theft,
Or bring back his shade from the throng,

V.

Which MERCURY guides with imperative wand,
To the banks of the fatal ferry.—
'Tis hard to endure;—but 'tis wrong to despond;
For patience may deaden the blow, though beyond
Thy power, my friend, to parry.

Flowers have, at all times, suggested hints for metaphor and allegory. Poets cannot get on at all without constant reference to botanical matters; and Flora, by right, should have been one of the Muses. A crazy German writer (one Ludwig Tiegg) maintains, that "the man who has no taste for posies cannot have God's grace:" a sort of parody on something about music in Shakespeare. Another mad sentimentalist, from the same district, defines woman to be "something between a flower and an angel." In fact, the "florid style" cannot be well got up without a due admixture of such fancies, no more than a plum-pudding without plums. Ask Tom Moore, for example, how he could manage, if deprived of these gay and gaudy materials for his *concetti?* He might, perhaps, tell you that he still would have *rainbows, stars, crystals, pearls, butterflies,* and such other "glittering glories," but, without Covent Garden Market, he must necessarily be at a loss to carry on his business; for his *original* stock in trade would be very soon exhausted. Even in the flower department he is obliged to borrow. Anacreon and Horace had, long ago,

both hit on an idea which he has appropriated, without the slightest scruple or acknowledgment, in a well-known melody, of which he has stolen the tune from the "Groves of Blarney," and, I am sorry to say, spoiled it by some outlandish variations of his own.

ODE XXV.

Ῥοδῶν Ανακρεοντος.	MOORE'S ROGUERY.	HORATII ROSARIUM.
α'.	I.	I.
Μοδον θερευς ροδων μοι Τουτ' υστατον μεν ανθει· Πασαι δε και εταιραι Απωλεσθαντοι	*'Tis the last rose of summer* *Left blooming alone—* *All her lovely companions* *Are faded and gone!*	Eheu rosarum floruit ultima! Vel mille nuper cincta sororibus, At nunc amicarum cohorti Floribus et sociis superstes!
	II.	II.
Ου τι Των συγγενων παρεστι Ροδων, ομου γ' ανηαι Ομου τε και ερευθειν·	*No flower of her kindred,* *No rosebud, is nigh,* *To reflect back her blushes,* *Or give sigh for sigh.*	Nec una mansit conscia quæ propé Suspiriorum suavë olentium, Suspiret ultro—quæ rubenti Erubeat, pia frons, vicissim.
γ'.	III.	III.
Ου λειψομαι σε χηρη· Επει θανοντο καλαι Απελθε· συν καλαισι Ιδου σε χρη καθευδειν·	*I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,* *To pine on the stem;* *Since the lovely are sleeping,* *Go sleep thou with them.*	Non te relinquam stemmate, lugubre. Quæ singulari fers caput, unica! Ìere dormitùm sodales, Tu ceteris comes ito—dormi!
δ'.	IV.	IV.
Σας ευφρονως σεβεντας Κομας εγω σκεδαξω· Οπου νεκραι τε κοσμου Κηποιο σαι εταιραι Ειδουσι καλλιφυλλαι.	*Thus kindly I scatter* *Thy leaves o'er the bed,* *Where thy mates of the garden* *Lie scentless and dead.*	Sparsis amicâ sic foliis manu, Finire tristes pergo tibi moras; Siccis odoratas per hortum Frondibus i superadde frondes.
ε'.	V.	V.
Ουτως τε και οφελλεν Ταχυν φιλη επεσθαι Οταν μαραινεται φυλλα φιλιης· Ερωτος Κυκλου τ' απο φαεινου Πιπτουσιν οι σμαραγδοι.	*So soon may I follow* *When friendships decay,* *And from love's shining circle* *The gems drop away.*	Et mî sit olim sors eadem, precor! Quando sodales, quæque micantia, Ornant amicorum coronam Gemmata, depereunt—perire!
ζ'.	VI.	VI.
Φιλαι οτι ωλεσαντο Αι καρδιαι, τις οιος Τουτῳ εκων θελοιτο Κοσμῳ ναιειν ερημῳ;	*When true hearts lie* *wither'd,* *And fond ones are flown,* *Oh, who would inhabit* *This bleak world alone?*	Abrepta fato dissociabili Quando tot eheu! corda jacent humi Quis poscat annos? vita talis Nonne foret mera solitudo?

How much more creditable and gentlemanly has been the conduct of an old English song-writer, GEORGE HERBERT, who, having occasion to work out the same thought, scorns to copy with servile fidelity the Greek or Roman lyric; but, giving it a new form altogether, makes it, as far as possible, his own property. Here is the canzonet; and any one, who has the slightest pretension to a taste for antique simplicity, must see how far superior it is to Moore's artificial composition:

"I made a posie while the day ran by—
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither in my hand.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And, after death, for cures.
I follow straight, without complaint or grief;
And, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours."

The date of the subsequent ode is clearly fixed, by the allusion it contains to the troubles occasioned in the northern parts of the empire by the proceedings of King Teridates. It is addressed to LAMIA, a Roman general, who had distinguished himself in the peninsular war (*bello Cantabrico*), and was at that time enjoying his half-pay in or about Tivoli.

ODE XXVI.—FRIENDSHIP AND POETRY THE BEST ANTIDOTES TO SORROW.

ANNO AB U.C. 730.

Air—"Fill the bumper fair."

I.

SADNESS—I who live
Devoted to the Muses,
To the wild wind give,
To waft where'er it chooses;
Deigning not to care
What savage chief be chosen
To reign beneath "the bear,"
O'er fields for ever frozen.

II.

Let TERIDATES rue
The march of Roman legions,
While I my path pursue
Through poesy's calm regions—
Bidding the Muse, who drinks
From fountains unpolluted,
To weave with flowery links
A wreath, to Friendship suited,

III.

For gentle LAMIA's brow.—
O Muse melodious! sweetly
Echo his praise; for thou
Alone canst praise him fitly.

I.

Musis amicus
Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis
In mare Creticum
Portare ventis.—
Quis sub arcto
Rex gelidæ
Metuatur oræ,

II.

Quid TERIDATEM
Terreat, unicè
Securus. O quæ
Fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos
Necte flores,
Necte meo
LAMIÆ coronam.

III.

Pimplei dulcis,
Nil sine te mei
Possunt honores;
Hunc fidibus novis,

For him thy Lesbian shell
With strings refurnish newly,
And let thy sisters swell
The jocund chorus duly.
Sadness—I who live devoted, &c.

Hunc Lesbio
Sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque
Decet sorores.
Musis amicus, &c.

Next comes a lively and animated picture of Roman conviviality. The ode partakes of the dramatic character, and would appear to be extemporaneously poured out by Horace, in his capacity of "wine-king," or "toast-master," at a jovial meeting. The evening is far advanced; sundry debatable subjects have been started; the retort uncourteous has been more than once interchanged; the cup of boisterous hilarity has kindled in its circulation; of a sudden the guests have started from their couches, in the ardour of discussion, and, heated with wine, are about to come to blows, when the poet rising obtains silence for a song. The ingenuity with which he turns their attention to topics of a less exciting nature, and the gracefully playful style of his address, present us with a most amiable idea of the poet's disposition, and prove him to have been a man of consummate tact.

ODE XXVII.—AD SODALES.

I.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est. Tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

II.

Vino et lucernis medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat! Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

III.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

IV.

Cessat voluntas?—Non alia bibam
Mercede.—Quæ te cumque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper

V.

Amore peccas! Quidquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus.—Ah! miser
Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma!

VI.

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimæra.

A BANQUET SCENE.—TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

I.

To make a weapon of joy's cup, my friends,
Is a vile THRACIAN custom.
Shame on such practices!—they mar the ends
Of calm and kindly Bacchus. Bloodshed tends
To sadden and disgust him.

II.

Here, mid the bowls, what business hath the sword?
Come, sheathe yon Persian dagger;
Let the bright lamp shine on a quiet board;
Recline in peace—these hours we can't afford
For brawling, sound, and swagger.

III.

Say, shall your chairman fill his cup, and drain
Of brimming bowls another?
Then, first, a TOAST his mandate shall obtain;
He'll know the nymph whose witcheries enchain
The fair MEGILLA's brother.

IV.

What! silent thus? Dost fear to name aloud
The girl of thy affection?
Youth! let thy choice be candidly avow'd;
Thou hast a delicate taste, and art allow'd
Some talent for selection.

V.

Yet, if the loud confession thou wilt shun,
To my safe ear discover
Thy cherish'd secret . . . . Ah, thou art undone!
What! *she?* How little such a heartless one
Deserves so fond a lover!

VI.

What fiend, what THRACIAN witch, deaf to remorse,
Hath brew'd thy dire love-potion!
Scarçe could the hero of the winged horse
Effect thy rescue, or—to free thee—force
That dragon of the ocean!

In the usual editions of our poet, the twenty-eighth ode presents us with a rather stupid "dialogue" between one "Archytas and a Sailor." I have no hesitation in substituting, from Harduin's "*Ψευδο Horatius*" (folio, Amsterd. 1740), the proper reading; which, on examination, will be found to preserve the essence of the colloquy, while it is much more Horatian in spirit. MARCUS EPULO BIBAX is a well-known character in the annals of Rome, as may be seen in Niebuhr's admirable work. His monument (a fine old pyramidal erection) stands at the gate opening on the Via Ostia, and adds a solemn dignity to the adjacent burial-ground of our countrymen—"*il Cimitero degli Inglesi.*"

ODE XXVIII.

I.

When BIBO went down
To the regions below,
Where the waters of STYX
Round Eternity flow,
He awoke with a cry,
That "he would be brought back;
For his soul it was dry,
And he wanted some sack."

II.

"You were drunk," replied CHARON,
"You were drunk when you died;
And you felt not the pain
That to death is allied."
"Take me back!" answer'd BIBO,
"For I mind not the pain;
Take me back! take me back!
Let me die once again!"

I.

Cum BIBAX barâthro
Descenderat imo
Quæ loca STYX atro
Circumfluit limo,
Evigilans, poscit
Num forte falerni
Vas bibere mos sit
In regnis averni.

II.

Cui CHARON, "Venisti
Huc gravis lagenâ,
Sic funeris tristi
Immunis a pœnâ."—
Tum BIBAX, "Retrorsùm
Duc iterum vitæ,
Ut funeris morsum
Experiar ritè."

III.

Meantime the grey ferryman
Ferried him o'er,
And the crazy old bark
Touch'd the Stygian shore;
There old BIBO got out,
Quite unable to stand,
And he jostled the ghosts
As they crowded the strand.

IV.

"Have a care!" cried out CHARON;
"Have a care! 'tis not well:
For remember you're dead,
And your soul is in hell."

MORAL.

"I'm in hell," replied BIBO;
"Well I know by the sign:—
'Twas a hell upon earth
To be wanting of wine."

III.

Sed interim pigrâ
Transvehitur rate,
Quæ ripâ mox nigrâ
Sistit delicatè:
In littore statim,
Exoritur scena,
Umbras catervatim
Disturbat arenâ.

IV.

Cui CHARON de nave:
"Hic Orcus est, homo!
Ne titubes cave
Plutonis in domo."

L'ENVOY.

"Plutonis caverna
Parebat viventi,
Si quando taberna
Deerat sitienti."

XXIV.

The Songs of Horace.

(*Fraser's Magazine, October*, 1836.)

—o—

[Prout's fourth batch of the Songs of Horace appeared in the number of *Fraser* otherwise notable by reason of its containing Croquis' thoughtful portrait, book in hand, of Lord Lyndhurst, author of "Summary of the Session."]

DECADE THE FOURTH.

"Horatii curiosa felicitas."
PETRON. ARBITER, cap. 118.

"D' un sì vivace
Splendido colorir, d' un sì fecondo
Sublime immaginar, d' una sì ardita
Felicità sicura
Altro mortal non arrichi natura."
ABBATE METASTASIO, *Opera*, tom. xii. Firenze, 1819.

"Sublime, familier, solide, enjouyé, tendre,
Aisé, profond, naïf, et fin;
Vive, HORACE, avant tout! l'univers pour l'entendre
Aime à redevenir Latin."
LA MOTTE, *Poès. Leg.*

"When ALBA warr'd with ROME for some disputed frontier farms,
Three HORACES gain'd fatherland ascendency in arms;
A single-handed champion now amid the lyric throng,
ONE of the name, stands forth to claim supremacy in song."
BARRY CORNWALL.

WHEN the celebrated lame poet, Paddy Kelly, had the honour of being introduced to George the Fourth, on that monarch's *Mulgravising* visit to Dublin (an honour extended to several other distinguished natives, such as Falvey the sweep, Jack Lawless the orator, Daniel Donnelly the boxer, and another DANIEL, who of late years has practised a more profitable system of *boxing*), his majesty expressed himself desirous of personally witnessing an exhibition of the bard's extemporaneous talent, having heard many marvellous accounts of the facility with which his genius was wont to vent itself in unpremeditated verse. The Hibernian *improvvisatore* forthwith launched out into a dithy-

ramb, of which the burden appeared to be a panegyric on Byron and Scott, whose praises he sang in terms of fervid eulogy; winding up the entire by what certainly seemed to his illustrious auditor a somehow abrupt and startling conclusion, viz.:

> "'Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,
> Roll'd up in one, to make a PAT O'KELLY!"

Doubtless such *was* the honest conviction of the Irish rhapsodist; and if so, he had an undeniable right to put his opinion on record, and publish it to the world. Are we not, every week, favoured by some hebdomadal LONGINUS with *his* peculiar and private ideas on the SUBLIME; of which the last new tragedy, or the latest volume of verse (blank or otherwise), is pronounced the finest model? What remedy can the public have against the practice of such imposition? None whatever, until some scientific man (the Rev. Mr. Magawly, for instance, of the British Association) shall achieve for literature what has been done for the dairy, and invent a critical "galactometer;" by which the exact density of milk-and-water poetry may be clearly and undeniably ascertained. At present, indeed, so variable seems the standard of poetical merit—so confused, unsettled, and contradictory the canons of criticism—that we begin to believe true what Edmund Burke says of TASTE among the moderns:—that "its essence is of too ethereal a nature for us ever to hope it will submit to bear the chains of definition."

In this vague and unsatisfactory state of things, Prout has, perhaps, adopted the safest course, and "chosen the better part." *He* would appear to reserve the question of his approval, and confine the range of his admiration within the happy circle of recognized, incontestable, and transcendent excellence.

All this he has found supereminently in the canonized object of these running commentaries which form the current series of his "papers." He stands not alone in hailing therein HORACE, prince of all lyric poets, of every age and clime. In so doing, he merely bows to the general verdict of mankind; which, when fairly collected and plainly uttered, constitutes a final and irrevocable award. St. Augustine applied this test to the detection of surreptitious doctrines, and the ascertaining of Catholic orthodoxy—"*Quod* SEMPER *quod* UBIQUE, *quod ab* OMNIBUS *traditum est.*" Geometry and logarithms may admit of being demonstrated in the abstract nakedness of their intrinsic evidences; but in poetry, as in religion, the experience of every day sufficiently shows the proneness of individual judgment to strange and fantastic theories, which can only be rectified by a reference to the universal sentiment—the *sensus communis* of the human species. Prout always paid deference to time-honoured reputations. Great was, hence, his veneration for the "venerable Bede;" and, notwithstanding the absence of all tangible evidences, most vigorously did he admire the "admirable Crichton." In ARISTOTLE he persisted to recognize the great master-mind of metaphysics; he scouted the Scandinavian mysticism of KANT:—sufficient for him was the cosmogony of MOSES; he laughed to utter scorn the conjectures of geology.

This reminds us of the "astounding discovery" with which Dr. BUCKLAND is reported to have lately electrified the Bristolians. Ephraim Jenkinson's ghost must have heard with jealousy, on the banks of the Styx, the shouts of applause which echoed the doctor's assertion on the banks of the Avon, that the world had already lasted "millions of years!" that a "new version of Genesis" would be shortly required, since a new light "had been thrown on Hebrew scholarship!" The doctor's declaration is very properly described as the only "originalf act" elicited at the meeting. What fun, to hear a mite in the cavity of a Gloucester cheese gravely reasoning on the streaks (or strata) of red and yellow, and finally concluding, all things duly considered, that the invoice of the farmer who made it bears a wrong date, and that the process of fabricating

the cheese in question must have begun as long ago, at least, as the days of the heptarchy.

There is often more strict logic, and more downright common sense, contained in a professed poet's view of nature and her works, than in the gravest and most elaborate mystifications of *soi-disant* philosophy. We shall, therefore, hesitate not to place in contraposition to this Bucklandish theory the ideas of Chateaubriand on the subject-matter, leaving to any dispassionate thinker to say on which side reason and analogy preponderate. "They tell us," quoth the noble author of "Génie du Christianisme," whose exact words we cannot remember at this time of the evening, "that the earth is an old toothless hag, bearing in every feature the traces of caducity; and that six thousand years are not enough to account for the hidden marks of age discoverable to the eyes of Science:—but has it never occurred to them, that, in producing this globe for the dwelling of man, it may have suited Providence to create all its component parts in the stage of full maturity, just as Adam himself was called into being at the full age of manhood, without passing through the preparatory process of infancy, boyhood, or youth? When God planted the soil of Paradise, think ye that the OAK of a hundred years' growth was wanting to shed its mighty shadow over our first parents? or, are we to believe that every tree was a mere shrub, just emerging from the ground? Was the LION whom Milton describes so graphically, as

> 'Pawing to get free
> His hinder parts,'

nothing but a new-born cub? I do not believe it. I hold that the grove waved its majestic pines, already bearing among their topmost branches the ready-built nest of the rook and the young family of the dove; that the sheep browsed on the green sward, with her attendant lamb; and that the bold rock overhung the running stream, with the mantling ivy already twining through its crevices, and exhibiting the *marks of age* on its hoary surface. Did not the Creator understand the effect and the beauty of what we are agreed to call the *picturesque*? or, in his EDEN, did HE overlook the graces of landscape? What a clumsy artificer these men would represent their Maker to be, were we to entertain their notions of cosmogony! What a crude and ill-assorted planet would they describe as issuing from the hands of Omnipotence, so as to require the operation of time and the influence of chemical agents to bring it to perfection. 'Non! non! le jour même que l'océan épandit ses premières vagues sur nos rives, il baigna, n'en doutons point, des écueils déjà rongés par les flots, des grèves semées de débris, de coquillages, et des caps décharnés, qui soutenaient contre les eaux les rivages croulans de la terre; sans cette vieillesse originaire, il n'y aurait eu ni pompe ni majesté dans l'univers.'"—"The great whales" lay

> "Floating many a rood"

at the first instant of their creation, and the full-grown elephant roamed in the Indian forest, among gigantic trees coeval with a world of yesterday. So much for Buckland.

We feel that we have digressed from the professed object of this preamble, by going so far back as the *hexemeron*, or six days' work of the Creator. In Racine's only-begotten comedy of the "Pleaders," the judge, anxious to bring an advocate who had indulged in a similar flight back to the stolen capon, which formed the matter in dispute, gently interposes by the celebrated joke, "*Passons au déluge.*" We shall take the hint and return to Horace.

This decade terminates the *first book* of the ODES. Prout has thus furnished the world with a complete translation—so far—of the Sabine songster. Whether we shall be able to fish up any further leaves of the Horatian category from the

old trunk is yet a riddle. Sufficient, however, has been done to place the critic of Watergrasshill on a level with the long-winded Jesuit, Father SANADON, in the muster-roll of the poet's commentators.

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *23rd September.*

WATERGRASSHILL, *al solito.*

The life of HORACE, as all the world knows, has been epitomized by SUETONIUS, a Roman biographer, who (so far as we may judge from the portion of his works we possess) must have entertained peculiar notions as to the relative attraction possessed by the individual subjects selected for his memoirs, and the comparative ratio of interest which posterity would attach to their perusal. In Falstaff's tavern-bill there appeared but one hap'orth of bread to counterbalance several dozens of sack; SUETONIUS furnishes us with a miscellaneous account of celebrated characters, in which the rules of proportion are just as little attended to—there is but one* *poet* to twelve. "*Cæsars.*"

In this solitary life of a single *homme de lettres*, which seems to have found its way, through some mistake, into the gorgeous circle of imperial biography, there is one occurrence marked down by the courtly chronicler with more than usual carefulness; sparing neither circumstantial nor documentary detail in his anxiety to put us in full possession of the (to him inexplicable) conduct of the poet on the occasion.

One fine evening, towards the close of autumn, Flaccus was seated, *al fresco*, under the porch of his Sabine villa, his arms crossed on his breast in a pensive attitude, a tall Greek-made jar, filled with home-made wine, standing out in bold relief before him, his eye apparently intent on the long shadow projected by the graceful *amphora* as it intercepted the rays of the setting sun.

He was thinking of VIRGIL, who had just died at NAPLES, after a long and painful illness, and whose loss to literature and social companionship no one could appreciate more feelingly than HORACE. They had but lately wept in common over "Quinctilius;" and the same reflection which had dried up the tear of the mourners then (viz. that "there was no help for it"), was probably the only one that presented itself to his mind to mitigate the pangs of this fresh bereavement. A slave was meantime seen approaching in the distant landscape, dressed in the peculiar costume of the *tabelarii*, and bearing, in the dust and exhaustion visible throughout his person, evidence of a hurried journey from the metropolis. On reaching the spot where the poet sat, absorbed and "gazing on vacancy," the arrival of one in whom he recognized a familiar servant of Mæcenas was sufficient to draw him from his reverie; especially when, on examining the tablets handed to him by the slave, he perceived on the seal that closed the silver thread with which the letter was bound up, the impression of a sphynx—a well-known emblem used by his patron. He broke the envelope at once, and read as follows:—

> "OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, Augustus, Prince of the Senate, perpetual Consul, Tribune for life, to C. MÆCENAS, Knight, Prefect of Rome, dwelling on the Esquiline, health.
>
> "*Hitherto I have been able to find time for keeping up a friendly intercourse by letter with my numerous correspondents myself, but the increasing press of business, and my growing infirmities, now put it out of my power. I*

* Prout seems to think that the fragments relating to Lucan, Terence, and Juvenal, are not to be ascribed to the biographer of Horace. Saumaise has not decided the question.—O. Y.

therefore wish to entice our friend Horace from your exclusive circle. Allow him to exchange your hospitable board for a residence at the palace here. He is to act as my private secretary. Farewell.

*"From Mount Palatine, the kalends of October."**

Mæcenas had transmitted to his friend and guest the imperial epistle, without adding a single syllable of note or comment to what was thus briefly couched in the handwriting of his august correspondent. Horace was at first at a loss to account for this deficiency, but, after a moment's reflection, could not but bestow his approval on the delicate reserve which left him entire liberty to act according to his own unbiassed judgment in a matter so wholly personal to himself.

The slave, meantime, stood waiting in respectful silence; the poet motioned him to follow him into the *atrium*, where he traced a few lines for his master, and despatched him back to Rome. That night, at supper, Mæcenas conveyed to Augustus the result of his message to the Sabine farm; it was a refusal to accept the offer of the emperor.

The secret motives which influenced a determination so prompt and decisive on the poet's part, he most probably did not communicate to Mæcenas. It is likely that he adopted in his reply the usual plea of "ill health," though his jolly, plump, and rubicund appearance at their next meeting sufficiently gave the lie to any valetudinarian pretences. Perhaps he put forward his predilections for a country life, and his fondness for rural solitude, of which he has so often (ironically) celebrated the charms: such pretext must have amused those who were best acquainted with his versatile disposition, and knew how little the dull monotony of rustication was suited to his lively humour.

"Romæ Tibur amem; ventosus Tibure Romam."
Ep. i. 8, 12.

Are we, then, to conjecture that sheer idleness dictated the refusal? Are we to conclude that the *dolce arniente* of a modern lazzarone had been practically anticipated, and exemplified in the conduct of an ancient Roman? I shall have a word or two to say hereupon, ere a verdict is given dishonourable to the character of Horace. I merely remark, *en passant*, that the duties of a private secretary in the palace of Augustus were far from bearing any resemblance to the tedious functions imposed by the prosy and long-winded style of correspondence adopted in recent diplomacy: *billets-doux* of old were quite as short as those of Lord Melbourne.† There were no foolscap sheets of protocol nonsense interchanged in those days; and the secretaryship on Mount Palatine would have been, as nearly as possible, a luxurious sinecure.

But may not he, as an *homme de lettres*, have looked on the mere technical employment of "polite letter-writer" as something degrading to his genius, and derogatory to the high inspirings of intellect; as clogging the wings of fancy, and impeding the lofty flights of lyrical enthusiasm? There may be something in this surmise, yet it is far from affording a satisfactory explanation of the matter. The case, I apprehend, admits of reasoning drawn from analogy. PINDAR held some such ministerial appointment at the Sicilian court of HIERO, yet *he* soared unshackled into the aërial regions with undiminished buoyancy, fixing on the effulgent source of poetic inspiration an eagle eye that never blinked, and wafted on a wing that never tired. Old JOHN MILTON was "*Latin secretary*" to the copper-nosed usurper at Whitehall, yet what spirit like his could

* Verbatim from Suetonius. See Cuvillier Fleury, R. D. Paris, 1830.

† *Exigr.*: "How are you? I shall call at two.
(Signed) "MELBOURNE."
O. Y.

"Tempt, with wandering feet,
The dark, unfathom'd, infinite abyss;
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way? or waft his airy flight,
Upborne on indefatigable wings?"

TASSO had an epistolary engagement in the household of Este, at Ferrara; VIDA did the duties of a Roman canonicate, and held a Tusculan prebend at the hands of Leo X. RACINE occupied the post of "historiographer" to the *Grand Monarque;* Addison and Prior, Chateaubriand and Petrarch, have been each in his day members of the "*corps diplomatique,*" without suffering any detriment in their imaginative and poetic faculties. But of all the official ministrations which have brought literary men in contact with courts and sovereigns, no two more similar positions could be instanced than those relatively occupied by Voltaire at Potsdam, and (had he chosen to accept) by Horace in the palace of Augustus. It is true that the witty French infidel occasionally complained of being compelled to revise and retouch the poetic effusions of Frederick—"*Je lave le linge sâle de sa majesté*;" but it would appear that the Roman emperor had a similar mania for trying his hand at versification, as several hexameter fragments still extant seem to indicate: and no doubt he intended to avail himself of our poet's facility and good nature to introduce certain metrical graces into the dull routine of imperial correspondence. Certain it is that (snuff, brandy, obscene jokes, and blasphemy apart) the *petits soupers* of Potsdam might be not inaptly compared to the *noctes cænæque deûm* enacted of old on Mount Palatine.

But I do not believe that the repugnance of Horace to the proposed arrangement had its origin in any fear of stultifying his inventive powers, or dimming his poetic perceptions in the apprehended drudgery of an amanuensis. Neither, as I said before, do I concur in the supposition that downright indolence—arrant sloth—kept him in such habitual thraldom that he could not muster energy sufficient for undertaking the functions of secretary. To vindicate him from the charge of yielding to imbecile lethargy, of succumbing in utter incapability of all strenuous effort, need I recall the historical fact of his having been selected to take command of a regiment in perilous times—days of iron exertion?

"Cùm mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno."
Sat. i. 6.

Need I instance the further proof of his business habits and worldly capacity, afforded us by the well-authenticated circumstance of his having held, and duly discharged, the important office of commissioner of the public revenue (*scriba quæstorius*), somewhat equivalent to the attributions which, in a subsequent age of the world, were deemed the fittest to occupy the abilities of ROBERT BURNS, "poet and *exciseman*"—(not to speak of one Wordsworth, distributor of stamps in Cumberland)? Need I observe, in corroboration of all the other evidences which prove his willingness to work, that he at one time of his life went through the most wearisome and laborious of all the hard tasks to which flesh is heir—the crowning drudgery of all human toils—that of earning his bread by scribblement and versemongery?

"Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem."

The gods, when they hate a man with uncommon abhorrence, are said to drive him to the profession of schoolmaster: but a pedagogue may "go further" into the depths of misery, and "fare worse," should he be tempted to worry his brains (τον νουν) in gathering intellectual samphire—

"Dreadful trade!"

This is the true reading of a fragmentary passage from Euripides, which is often misquoted :

Οταν δε Δαιμων ανδρι προσυνη κακα
Τον νουν εξλαψε πρωτον.
Incertæ Trag., publ. by BARNES.

What our poet endured in passing through that expiatory stage of his checquered existence we can only conjecture, as he barely alludes in the above brief terms to the period of his probation; which, by the kind interference of Providence, was probably abridged. He had long since arrived at the enjoyment of a moderate competence, and if he still courted the Muses and indulged "in numbers," it was (like Pope)

"Because the numbers came."

Having thus fully acquitted Horace of a propensity to idleness, it is time to state my own view of the cause which operated in producing the rejection of so tempting an offer as that conveyed by letter to the poet, "from the highest quarter," through the instrumentality of Mæcenas. Fully to understand the delicacy of mind and the sensitive feelings of honour he evinced on this occasion, it is perhaps expedient to recapitulate anterior occurrences.

Horace, by the mere circumstance of birth, could scarcely claim admittance into what we call the middle class of society.* His father was a freedman of POMPEY'S house, and, on his emancipation from service *in that distinguished* family, had set himself up in trade as a crier, or *collector*, at public auctions: a social position, need I add, far from equalling the splendid rank held in modern times by George Robins of Covent Garden. He was, however, an old man of considerable sagacity; and to him, much pondering on the unsettled state of the political horizon, there appeared no reason why he should not look out for the chances of raising up his dynasty in the midst of the coming confusion. Wherefore, to the education of his only son, Flaccus — rather a smart boy for his age—he devoted all his earnings and energies, so as to fit him for the very highest functions of the state, should fortune turn favourable. He accordingly sent him to the tip-top school of the day—the Eton or Harrow of Rome, kept by one Orbilius "for a select number of the young nobility and gentry." Nor has Horace omitted gratefully to record the pains and trouble which the worthy principal of this academy bestowed on his studies; though he jocosely applies to him now and then the endearing epithet of "*plagosus*," and is supposed by the German philologist, Wolff, to have drawn his portrait in the well-known lines about Death :

"Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, *timidove tergo*."
Lib. iii. ode ii.

Having exhausted, at the age of twenty, all the stock of information possessed by *Orbilius*, his excellent father, begrudging no expense, and securely calculating on a full return for the capital invested in so hopeful a son, now sent him to Athens, where Philosophy still sauntered in the shady walks of Academus, and Wisdom yet held forth from the *porch* of Zeno. Here was congregated all the young blood of Rome; the promising scions of every noble house were allowed to grow up in the genial sunshine of Greece : Athens was the fashionable university. The youthful acquaintances formed here by Horace were, naturally enough, selected from the partisans and supporters of POMPEY ;

* He was not ashamed to own it :
"*Ego paupertem sanguis parentum.*"
Ode ii. 20, 6.

such as young Plancus, Messala, Varus, Bibulus, Cicero (son of the orator), and all that set. What a delightful and interesting picture it were to contemplate the development, in these ardent breasts, of genius, passion, patriotism, and all the workings of the Roman soul; to note the aspirings of each gallant spirit; to watch the kindling of each generous emotion, fanned into a blaze by the recollections of Grecian renown and the memorials of bygone glory! Nor were it a less curious study to observe the contrast of Roman and Athenian manners in this refined and intellectual city, at once frivolous and profound, servile and enthusiastic; the parent of Pericles, Phidias, and Phocion, yet nursing numerous and genuine specimens of the sycophant and the sophist, to all appearance equally indigenous in the soil with the hero and the sage.

Dwelling with fondness on this young colony of noble students, imagination revels in the vision of their joyous and animated intercourse; fancy follows them through their pursuits of science or of pleasure, their reveries of Stoic or Epicurean philosophy—(for PAUL had not yet astounded the Areopagus with the announcement of Revelation)—calm dreams, not unmixed with speculations on the symptoms of important change, already but too manifest in the political system of the mother-country. Of a sudden, the news of Cæsar's murder in the senate-house burst on the quiet leisure of these pleasant hours; and, to add to the excitement, the arrival at Athens of BRUTUS himself, fresh glowing from the deed of antique stoicism, communicated an irresistible impulse to the cause, and sent an electric shock through the veins of each young POMPEIAN. Loud was the acclaim, and warm the welcome, with which Horace and his circle hailed the asserter of the rights and privileges of the Roman aristocracy: for this, *en passant*, is the true light in which the hero of the ides of March should be considered by those who wish to understand the actuating motives and political views of that period. An army was to be organized in all haste; and high must have been the opinion of our poet's personal intrepidity and skill when Brutus did not hesitate to place him at once at the HEAD OF A REGIMENT: the post of "military tribune" being equivalent to the functions of colonel in our modern army-lists.

Here, then, we have the pupil of the "polu-flog-boyo" *Orbilius*, gallantly accoutred, unflinchingly erect in the van of a LEGION, forming one of the "staff" in an army of 100,000 men, who were soon to meet an equal number on the disastrous plains of *Philippi*. It was the last effort of the expiring constitution—the last bold stand made by the confederated nobility, the Cavaliers of Rome, against the odious idol of Democracy embodied in the Triumvirate. Several years subsequently, in a drinking-song alluding to this battle, *he charges himself* with the basest cowardice; describing his conduct as that of a runaway, who flung knapsack, belt, and buckler, to be foremost in the flight when *sauve qui peut* was the cry. But we may safely look on the avowal as merely one of mock-modesty, meant to be taken *cum grano salis;* especially as the bacchanalian song in question was addressed to one of the young POMPEYS (*Pomp. Grosph.*), before whom he would be loth to stultify or stigmatize himself by such a statement, if intended to be taken literally. We may confidently assert, in the absence of every other testimony but his own, that he behaved with proper courage on the occasion; and for this reason, viz. no one likes to joke on matters in which he is conscious of deficiency. Joe Hume, for instance, never ventures a witticism on the Greek loan.

The results of the campaign are well known. BRUTUS made away with himself, with stoic consistency; but a number of his lieutenants—BIBULUS, his brother-in-law, MESSALA, PLANCUS, and many others, with 14,000 of the troops, capitulated, and made their submission to the triumvirs. A few years after, Messala fought at Actium, under the banner of Octavius, and is reported to have exclaimed in the hearing of Antony's antagonist, "*It is ever my des-*

tiny to bear arms at the side on which justice and honour are arrayed." A saying equally indicative of MESSALA'S free-spoken intrepidity, and the tolerating high-mindedness of the emperor who could listen without chiding or displeasure.

Horace followed the example of those whom he had known at Athens in the intimacy of early youth, when attachments are strongest, and the ties of indissoluble friendship are most effectually formed. But in this tacit adhesion to the new order of things, old feelings and long-cherished opinions were not readily got rid of. The Jacobites could not yet divest themselves of a secret antipathy to the house of Hanover. There still existed, among most of them, a sort of sulky reluctance to approximate with the government, or accept its favour, or incur any obligation irreconcilable with the proud susceptibility of patrician independence.

It becomes obvious, from this brief *exposé*, that for Horace to accept a situation in the household of Augustus would be tantamount on his part to a complete apostasy from all his old familiar friendships, and a formal renunciation of all acquaintanceship among the numerous surviving partisans of Pompey. Every one who recollects the abuse poured out on Burke (in his capacity of government pensioner), from the foul organs of Holland House, will understand the annoyance to which our poet would have subjected himself had he yielded to the proposal of the emperor. Besides, he possessed a becoming share of rational pride, and was unwilling to barter the free sentiments of his mind, and their honest expression, for emoluments and functions which would give to any support his writings might afford the established dynasty a semblance of venality, stamping him as a mere mercenary character. The friendship of Mecænas had procured for him the restoration of some confiscated property which his father had acquired, but which had become forfeited by the part he had taken in the civil war: this was the "Sabine farm." Presents and valuable benefactions had flowed on him from the same munificent source, but perfect equality and reciprocal esteem were the terms on which the patron and poet lived towards each other. No wonder, then, that the letter of Augustus failed to seduce him from the table of Mecænas, on the Esquiline Hill, to a secretary's duties, and accompanying golden shackles, on Mount Palatine.

Such is the simple explanation of an otherwise very extraordinary passage in the life of Horace. Viewed in this light, his reluctance would appear perfectly justifiable, and would seem to evince sound judgment, as well as a delicate sense of honour. I happen to have some very particular reasons, which it is unnecessary to specify, for dwelling on the conduct here described; and having, I trust, put the matter in its proper light, I now return to my hermeneutic labours.

We are informed by STRABO (lib. xvi.), that in the year 730 U.C., the emperor decided on sending out an army, under the command of GALLUS, to conquer *Arabia Felix*, the "land of Hus." This country, by all accounts, sacred and profane (see Isaiah, cap. lx. *et passim*), seems to have been celebrated for its treasure and renowned for its luxury, though very little traces remained a few centuries after of either riches or civilization; at the present day, it is literally "as poor as Job." Such, however, were the ideas entertained at Rome of this *El Dorado* of the East, that thousands enrolled themselves under the standard of GALLUS, in the hopes of making a rapid fortune from the spoils of the Arabs. The expedition proved a wretched failure. One ICCIUS, however, was among the deluded speculators, who joined it through sheer eagerness for pillage; he sold a capital law library, to purchase an outfit and a commission in the newly raised regiments. His abandonment of professional pursuits for a military engagement was the laughter of all Rome, and Horace heartily enjoyed the general merriment. Such was the occasion which provoked the following witty and polished remonstrance, addressed to the warlike lawyer:—

ODE XXIX.—THE SAGE TURNED SOLDIER.

AIR—"One bumper at parting."

AD ICCIUM.

I.

The trophies of war, and the plunder,
Have fixed a philosopher's breast—
So, ICCIUS, you march (mid the wonder
Of all) for ARABIA the blest.
Full sure, when 'tis told to the PERSIAN,
That *you* have abandon'd your home,
He'll feel the full force of coercion,
And strike to the banners of ROME!

I.

Icci, beatis nunc
Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem
Militiam paras
Non ante devictis
Sabæâ
Regibus, horribilique Medo

II.

What chief shall you vanquish and fetter?
What captive shall call you her lord?
How soon may the maiden forget her
Betrothèd, hewn down by your sword?
What stripling has fancy appointed,
From all that their palaces hold,
To serve you with ringlets anointed,
And hand you the goblet of gold?

II.

Nectis catenas.
Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato,
Barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aulâ
Capillis
Ad cyathum
Statuetur unctis,

III.

His arts to your pastime contribute,
His foreign accomplishments show,
And, taught by his parent, exhibit
His dexterous use of the bow.—
Who doubts that the Tiber, in choler,
May, bursting all barriers and bars,
Flow back to its source, when a scholar
Deserts to the standard of MARS?

III.

Doctus sagittas
Tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno?
Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi
Posse rivos
Montibus, et
Tiberim reverti,

IV.

When *you*, the reserved and the prudent,
Whom SOCRATES hoped to engage,
Can merge in the soldier the student,
And mar thus an *embryo* sage—
Bid the visions of science to vanish,
And barter your erudite hoard
Of volumes from GREECE for a SPANISH
Cuirass, and the PEN for a SWORD?

IV.

Quum tu coemptos
Undique nobiles
Libros Panætii,
Socraticam et domum
Mutare loricis
IBERIS,
Pollicitus
Meliora, tendis?

The "*Spanish*" cuirass would seem to indicate that the peninsula was, so far back as the Augustan age, renowned for its iron manufactures. The blades of TOLEDO kept up, during the middle ages, the credit of Spain for industry and skill in this department. Likewise, in the craft of *shoemaking*, the town of CORDOVA shone pre-eminent; nor did the hero of that ilk, GONSALVE *de Cordoue*, confer on it greater celebrity than its leathern glories; as the English word *cordwainer*, and the French term *cordonnier*, still testify. In an old MS. of the King's Library, Paris (marked Q.), a monkish scholiast has made a marginal observation on this ode to ICCIUS, which is highly characteristic of cloister criticism:—"*Horatius reprehendit quemdam qui sua* CLERICALIA OFFICIA *mutat pro militaribus armis:*"—a clerk who could sell his "office-book" or *breviary*, for a suit of armour, was assuredly a fit subject for the poet's animadversion. It is to be regretted that the same worthy commentator did not continue his glossary throughout; as, for instance, what might he not discover in the next *morceau?*—

ODE XXX.—THE DEDICATION OF GLYCERA'S CHAPEL.

AIR—"The Boyne Water."

AD VENEREM.

I.

O VENUS, Queen of CYPRUS isle,
Of PAPHOS and of GNIDUS,
Hie from thy favourite haunts awhile,
And make abode amid us;
For THEE Glycera's altar smokes,
With frankincense sweet-smelling—
THEE, while the charming maid invokes,
Hie to her lovely dwelling!

II.

Let yon bright Boy, whose hand hath grasp'd
Love's blazing torch, precede thee,
While gliding on, with zone unclasp'd,
The sister GRACES lead thee:
Nor be thy Nymph-attendants miss'd;
Nor can it harm thy court, if
HEBE the youthful swell thy list,
With MERCURY the sportive.

I.

O VENUS! Regina
Gnidi, Paphique,
Sperne dilectam
Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo
GLYCERÆ
Decoram
Transfer in ædem

II.

Fervidus tecum
Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis,
Properentque
Nymphæ,
Et parum comis
Sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

Honest *Dacier* says, in his own dry way: "*On ne doit pas s'étonner qu' Horace mette Mercure à la suite de Vénus; cela s'explique aisement!*"

Augustus, in the year U.C. 726, according to Dion (53. I.), built a temple to Apollo on Mount Palatine, to which he annexed a splendid library, much spoken of under subsequent emperors. The ceremony of its consecration appears to have called forth as many "*addresses*" as the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in the heyday of Horace Smith; one only has been preserved to posterity. Here is the Roman laureate's effusion, replete with dignified and philosophic sentiments, expressed in the noblest language:—

ODE XXXI.—THE DEDICATION OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE.

ANNO AB U.C. 726.

AIR—"Lesbia hath a beaming eye."

AD APOLLINEM.

I.

When the bard in worship, low
Bends before his liege APOLLO,
While the red libations flow
From the goblet's golden hollow,
Can ye guess his ORISON?
Can it be for "grain" he asketh—
Mellow grain, that in the sun,
O'er SARDINIA'S bosom basketh?

II.

No, no! The fattest herd of kine
That o'er CALABRIAN pasture ranges—
The wealth of INDIA'S richest mine—
The ivory of the distant GANGES?

I.

Quid dedicatum
Poscit Apollinem
Vates? Quid orat,
De patera novum
Fundes liquorem?
Non opimæ,
SARDINIÆ
Segetes feracis,

II.

Non æstuosæ
Grata Calabriæ
Armenta, non aurum
Aut ebur Indicum,

No—these be not the poet's dream—
Nor acres broad to roam at large in,
Where lazy LIRIS, silent stream,
Slow undermines the meadow's margin.

III.

The landlord of a wide domain
May gather his CAMPANIAN vintage,
The venturous trader count his gain—
I covet not his rich per centage;
When for the merchandise he sold
He gets the balance he relied on,
Pleased let him toast, in cups of gold,
"Free intercourse with TYRE and SIDON!"

IV.

Each year upon the watery waste,
Let him provoke the fierce ATLANTIC
Four separate times—I have no taste
For speculation so gigantic.
The gods are kind, the gain superb;
But, haply, I can feast in quiet
On salad of some homely herb,
On frugal fruit and olive diet.

V.

Oh, let LATONA's son but please
To guarantee me health's enjoyment!
The goods he gave—the faculties
Of which he claims the full employment;
Let me live on to good old age,
No deed of shame my pillow haunting,
Calm to the last, the closing stage
Of life:—nor let the LYRE be wanting!

Non rura, quæ
LIRIS quietâ
Mordet aquâ,
Taciturnus amnis.

III.

Premant Calenam
Falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem;
Dives et aureis
Mercator ex-
siccet cululis
Vina SYRÂ
Reparata merce,

IV.

Dis carus ipsis;
Quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens
Æquor Atlanticum
Impune. Me
Pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea
Levesque malvæ.

V.

Frui paratis
Et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones;
At, precor, integrâ
Cum mente,
Nec turpem senectam
Degere nec
Citharâ carentem.

The following stanzas would seem to form a sort of introductory flourish, or preamble; and, in the opinion of Father SANADON, were intended as a musical overture to the "Carmen Sæculare." In it Horace calls the lyre a *testudo;* and tells us that Jupiter never dined without an accompaniment of the kind: "*Dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis.*" My friend, William Jerdan, thinks, nevertheless, that "*fine lively turtle*" is of far greater acceptance, on festal occasions, than a mere empty tortoise-shell.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

I.

Poscimur...Si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,

II.

Lesbio primum modulate civi;
Qui, ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Litore navim,

III.

Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
Et Lycam nigris oculis, nigroque
Crine decoram.

IV.

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis! o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti!

AN OCCASIONAL PRELUDE OF THE POET TO HIS SONGS.

AIR—"Dear harp of my country."

I.

They have call'd for a hymn, which they say shall not perish,
But ECHO its music through ages prolong;
Then wake, LATIN lyre! Since my countrymen cherish
Thy wild native harmony, wake to my song.

II.

'Twas ALCÆUS, a minstrel of GREECE, who first married
The tones of the voice to the thrill of the chord;
O'er the waves of the sea the loved symbol he carried,
Nor relinquish'd the lyre though he wielded the sword.

III.

Gay BACCHUS, the MUSES, with CUPID he chanted
—The boy who accompanies VENUS the fair—
And he told o'er again how for LYCA he panted,
With her bonny black eyes and her dark flowing hair.

IV.

'Tis the pride of APOLLO—he glories to rank it,
Amid his bright attributes, foremost of all:
'Tis the solace of life! Even JOVE to his banquet
Invites thee!—O LYRE! ever wake to my call.

I do not admit the next ode to be genuine. The elegiac poet, TIBULLUS, to whom it is inscribed, died very young (twenty-six); and, besides, was too great a favourite of the ladies to have such lines as these addressed to him:—

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, ne doleas,
Plus nimio memor
Immitis Glyceræ,
Neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos,
Cur tibi junior
Læsâ præniteat fide, &c.

Be not astonish'd, dear Tibullus,
That fickle women jilt and gull us!
Cease to write "*elegies*," bemoaning
GLYCERA's falsehood—idly groaning
That thou in her esteem hast sunk, or
That she prefers a roaring younker.
K. T. A.

I consequently dismiss it to its appropriate place amid the *Apocrypha*.

It is a remarkable fact, though overlooked by most historians, that the "Reformation" originated in a clap of thunder. A German student was so terrified by the bolt (which killed his comrade) that he turned monk, and, having had originally no vocation for that quiet craft, afterwards broke out, naturally enough, into a polemical agitator. Horace was nearly converted by the same electric process as LUTHER. *Ex. gr.*:

ODE XXXIV.—THE POET'S CONVERSION.

AD SEIPSUM.

I.

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
Rarely with pious rites compliant,
At Unbelief disposed to nibble,
And pleased with every sophist quibble—
I, who had deem'd great JOVE a phantom,
Now own my errors, and RECANT 'em!

I.

Parcus Deorum
Cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis
Dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus

II.

Have I not lived of late to witness,
Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
The GOD, upon his car of thunder,
Cleave the calm elements asunder?
And, through the firmament careering,
Level his bolts with aim unerring?

II.

Cogor relictos.
Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco
Nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum,

III.

Then trembled EARTH with sudden shiver;
Then quaked with fear each mount and river;
Stunn'd at the blow, HELL reel'd a minute,
With all the darksome caves within it;
And ATLAS seem'd as he would totter
Beneath his load of land and water!

III.

Quo bruta tellus,
Et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invisi
Horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

IV.

Yes! of a GOD I hail the guidance;
The proud are humbled at his biddance:
FORTUNE, his handmaid, now uplifting
Monarchs, and now the sceptre shifting,
With equal proof HIS power evinces,
Whether she raise or ruin Princes.

IV.

Mutare, et insignem
Attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.
Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

Here is a specimen of the poet's more elevated manner—a sample of his grander style of composition. He invokes the smile of FORTUNE on two impending enterprises of the emperor: one an expedition to Arabia, composed of new recruits (concerning which, see the first ode of this decade); and, secondly, an excursion to Britain. Napoleon would call the first, "*l'Armée de l'Orient;*" and the other "*l'Armée d'Angleterre.*" Both were intended rather to divert public attention from politics than for real conquest. Horace, however, appears quite in earnest.

ODE XXXV.—AN ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

AD FORTUNAM.

I.

Fortune, whose pillar'd temple crowns
Cape ANTIUM's jutting cliff,
Whose smiles confer success, whose frowns
Can change our triumphs brief
To funerals—for life doth lie at
The mercy of thy sovereign fiat.

I.

O Diva, gratum
Quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo
Tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos,

II.

THEE, Goddess! in his fervent prayers,
Fondly the frugal farmer courts;
The mariner, before he dares
Unmoor his bark, to THEE resorts—
That thy kind favour may continue,
To bless his voyage to BITHYNIA.

II.

Te pauper ambit
Sollicita prece
Ruris colonus;
Te dominam æquoris,
Quicumque Bithyna lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carina;

III.

Rude DACIA's clans, wild SCYTHIA's hordes—
Abroad—at home—all worship THEE!
And mothers of barbarian Lords,
And purpled tyrants, bend the knee
Before thy shrine, O Maid! who seemest
To rule mankind with power supremest,

III.

Te Dacus asper,
Te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque,
Et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,

IV.

Lest THOU their statue's pillar'd pride
Dash to the dust with scornful foot—
Lest Tumult, bent on regicide,
Their ancient dynasty uproot;
When madden'd crowds, *with* Fiends to lead 'em,
Wreck empires in the name of *freedom!*

IV.

Injurioso
Ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam;
Neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

V.

THEE stern NECESSITY leads on,
Loaded with attributes of awe;
And grasping, grim automaton,
Bronze wedges in his iron claw,
Prepared with sledge to drive the bolt in,
And seal it fast with lead that's molten.

V.

Te semper anteit
Sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales
Et cuneos manu
Gestans aena, nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

VI.

Thee HOPE adores.—In snow-white vest,
FIDELITY (though seldom found)
Clings to her liege, and loves him best,
When dangers threat and ills surround;
Prizing him poor, despoil'd, imprison'd,
More than with gold and gems bedizen'd.

VI.

Te Spes, et albo
Rara Fides colit
Velata panno,
Nec comitem abnegat,
Utcumque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

VII.

Not so the fickle crowd!—Not so
The purchased Beauty, sure to fly
Where all our boon companions go,
Soon as the cask of joy runs dry:
Round us the Spring and Summer brought 'em—
They leave us at the close of Autumn!

VII.

At vulgus infidum,
Et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit;
Diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

VIII.—*The Prayer.*

GODDESS! defend, from dole and harm,
CÆSAR, who speeds to BRITAIN's camp!
And waft, of Rome's glad youth, the swarm
Safe to where first APOLLO's lamp
Shines in the East—the brave whose fate is
To war upon thy banks, EUPHRATES!

VIII.—*Antistrophe.*

Serves iturum
Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos,
Et juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.

IX.

Oh! let our country's tears expunge
From history's page those years abhorr'd,
When Roman hands could reckless plunge,
Deep in a brother's heart, the sword;
When Guilt stalk'd forth, with aspect hideous,
With every crime and deed perfidious;

IX.

Eheu! cicatricum
Et sceleris pudet
Fratrumque. Quid nos
Dura refugimus
Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? Unde manum juventus

X.

When Sacrilege and Frenzy urged
To violate each hallow'd fane.—
Oh! that our falchions were reforged,
And purified from sin and shame;—
Then—turn'd against th' ASSYRIAN foeman—
Baptized in exploits truly ROMAN!

X.

Metu Deorum
Continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?
O utinam nova
Incude defingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

The unaffected simplicity of the next song, and the kindly warmth of affection it bespeaks, are highly creditable to the poet's heart. The "gentle Lamia" has already figured in this series,* but nothing is known of "Numida."

ODE XXXVI.—A WELCOME TO NUMIDA.

AD PLOTIUM NUMIDAM.

I.

Burn frankincense! blow fife
A merry note!—and quick devote
A victim to the knife,

I.

Et thure et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli
Sanguine debito

II.

To thank the guardian powers
Who led from SPAIN—home once again,
This gallant friend of ours.

II.

Custodes Numidæ Deos,
Qui nunc, Hesperiâ
Sospes ab ultimâ,

III.

Dear to us all; yet *one*
Can fairly boast—his friendship most:
Oh, *him* he doats upon!

III.

Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen
Dividit oscula,

IV.

The gentle LAMIA, whom,
Long used to share—each schoolday care,
He loved in boyhood's bloom.

IV.

Quam dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non alio
Rege puertiæ,

V.

On both one day conferr'd
The garb of men—this day, again,
Let a "white chalk" record.

V.

Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat
Pulchra dies notâ;

VI.

Then send the wine-jar round,
And blithely keep the "Salian" step
With many a mirthful bound.

VI.

Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Salium
Sit requies pedum.

* See last decade.

We now come to a political squib of loud *éclat* and dazzling brilliancy. How he exults in the downfall of an anti-national confederacy! How he revels in the dastard Antony's discomfiture! The cowardice and effeminacy of the latter are not positively described, but cannot fail to strike us at once (as they did the contemporary public), by the forcible contrast with CLEOPATRA'S intrepidity. This ill-fated queen receives due honour from the poet, who shows that he can appreciate a daring spirit even in an enemy. To my own version I have annexed Victor Hugo's celebrated French translation, as sung at the Porte St. Martin, with rapturous applause, in his "Cléopatre, Tragédie, par l'Auteur de Marie Tudor."

ODE XXXVII.—THE DEFEAT OF CLEOPATRA.

A Joyful Ballad.

The Ballad.	"Ad Sodales."	Air de "Malbrook."
I.	I.	I.
Now, comrades, drink Full bumpers, undiluted! Now, dancers, link Firm hands, and freely foot it! Now let the priests, Mindful of NUMA'S ritual, Spread victim-feasts, And keep the rites habitual!	Nunc est bibendum, Nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus, Nunc Saliaribus Ornare pulvinar DEORUM Tempus erat Dapibus, sodales!	*Or sus! buvons* *Plein verre;* *Dansons, frappons* *La terre,* *De fleurs ornons,* *Pour plaire* *Aux Dieux, tous nos* *Autels.* (*bis.*)
II.	II.	II.
'Till now, 'twas wrong T' unlock th' ancestral cellar, Where dormant long Bacchus remain'd a dweller; While EGYPT'S queen Vow'd to erase (fond woman!) Rome's walls, and e'en The very name of ROMAN!	Antehac nefas DepromereCæcubum Cellis avitis, Dum Capitolio REGINA Dementes ruinas Funus et Imperio parabat,	*Sors! libre et sans* *Entrave* *Bacchus, qui dans* *Ta cave* *Languis deux ans;* *Qu'Octave* *Contre Egypte est en* *guerre* (*bis.*)
III.	III.	III.
Girt with a band Of craven-hearted minions, Her march she plann'd Through CÆSAR'S broad dominions! With visions sweet Of coming conquest flatter'd; When, lo! her fleet AGRIPPA fired and scatter'd!	Contaminato Cum grege turpium Morbo virorum, Quidlibet impotens Sperare, fortunâque dulci Ebria. Sed Minuit furorem	*D'un vil ramas* *Que mene* *Sa flotte, hélas!* *La Reine* *N'attendait pas* *Qu'à peine* *Le quart lui* *resterait* (*bis.*)
IV.	IV.	IV.
While CÆSAR left Nor time nor space to rally: Of all bereft —All, save a single galley— Fain to escape When fate and friends forsook her, Of Egypt's grape She quaff'd the maddening liquor;	Vix una sospes Navis ab ignibus, Mentemque lympha- tam Mareotico Redegit in Veros timores Cæsar, ab Italia volantem	*Sa nef au vent* *Se livre;—* *César se prend* *A suivre;—* *Elle, en fuyant* *S'enivre* *Du vin des bords du* *Nil.* (*bis.*)

V.

And turn'd her back
On ITALY's fair region ;—
When soars the hawk,
So flies the timid pigeon ;
So flies the hare,
Pursued by Scythia's hunter,
O'er fallows bare,
Athwart the snows of winter.

V.

Remis adurgens,
Accipiter velut
Molles columbas,
Aut leporem citus
Venator in
Campis nivalis
HÆMONIÆ,
Daret ut catenis

V.

Comme un vautour
Deploye
Son aile et court
Sa proie,
César, ce jour
De joye
Sur l'océan
voguait ! (*bis.*)

VI.

The die was cast,
And chains she knew t' await her ;-
Queen to the last,
She spurn'd the foeman's fetter ;
Nor shelter sought
In hidden harbours meanly ;—
Nor fear'd the thought
Of death—but met it queenly !

VI.

Fatale monstrum ;
Quæ generosius
Perire quærens
Nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem,
Nec latentes
Classe citâ
Reparavit oras.

VI.

Lors elle à part
Proscrite,
Fixe un regard
Tacite
Sur son poignard,
Et quitte
Tout espoir d'é-
chapper. (*bis.*)

VII.

Untaught to bend,
Calm 'mid a tottering palace—
'Mid scenes that rend
Weak woman's bosom, callous—
Her arm could grasp
The writhing snake ; nor waver,
While of the asp
It drank the venom'd slaver !

VII.

Ausa et jacentem
Visere regiam
Vultu sereno,
Fortis et asperas
Tractare serpentes,
Ut atrum
Corpore com-
biberet venenum,

VII.

Voit mis à bas
Son trône,
Sans que le cas
L'étonne ;
Sans que son bras
Frisonne
Un serpent y
grimper ! (*bis.*)

VIII.

Grim Death unawed
She hail'd with secret rapture,
Glad to defraud
ROME's galleys of a capture !
And, haughty dame,
Scorning to live, the agent
Of REGAL shame,
To grace a ROMAN pageant !

VIII.

Deliberatâ
Morte ferocior ;
Sævis Liburnis
Scilicet invidens
Privata deduci
Superbo
Non humilis
Mulier triumpho.

VIII.

Et par sa mort
Esquive
D'entrer au port
Captive ;
Ainsi le sort
Vous prive
Romains ! d'un beau
régal ! (*bis.*)

Directions for supper are appropriately given in the concluding ode of the book; they are short and significant. I think I may now call for a fresh tumbler myself. Molly ! bring me the "*materials !*"

ODE XXXVIII.

Last Ode of Book the First.

AD MINISTRUM. DIRECTIONS FOR SUPPER.

I.

Slave ! for my feast, in humble grot
Let PERSIA's pomps be all forgot ;
With twining garlands worry not
Thy weary fingers,
Nor heed in what secluded spot
The last rose lingers.

I.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus ;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ :
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

II.

Let but a modest myrtle-wreath,
In graceful guise, our temples sheathe—
Nor thou nor I aught else herewith
Can want, I'm thinking,
Cupbearer thou;—and I, beneath
The wine-tree drinking.

II.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

XXV.

The Songs of Horace.

(*Fraser's Magazine, December*, 1836.)

—o—

[Oddly associated with this concluding instalment of the Songs of Horace done into English by Mahony, through the mere coincidence of their appearing in the same number of *Regina*, is Croquis' comical etching of Buckstone, the low comedian, seated by his fireside, with aids to reflection as suggestive as a little cluster of glasses and decanters. This, the last of the Prout Papers, held the place of honour in *Regina's* closing number for 1836, standing, that is to say, at the forefront of the Magazine.]

DECADE THE FIFTH.

"NIL ADMIRARI prope res est una Numici
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum."
HOR., *Lib. I. Epist. VI.*

"'NOT TO ADMIRE *is all the art I know*
To make men happy, and to keep them so'—
Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech:
So take it in the very words of CREECH."
POPE'S *Epistle to Lord Mansfield.*

"But, had *none admired*,
Would POPE have sung, or HORACE been inspired?...
Gad! I must say I ne'er could see the very
Great *happiness* of this 'NIL ADMIRARI.'"
BYRON, *Juan*, canto v. st. 100, 101.

IF the sentiment sought to be conveyed by the deepest moralist, as well as the sweetest songster of Rome, be correctly given "*in the words of Creech*," we must confess our utter inability to comprehend, and our decided repugnance to adopt it; for, in the catalogue of pleasurable sensations which help to make life endurable, we would rank at its very highest value that delightful and exalted feeling which in psychology is termed ADMIRATION. We hold the legitimate indulgence of that faculty to constitute a most refined species of intellectual enjoyment—not the less to be prized, for that the objects which call it forth happen to be scarce, and that opportunities are seldom afforded of yielding up the soul to its delightful influence. Other and opposite emotions

can be felt at every hand's turn. Take, for example, those of PITY or CONTEMPT. Fit objects of compassion abound: Palmerston, for instance (like the poor), we have with us always; and as for the rest of the crawling set, from Russell to Rice, from Melbourne to Mulgrave, they seem, day after day, but to exist that the world may not lack a public exhibition of all that is truly despicable. LAUGHTER, also, may be enjoyed at a cheap rate. "Boz" wields (and long may he flourish it!) an indefatigable pen; Reeve is come back; and our old favourite, Brougham, is busy bottling up a rich stock of buffoonery *quæ mox depromat* among the Lords. But ADMIRATION bides her time: her visits, angelic fashion, are few and far between. Yet is her presence ever sure to be felt while calm philosophy, pellucid reason, and patriot eloquence flow from the lips of LYNDHURST.

In literature, we are accused of being over fastidious; forasmuch, perhaps, as we value our admiration too highly to lavish it on every passing scribbler. The *North American Review* is here peculiarly amusing. In its October number, just received, and now lying in our waste-paper box, much comical indignation is vented on OLIVER YORKE for slighting a poor creature who some time ago pencilled his way among us, and has been since forgotten. All *we* can remember about the man was his publishing what he called a poem, "edited" by "Barry Cornwall," a fictitious name, under which one Proctor, a commissioner of lunacy in our courts, thought it part of his official functions to usher him into notice. We did not advert to that circumstance at the time, or we should have taken the hint, and adopted towards him, not the severity of justly provoked criticism, but the mild indulgence suited to his case. For we did not require the evidence of this "*reviewer's*" article to convince us that rational rebuke is wasted when the mind of the recipient is unsound. We are glad, however, of the opportunity afforded us, by this casual reference to American matters, for placing on record our unfeigned and cordial admiration of EDWIN FORREST, whom night after night we have seen tread our stage after a fashion which none but the disingenuous can hesitate to admire and to applaud.

It was observed of Charlemain, that greatness had so mixed itself up with his character, that it eventually compenetrated his very name, till magnificence and Charles were blended into the sound of CARLOMAGNE. The sentiment of ADMIRATION has similarly worked itself into individual nomenclature on two occasions: viz. in the case of St. Gregory, "*Thaumaturge*," and in that of an accomplished cavalier who burst on the close of the sixteenth century as "the *admirable* Crichton." To the story of that gallant scholar we have, in another part of our current Number, taken an opportunity of alluding; and having therein, as we think, fairly plucked out the heart of the mystery, we shall not here stop to notice a book which will probably be the μεγα θαυμα of the season.

But returning to the "*words of Creech*," do they fairly give the meaning of Horace? We don't believe it. The plain English of the maxim is, "Let nothing take you by surprise;" and its practical effect would merely go to preserve the equilibrium of the mind from any sudden and violent upset. The translation of Creech affords one of the many instances in which to be *literal* is to misinterpret. Old Roger Bacon attributes the subtle fooleries of scholastic wrangling which arose in his day to the bad Latin versions of Aristotle. A Greek term was Latinized into one *apparently* synonymous, and the metaphysical niceties of the original vanished in the process. *Vulgus studentium* ASININAT *circà male translata* are the words in which he of the brazen head ridicules contemporary disputation. The delicate subtleties of poetical diction are still more evanescent; and of translations which render with mere *verbal* fidelity, it may be said, when they appear side by side with the text, that, though VENUS may preside over the graceful original, the clumsy version

hobbles with all the awkwardness of VULCAN. Such was the idea of a French wit, on perusing Abbé Pélégrin's translation of our poet—

"L'on devrait (soit dit entre nous)
A deux divinités offrir les deux HORACES:
Le latin à Venus la déese des graces,
Et le françois...à son époux."

LA MONNAYE.

In a Venetian folio edition, published by the celebrated Denis Lambinus (whose style of writing was so tedious, that "*lambiner*" became French for "*to loiter*"), there are some complimentary verses addressed to him, which he has taken care to print, and which are too good to be forgotten. Therein Horace is represented as consulting a *saga*, or Roman gipsy, concerning the future fate of his works; when, alluding to the ophthalmic affection under which he is known to have laboured, the prophetic hag maketh the vaticination following—

Talia respondit motâ vates anus urnâ—
"Dura parens genuit te lippum, Flacce; noverca
"Durior eripiet mox ætas lumen utrumque,
"Nec teipsum agnosces nec cognosceris ab ullo.
"At tibi LAMBINI raptum collyria lumen
"Inlita restituent: clarusque interprete tanto
"Nec lippus nec cæcus eris sed et integer ore."

Whereupon Denis triumphantly exclaims that what she foretold has come to pass, since, by the operation of his commentaries, such additional perspicuity has been shed over the text as to have materially improved the poet's eyesight—

"Verum dixit anus,—HÆ sunt COLLYRIA CHARTÆ!"

The personal infirmity thus alluded to had procured for the Latin lyrist a *sobriquet* well known among his contemporaries, viz. "the weeping Flaccus:" nor can we refuse the merit of ingenuity to him who could make so unpoetical an idea the groundwork of so flattering a compliment. It is singular enough that these obscure lines should have suggested a celebrated epigram; for when Lefranc de Pompignan, in his "Poesies Sacrées," versified the Lamentations of Jeremiah, he received a testimonial exceedingly analogous from Voltaire—

"Scavez vous pourquoi Jeremie,
A tant pleuré pendant sa vie?
C'est qu'en prophete il prévoyait,
Qu'un jour Lefranc le traduerait.

Know ye why JEREMY, that holy man,
Spent all his days in lamentations bitter?
Prophetic soul! he knew that Pompignan
One day would bring him out in Gallic metre.

That the labours of the father may call forth a similar congratulatory effusion is more than we dare conjecture in these critical times. Yet we trust that, notwithstanding the general depreciation of all sorts of scrip, with exchequer bills at such an alarming discount, Prout paper may be still negotiated.

OLIVER YORKE.

REGENT STREET, *Nov.* 20.

WATERGRASSHILL; *after Vespers.*

A few years previous to the outbreak of civil war between Octavius and Marc Antony, the poet Horace and a Greek professor of elocution (Heliodorus) received an intimation from Mecænas of his wish to enjoy their company on a trip connected with some diplomatic mission (*missi magnis de rebus*) to the port of Benevento. The proposal was readily accepted by these *hommes de*

lettres, who accordingly started from Rome toward the close of autumn, anno U.C. 720. Their intelligent patron had appointed to meet them at ANXUR, a place better known by its more musical name of TERRACINA,—(two popular productions contributing to its celebrity, viz. "Horatii Opera," and the opera of "Fra Diavolo")—whence, having received an important accession to their party by the arrival of VIRGIL and VARIUS, they proceeded by easy ages along the whole line of the *Via Appia*, to the utmost terminus of that immortal causeway on the Adriatic.

Such excursions were frequent enough among the cockneys of Rome; and forming, as these things did, part of the ordinary occurrences of commonplace life, had intrinsically little to recommend them to the poet or the historian as subjects for story or for song. The proverbial difficulty of raising up such matters to the level of elegant composition—*proprié communia dicere* (*Ep. ad. Pison.*)—was here pre-eminent. But genius is, perhaps, as frequently displayed in the selection of the objects on which to exercise its faculty as in the working out of its once adopted conceptions; and mediocrity would no more have first chosen such a theme for its musings, than it would have afterwards treated it in the manner it has been executed by Horace.

"*Cose in prosa mai dette ne in rima*"

formed the aspiration of Ariosto; Milton gloried in grappling with

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"

and both exhibited originality, not only in the topics they fixed upon, but in their method of handling them. The *iter Brundusii* was without precedent in all the range of previously existing literature; it has remained unrivalled amid all the sketches of a similar kind which have been called into existence by its felicitous example.

There was, doubtless, nothing very new or wondrous in the practice of keeping a note-book while on a journey, or in registering duly each trivial incident of roadside experience. But when this ex-colonel of a legion at Philippi, in one of his leisure hours, at the remote outport whither he had accompanied an illustrious friend, conceived the idea of embodying the contents of his *pugillaria* into the graceful shape which they now wear (Lib. I. Sat. V.), giving them a local habitation and a permanency among his works, he did more than merely delight his travelling companions, immortalize the villages along the route, and electrify by his graphic touch the listless idlers of the capital; he positively founded a new SECT—he propounded the KORAN of a new creed—he established the great SCHOOL of "peripatetic" writers; furnishing the precious prototype on which thousands of disciples would, in after time, systematically model their literary compositions. By thus showing that the mere personal occurrences and anecdotes of a pleasure trip were capable of being wrought into so interesting a narrative, he unconsciously, by opening a new department in the theory of bookmaking, furnished a new field for the industry of the pen. There is no conjecturing how far a simple hint may be improved on in this quarter. Had not the African enthusiasm of St. Augustin suggested to that most impassioned of the Fathers the idea of publishing *his* "Confessions," the practice of composing personal memoirs, the art of autobiography, which of late years has taken such wide extension, would, perhaps, have never been attempted. Peter Abelard would not have mustered courage to enlighten the dark ages, as he has done, with a full and true account of his doleful catastrophe ("*historia calamitatum suarum*"); and a later age would not, in all probability, have been favoured with the confessions of the maniac Rousseau. May it not be similarly predicated of this famous Itinerary, that had it not given the first impulse, the world had wanted many an idle "TOUR?"

"Rhymes on the road," "pencillings by the way," "impressions," "diaries," "ramblings," "records," "highways," "byeways," are therefore but a few of the many emanations from one common source: and, in good sooth, all these people should unite in some testimonial to Horace. But gratitude, I fear, is rarely manifested in cases of this description. A striking instance might be given. To none, perhaps, are "the eminent modern humorous writers" more indebted than to the writings of "Joe Miller;" yet that author, up to the present day, is without a monument; his bones lying, as all the world knows, in the churchyard of St. Clement, London, under the back windows of Tom Wood's tavern. 'Tis true that a club was established some years ago, by the exertions of the two Smiths (Horace and James), with Hook and Hood, the members of which dine monthly in the back parlour aforesaid, commanding a full view of the cemetery. They fully agreed to levy a fine of five shillings on each detected perpetrator of a "Joe," devoting the proceeds to the purchase of a gravestone. By this time a goodly mausoleum might have been built; whereas old MOLITOR is yet without even a modest tablet to mark the spot of his repose. Who is the treasurer?

Horace should not be similarly defrauded of his claim. A moderate percentage on the profits of each professed tourist, with a slight deodand where the book falls still-born, might be appropriately devoted to erecting a terminal statue of the poet in some central part of the "Row." None ought to plead exemption from this "justice rent." Inglis, Basil Hall, Quin, Barrow, Ritchie, Pückler Muskau, Emmerson Tennant, Professor Hoppus; Waterton, the wanderer; Nick Willis, the eavesdropper; Rae Wilson, the booby: all should contribute—except, perhaps, Holman, the "blind traveller," whose undertaking was perfectly original.

To return. I have just been reading over, for perhaps the hundredth time, the witty Roman's gay and graceful itinerary, gathering from its perusal a fresh conviction, that it comprises more humour, point, and clever writing, within the brief range of its one hundred lines, than are to be found in as many hundred octavo volumes of recent manufacture. But let that pass. The obvious beauties which distinguish these enduring monuments of bygone genius are not the passages which stand most in need of commentary; and I am just now about to fix myself on a very unimportant expression occurring in the simple course of the poet's narrative; a most trivial fact in itself, but particularly adapted to my present purpose. Swift's meditations on a broomstick have long ago proved that the Imagination, like one of Teniers' witches, will soar aloft on a hobby-horse of her own selection. Of late, the habit of indulging in reveries has, I confess, grown upon me; and I feel an increasing tendency to ruminate on the veriest trifles. This arises partly, I suppose, from the natural discursiveness of memory in old age; partly, I suspect, from the long familiarity of my mind with the great Cornelius a Lapide's elucidations of the prophet Ezekiel.

The words on which I would ponder thus, after the most approved method of the great Flemish commentator, are contained in the 48th verse, which runs as follows in all the known MSS.:

"Lusum it Mecænas; dormitum ego Virgiliusque."
Lib. I. Sat. V. v. 48.

My approved good master, A LAPIDE, would hereupon, submitting each term to the more than chemical analysis of his scrutiny, first point out to the admiration of all functionaries in the diplomatic line, who happen to be charged with a secret mission, the sagacious conduct of MECÆNAS. The envoy of Augustus is fully conscious, on his arrival at CAPUA, that his motions are narrowly watched by the *quidnuncs* of that vagabond town, and that the

probable object of his journey is sure to be discussed by every barber in and about the market-place. How does he act? While the mules are resting at the "*caupona*" (for it appears the *vetturini* system of travelling is of very old date in the Italian peninsula), the *chargé d'affaires* seeks out a certain tennis-court, the most favourite place of public resort, and there mingles in a game with the citizens, as if the impending destinies of the future empire of the world were not a moment in his contemplation, or did not rather engross his whole faculties all the while. This anecdote, I believe, has not been noticed by Mr. Taylor, in his profound book called the "Statesman." It is at his service.

Leaving Mecænas to the enjoyment of his game of rackets, let us return to the Capuan hostelry, and take cognizance of what may be supposed to be then and there going on. Here, then, we are, say, at the sign of "Silenus and the Jackass," in the "*Via Nolana*." In answer to our inquiries, it will appear that the author of the "Georgics" (the "Æneid" was yet unpublished) had, as usual with him on the slightest emergencies, found his stomach sadly out of order (*crudus*); while his fellow-traveller, the distinguished lyrist of the day, has sympathetically complained of the effect produced on his tender eyelids (*lippus*) by the clouds of incessant dust and the glare of a noonday sun. They have both, therefore, previous to resuming their seats in the clumsy vehicles (*rhedæ*) which have conveyed them thus far, decided on devoting the sultry meridian hour to the refreshing process of a quiet *siesta*. The slave within whose attributions this service is comprised (*decurio cubicularis*) is quickly summoned; and but few minutes have elapsed before the two great ornaments of the Augustan age, the master spirits of the then intellectual world, are fairly deposited in their respective cells, and consigned to the care of tired nature's kind restorer. Whoever has explored the existing remains of similar edifices in the neighbouring town of Pompeii, will probably form a fair estimate of the scale of comfort and style of accommodation prevalent at the head inn of Capua. Entering by a smoky hall (*atrium*), the kitchen being on one side and the servants' offices on the other, your traveller proceeded towards the *compluvium*, or open quadrangular courtyard; on each side of which, in cloister fashion, were ranged the sleeping apartments, small dark chambers, each some eight or twelve feet square, having, at the height of about six feet from the mosaic ground-floor, a scanty aperture, furnished with a linen blind; a crockery lamp, a bronze tripod and basin (*pelvis*), a mirror of the same material, forming, with a hard couch (*stragula*), the complete inventory of the movables within. A knight templar, or Carthusian monk, would feel quite at home in your antique hostelry.

Little dreamed, I ween, the attendant slave, mayhap still less the enlightened *caupo* himself, of the high honour conferred on his establishment by an hour's occupancy of its chambers on that occasion. The very tall gentleman, with an ungainly figure and slight stoop in the shoulders, so awkward and bashful in his address, and who had complained of such bad digestion, became, no doubt, the object of a few not over respectful remarks among the *atrienses* of the household. Nor did the short, fat, Sancho Panza-looking sort of personage, forming in every respect so complete a contrast to his demure and sedate companion, fail to elicit some curious comments, and some not very complimentary conjectures, as to what might be *his* relative position in society. In what particular capacity did they both follow the train of the rich knight, Mecænas? This was, no doubt, acutely and diligently canvassed by the gossips of the inn. One thing was certain. In humour and disposition, as well as in personal appearance, they were the very antipodes of each other,—a musing Heraclitus yoked with a laughing Democritus; aptly illustrative, the one of *il penseroso*, the other of *l'allegro*. Mine host, with the instinctive sagacity of his tribe, at once had set down Horace as a man familiar with the metropolis,

habituated to town life, and in every respect "fit to travel." It was equally clear that the other individual belonged to the agricultural interest, his manner savouring of much residence in the country; being, in sooth, not merely rural, but actually rustic. In a word, they were fair samples of the *rat de ville* and the *rat des champs*. Meantime the unconscious objects of so much keen investigation "slept on;" and "little they recked" anent what was thus "lightly spoken" concerning them by those who kept the sign of "Silenus and the Jackass," in the high street at Capua.

"Dormitum ego Virgiliusque."

Do I purpose to disturb them in their meridian slumber?—Not I Yet may the scholar's fancy be allowed to penetrate each darkened cell, and take a hurried and furtive glance at the illustrious sleepers. Fancy may be permitted to hover o'er each recumbent form, and contemplate in silent awe the repose of genius. FANCY, after the fashion of her sister PSYCHE, and at the risk of a similar penalty, may be suffered, on tiptoe, and lamp in hand, to explore the couch of her beloved, to survey the features and figure of those from whom she hath so long derived such exquisite sensations of intellectual enjoyment.

Plutarch delighted to bring two of his heroes together, and then, in a laboured parallel, illustrate the peculiarities of the one by setting forth the distinctive characteristics of the other. This was also done by Dr. Johnson, in his grand juxtaposition of Dryden and Virgil. But could a more tempting opportunity ever occur to the great Bœotian, or the great lexicographer, for a display of analysis and antithesis, than the respective merits and powers of the two great writers here entranced before us?

The Capuan innkeeper had gone more deeply into the subject than would be at first imagined, when he classified his guests under the heads of "town" and "country." The most elaborately metaphysical essay could not throw greater light on the relative idiosyncrasy of their minds.

Virgil, from his earliest infancy up to the period of confirmed manhood, had not left the banks of the MINCIO, or the plains of Lombardy. It required the confiscation of his little farm, and the transfer of his ancestral acres to a set of *quasi Cromwellian* intruders (Octavius Cæsar's military colonists), to bring him up to Rome in quest of redress. He was then in his thirtieth year. Tenderness, sensibility, a soul feelingly alive to all the sweet emotions of unvitiated nature, are the natural growth of such happy seclusion from a wicked world. Majestic thoughts are the offspring of solitude. Plato meditated alone on the promontory of Sunium: Virgil was a Platonist.

The boyhood and youth of Horace (as I think may be gathered from my last paper) were spent in a totally different atmosphere; and, therefore, no two poets could be nurtured and trained in *schools* of poetry more essentially opposite. The "*lake*" academy is not more different from the gymnasium of the "*silverfork*." Epicurus dwelt among the busy haunts of men: Horace was an Epicurean.

The latter was in every respect, as his outward appearance would seem to indicate, "of the town, townly." Mirabeau used to say, whenever he left Paris, that, on looking through his carriage-windows at the faces along the road, he could ascertain to a fraction how far he was from the capital. The men were his milestones. Even genius in the provinces wears an aspect of simplicity. The Romans were perfectly sensible of this difference. *Urbanum sal* was a well-known commodity, as easily distinguished by men of taste in the metropolis, as the verbal provincialisms which pervade the decades of Livy were quickly detected by the delicate sensibility of metropolitan ears.

In society, Horace must have shown to great advantage, in contrast with the retiring and uncommunicative MANTUAN. Acute, brilliant, satirical, his ver-

satile accomplishments fascinated at once. Virgil, however, inspired an interest of a different description. Thoughtful and reserved, "the rapt soul sitting in his eyes" gave intimation of a depth of feeling and a comprehensiveness of intellect far beyond the range of all contemporary minds. Habitually silent, yet when he spoke, in the solemn and exquisitely musical cadences peculiar to his poetry, it was as if the "spirit of Plato" revealed itself, or the Sibylline books were unfolded.

I can't understand that passage in the tenth satire (lib. i.), where the Sabine humorist asserts that the Muses who patronize a country life (*gaudentes rure camœnæ*), having endowed Virgil with a mild and lenient disposition, a delicate sweetness of style, had also bestowed on him a talent for the *facetious* (molle... *atque facetum*). There is, assuredly, more fun and legitimate drollery in a page of the said "Satires," than in all the "Eclogues" and "Georgics" put together. To extract a laugh out of the "Æneid," it required the help of SCARRON.

Horace was the delight of the convivial circle. The flashes of his Bacchanalian minstrelsy brightened the blaze of the banquet; and his love-songs were the very quintessence of Roman refinement. Yet never did he achieve such a triumph as is recorded of his gifted friend, when, having consented to gratify the household of Augustus and the imperial circle by reading a portion of his majestic poem, he selected that famous exposition of Plato's sublimest theories, the 6th book of his "Æneid." The charm of his recitation gave additional dignity to that high argument, so nobly developed in harmonious verse. But when the intellect had feasted its fill—when he suddenly "changed his hand," and appealed to the heart—when the glowing episode of the young Marcellus came by surprise on the assembled court, a fainting empress, amid the mingled tears and applause of veteran warriors, confessed the sacred supremacy of song.

The poetry of Horace is a pleasant *thought;* that of Virgil a delightful *dream.* The first had mingled in the world of reality; the latter dwelt in a fanciful and ideal region, from which he rarely came down to the vulgarities of actual life. The tranquil lake reflects heaven in its calm bosom; the running brook makes acquaintance with the thousand objects on its varied margin. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Goethe, Lamartine, belong to the dreamy race of writers—they are "children of the mist"—their dwelling is in a land of visions. Byron, Béranger, Burns, Scott, Shakespeare, deal with men and things as they have found them, and as they really are. The latter class will ever be the most *popular.* The actual *thinker* will ever be preferred to the most enchanting "dreamer of dreams."

In the empire of Augustus, Virgil saw the realization of ancient oracles: he viewed as from a distance the mighty structure of Roman power, and imaged in his "Æneid" the vast idea of a heaven-descended monarchy. Horace took up his lantern *à la Diogene,* and went about exploring the *details* of the social system, the vices, the follies, the passions of Roman society. His poetry was of a more matter-of-fact nature; it came home to the bosom of his readers; it was the exact expression of contemporary joys and sorrows.

The character of each as a poet may not be inappropriately sought for in the well-known allegory with which the 6th book of the "Æneid" closes:

> "*Sunt geminæ somni portæ quarum altera fertur,*
> *Cornea quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris,*
> *Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,*
> *Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.*"

Or as Dryden has it—

> "Two shining gates the house of sleep adorn;
> Of polish'd ivory *this—that* of transparent horn," &c.

I leave to my reader the evolving of this complex idea. The dreamy visions of the Platonist may be placed in contrast with the practical wit and knowledge of the world possessed by the shrewd disciple of Epicurus, the "*falsa insomnia*" with the "*veris umbris.*" And herewith I wind up my parallel.

I now open the second book of the odes, and proceed on my task of metrical exposition.

LIB. II. ODE I.—TO POLLIO ON HIS MEDITATED HISTORY.

AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

I.

The story of our civil wars,
Through all the changes that befell us,
To chronicle thy pen prepares,
Dating the record from METELLUS;—
Of parties and of chiefs thy page
Will paint the leagues, the plans, the forces;
Follow them through each varied stage,
And trace the warfare to its sources.

II.

And thou wilt tell of swords still wet
With unatoned-for blood:—historian,
Bethink thee of thy risk!...ere yet
Of CLIO thou awake the clarion.
Think of the tact which ROME requires
In one who would such deeds unfold her;
Know that thy tread is upon fires
Which still beneath the ashes smoulder.

III.

Of Tragedy the weeping Muse
Awhile in thee may mourn a truant,
Whom varnish'd fiction vainly woos,
Of stern realities pursuant:
But finish thy laborious task,
Our annals write with care and candour;
Then don the buskin and the mask,
And tread through scenes of tragic grandeur!

IV.

Star of the stage! to thee the Law
Looks for her mildest, best expounder—
Thee the rapt Senate hears with awe,
Wielding the bolts of patriot thunder—
Thee Glory found beneath the tent,
When, from a desert wild and horrid,
DALMATIA back in triumph sent
Her conqueror, with laurell'd forehead!

V.

But, hark! methinks the martial horn
Gives prelude to thy coming story;
In fancy's ear shrill trumpets warn
Of battle-fields, hard fought and gory:
FANCY hath conjured up the scene,
And phantom warriors crowd beside her—
The squadron dight in dazzling sheen—
The startled steed—th' affrighted rider!

I.

Motum ex Metello
Consule civicum,
Bellique causas,
Et vitia, et modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ,
Gravesque
Principum amicitias,
Et arma

II.

Nondum expiatis
Uncta cruoribus,
Periculosæ
Plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, et
Incedes per ignes
Suppositos
Cineri doloso.

III.

Paulum severæ
Musa tragœdiæ
Desit theatris;
Mox, ubi publicas
Res ordinaris,
Grande munus
Cecropio
Repetes cothurno,

IV.

Insigne mœstis
Præsidium reis
Et consulenti,
Pollio, Curiæ,
Cui laurus
Æternos honores
Dalmatico
Peperit triumpho.

V.

Jam nunc minaci
Murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures;
Jam litui strepunt;
Jam fulgor armorum
Fugaces
Terret equos,
Equitumque vultus.

VI.

Hark to the shouts that echo loud
From mighty chieftains, shadow'd grimly!
While blood and dust each hero shroud,
Costume of slaughter—not unseemly:
Vainly ye struggle, vanquish'd brave!
Doom'd to see fortune still desert ye,
Till all the world lies prostrate, save
Unconquer'd CATO'S savage virtue!

VII.

Juno, who loveth AFRIC most,
And each dread tutelary godhead,
Who guards her black barbaric coast,
LYBIA with Roman gore have flooded:
While warring thus the sons of those
Whose prowess could of old subject her,
Glutting the grudge of ancient foes,
Fell—but to glad JUGURTHA'S spectre!

VIII.

Where be the distant land but drank
Our LATIUM'S noblest blood in torrents?
Sad sepulchres, where'er it sank,
Bear witness to each foul occurrence.
Rude barbarous tribes have learn'd to scoff,
Sure to exult at our undoing;—
PERSIA hath heard with joy, far off,
The sound of ROME'S gigantic ruin!

IX.

Point out the gulf on ocean's verge—
The stream remote, along whose channels
Hath not been heard the mournful dirge
That rose throughout our murderous annals—
Show me the sea—without its tide
Of blood upon the surface blushing—
Show me the shore—with blood undyed
From Roman veins profusely gushing.

X.

But, Muse! a truce to themes like these—
Let us strike up some jocund carol;
Nor pipe with old SIMONIDES
Dull, solemn strains, morosely moral:
Teach me a new, a livelier stave—
And that we may the better chaunt it,
Hie with me to the mystic cave,
Grotto of song! by BACCHUS haunted.

VI.

Audire magnos
Jam videor duces
Non indecoro
Pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum
Subacta,
Præter atrocem
Animum CATONIS.

VII.

JUNO, et Deorum
Quisquis amicior
Afris, inultâ
Cesserat impotens
Tellure,
Victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias
JUGURTHÆ.

VIII.

Quis non Latino
Sanguine pinguior
Campus, sepulchris
Impia prælia
Testatur,
Auditumque Medis
Hesperiæ
Sonitum ruinæ?

IX.

Qui gurges, aut quæ
Flumina lugubris
Ignara belli?
Quod mare Dauniæ
Non decolor-
avere cædes?
Quæ caret ora
Cruore nostro?

X.

Sed ne, relictis,
Musa procax, jocis,
Ceæ rétractes
Munera neniæ:
Mecum Dionæo
Sub antro
Quære modos
Leviore plectro.

It is pleasant to find Adam Smith "On the Wealth of Nations" anticipated, in the following *exposé* of sound commercial principles; and the folly of restricting the bank issues made the subject of an ode. It is addressed to Sallust, nephew of the historian, who had amassed considerable wealth from the plunder of Africa during his prætorship in that province; and had laid out the proceeds, after the most liberal fashion, in embellishing his most magnificent residence, the *Horti Sallustiani*, which to this day forms a splendid public promenade for your modern Romans. The liberality of Proculeius *Murena*, who, on the confiscation of his brother's property during the civil war, had

made good the loss from his own patrimony, and opened an asylum to the children of his nephews, was apparently the current subject of conversation at the time; as well as the good fortune of Phraates, in recovering the crown of Persia, which had been jeopardized by some revolutionary proceedings. At this distance of years, both topics appear somewhat stale; but we must go back in spirit to the days in which such matters possessed interest, and, having thus made ourselves part and parcel of contemporary Roman society, admire, as well as we can, the grace and freshness of the allusions.

LIB. II. ODE II.—THOUGHTS ON BULLION AND THE CURRENCY.

AD CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

I.

My SALLUST, say, in days of dearth,
What is the lazy ingot worth,
Deep in the bowels of the earth
Allow'd to settle,
Unless a temperate use send forth
The shining metal?

II.

Blessings on HIM whose bounteous hoard
A brother's ruin'd house restored—
Spreading anew the orphan's board
With care paternal:
MURENA's fame aloft hath soar'd
On wings eternal!

III.

Canst thou command thy lust for gold?
Then art thou richer, friend, fourfold,
Than if thy nod the marts controll'd
Where chiefest trade is—
The CARTHAGES both "new" and "old,"
The NILE and CADIZ.

IV.

Mark yon hydropic sufferer, still
Indulging in the draughts that fill
His bloated frame,—insatiate, till
Death end the sickly;
Unless the latent fount of ill
Be dried up quickly.

V.

Heed not the vulgar tale that says,
—"*He* counts calm hours and happy days
Who from the throne of CYRUS sways
The PERSIAN sceptre:"
WISDOM corrects the ill-used phrase—
And—stern preceptor—

I.

Nullus argento
Color est avaris
Abdito terris,
Inimice lamnæ
CRISPE SALLUSTI,
Nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

II.

Vivet extento
PROCULEIUS ævo,
Notus in fratres
Animi paterni.
Illum aget pennâ
Metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

III.

Latius regnes
Avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si
Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas,
Et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

IV.

Crescit indulgens
Sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit,
Nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis,
Et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

V.

Redditum CYRI,
Solio PHRAATEM,
Dissidens plebi
Numerò beatorum,
Eximit Virtus
Populumque falsis,
Dedocet uti

VI.

HAPPY alone proclaimeth them,
Who with undazzled eye contemn
The pile of gold, the glittering gem,
The bribe unholy—
Palm, laurel-wreath, and diadem,
Be theirs—theirs solely!

VI.

Vocibus, regnum
Et diadema tutum
Deferens uni,
Propriamque laurum
Quisquis ingentes
Oculo irretorto,
Spectat acervos.

Sherlock's famous volume on death has been equally forestalled by our Epicurean moralist; who, whatever he may want in consolatory prospects of a blessed futurity, compensates for this otherwise very material omission by an unrivalled sweetness of versification, and imagery the most picturesque.

LIB. II. ODE III.—A HOMILY ON DEATH.

AD Q. DELLIUM.

I.

Thee, whether Pain assail
Or Pleasure pamper,
DELLIUS—whiche'er prevail—
Keep thou thy temper;
Unwed to boisterous joys, that ne'er
Can save thee from the SEPULCHRE;

I.

Æquam memento
Rebus in arduis
Servare mentem,
Non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Delli,

II.

Death smites the slave to spleen,
Whose soul repineth,
And him who on the green,
Calm sage, reclineth,
Keeping—from grief's intrusion far—
Blithe holiday with festal jar.

II.

Seu mœstus omni
Tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto
Gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.

III.

Where giant fir, sunproof,
With poplar blendeth,
And high o'erhead a roof
Of boughs extendeth;
While onward runs the crooked rill,
Brisk fugitive, with murmur shrill.

III.

Qua pinus ingens
Albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem
Consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo,

IV.

Bring wine, here, on the grass!
Bring perfumes hither!
Bring roses—which, alas!
Too quickly wither—
Ere of our days the spring-tide ebb,
While the dark sisters weave our web.

IV.

Hunc vina, et unguenta,
Et nimium breves
Flores amœnos
Ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

V.

Soon—should the fatal shear
Cut life's frail fibre—
Broad lands, sweet VILLA near
The yellow TIBER,
With all thy chattels rich and rare,
Must travel to a thankless heir.

V.

Cedes coemptis
Saltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus
Quam Tiberis lavit:
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

VI.

Be thou the nobly born,
Spoil'd child of Fortune—
Be thou the wretch forlorn,
Whom wants importune—
By sufferance thou art here at most,
Till Death shall claim his holocaust.

VI.

Divesne, prisco
Natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an
Pauper et infimâ
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

VII.

All to the same dark bourne
Plod on together—
Lots from the same dread urn
Leap forth—and, whether
Ours be the first or last, Hell's wave
Yawns for the exiles of the grave.

VII.

Omnes eodem
Cogimur: omnium
Versatur urnâ
Serius ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

I, of course, cannot countenance the tendency of the succeeding *morceau*. Its apparent purport is to vindicate what the Germans call "left-handed" alliances between the sexes; but its obvious drift is not such as so generally correct a judge of social order and propriety would be supposed to mistake. The responsibility, however, be his own.

LIB. II. ODE IV.—CLASSICAL LOVE MATCHES.

"When the heart of a man is oppress'd with care,
The mist is dispell'd if a woman appear;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises his spirits and charms his ear."

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

I

O deem not thy love for a captive maid
Doth, PHŒBUS, the heart of a Roman degrade!
Like the noble ACHILLES, 'tis simply, simply,
With a "BRISEIS" thou sharest thy bed.

I.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phœceu. Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem;

II.

AJAX of TELAMON did the same,
Felt in his bosom a PHRYGIAN flame;
Taught to contemn none, King AGAMEMNON
Fond of a TROJAN slave became.

II.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ,

III.

Such was the rule with the GREEKS of old,
When they had conquer'd the foe's stronghold;
When gallant HECTOR—Troy's protector—
Falling, the knell of ILION toll'd.

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ,
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV.

Why deem her origin vile and base?
Canst thou her pedigree fairly trace?
Yellow-hair'd PHYLLIS, slave tho' she be, still is
The last, perhaps, of a royal race.

IV.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certe genus et penates
Mœret iniquos.

V.

Birth to demeanour will sure respond—
PHYLLIS is faithful, PHYLLIS is fond:
Gold cannot buy her—then why deny her
A rank the basely born beyond?

VI.

PHYLLIS hath limbs divinely wrought,
Features and figure without a fault...
Do not feel jealous, friend, when a fellow's
Fortieth year forbids the thought!

V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

In contrasting Virgil with Horace, and in noticing the opposite tendencies of mind and disposition discoverable in their writings, I should have pointed out the very glaring difference in their respective views of female character. The mild indulgence of the Epicurean is obviously distinguishable from the severe moroseness of the Platonist. The very foibles of the sex find an apologist in Horace: Virgil appears to have been hardly sensible to their highest excellencies. The heroines of the "Æneid" are depictured in no very amiable colours: his Dido is a shrew and a scold; his Trojan women fire the fleet, and run wild like witches in a *Sabbat*; the "mourning fields" are crowded with ladies of lost reputation; the wife of King Latinus hangs herself; Camilla dies in attempting to grasp a gewgaw; and even the fair Lavinia is so described as to be hardly worth fighting for. How tolerant, on the contrary, is our songster—how lenient in his sketches of female defects—how impassioned in his commendation of female charms! Playful irony he may occasionally employ in his addresses to Roman beauty; but, in his very invectives, nothing can be clearer than his intense devotion to the whole sex...with the exception of "Canidia." Who *she* was I may take an early opportunity of explaining: it is a very long story, and will make a *paper*.

The subject of the following ode is Campaspé, the mistress of APELLES. This favourite artist of Alexander the Great would appear to have been, like Salvator Rosa, addicted to the kindred pursuits of a poet. Of his paintings nothing has come down to us; but of his poetry I am happy to supply a fragment from the collection of Athæneus. The Greek is clearly the original. George Herrick has supplied the English.

LIB. II. ODE V.—CUPID A GAMBLER.

I.

Nostra CAMPASPE levis et CUPIDO
Aleâ nuper statuere ludos,
Merx ut hinc illinc foret osculorum;—
Solvit at ille.

II.

Pignorat sorti pharetram, sagittas,
Par columbarum, Venerisque bigas
Passeres;—eheu! puer aleator
Singula solvit.

III.

Tum labellorum roseos honores
Mox ebur frontis—simul hanc sub imo
Quæ manu matris fuerat cavata
Rimula mento,

IV.

Solvit...at postquam geminos ocellos
Lusit incassùm, manet inde cæcus.—
Sic eum si tu spolias, puella!
Quanta ego solvam?

CUPID and my CAMPASPE played
At cards for kisses;—Cupid paied—
He stakes hys quiver, bowe and arrowes,
Hys mother's doves and teame of sparrowes:
Looses them too—then downe he throws
The coral of hys lippe, the rose

Uppon hys cheek (but none knows how)
With these the chrystal of hys browe,
And then the dymple on hys chinne—
All these did my CAMPASPE winne.
At last he sette her both hys eyes;
She wonn: and CUPID blind did rise.
Oh, LOVE! hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

GEORGE HERRICK.

FRAGMENT OF THE PAINTER AND POET, APELLES.

Ερως τ' εμη εταιρη
Καμπασπα συγκωξευον
Φιληματ' ην δ' αεθλα·
Αυσεν τ' ερως οφλημα·
Τοξον, ξελῆ, φαρετρην,
Και μητερος πελειας,
Στρουθων ζυγον τεθηκεν·
Απωλεσεν τ' απαντα·
Χειλουσ τιθης ἐρευθος,
Ροδον τε των παρειων
(Πως ουν μεν ουτις οιδεν),
Κρυσταλλον ηδ' εθηκε
Τον αγλαον μετωπου,
Σφραγισμα και γενειου·
Καμπασπ' απαντ' ανειλεν.
Τελος δε ομματ' αμφω
Εθηκ· ετευξατ' αυτη·
Τυφλος τ' απωχετ· ω 'ρος
Ει ταυτα σοι μέγιστε
Κακ' ηδ' Ερως ποιησε;
Φευ! αθλιωτατω τι
Μελλει εμοι γινεσθαι;

Tivoli and Tarentum were the two favourite retreats of Horace, whenever he could tear himself from the metropolis. The charms of both are celebrated in the succeeding composition. It would appear to have been elicited at a banquet, on Septimius expressing himself so devotedly attached to our poet, that he would cheerfully accompany him to the utmost boundary of the Roman empire.

LIB. II. ODE VI.—THE ATTRACTIONS OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM.

I.

SEPTIMIUS, pledged with me to roam
Far as the fierce IBERIAN'S home,
Where men abide not yet o'ercome
By Roman legions,
And MAURITANIAN billows foam—
Barbaric regions!

II.

TIBUR!—sweet colony of GREECE!—
There let my devious wanderings cease;—
There would I wait old age in peace,
There calmly dwelling,
A truce to war!—a long release
From "colonelling!"

III.

Whence to go forth should Fate ordain,
GALESUS, gentle flood! thy plain
Speckled with sheep—might yet remain
For Heaven to grant us;
Land that once knew the halcyon reign
Of King PHALANTUS.

I.

Septimi, Gades
Aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum
Juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes,
Ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda:

II.

TIBUR, Argeo
Positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes
Utinam senectæ!
Sit modus lasso
Maris, et viarum,
Militiæque!

III.

Unde si Parcæ
Prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis
Ovibus Galesi
Flumen, et regnata
Petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

IV.

Spot of all earth most dear to me!
Teeming with sweets! the Attic bee,
O'er Mount HYMETTUS ranging free,
Finds not such honey—
Nor basks the CAPUAN olive-tree
In soil more sunny.

V.

There lingering Spring is longest found;
E'en Winter's breath is mild;—and round
Delicious AULON grapes abound,
In mellow cluster;
Such as FALERNUM's richest ground
Can rarely muster.

VI.

Romantic towers! thrice happy scene!
There might our days glide on serene;
Till thou bedew with tears, I ween,
Of love sincerest,
The dust of him who once had been
Thy friend, the LYRIST!

IV.

Ille terrarum
Mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet,
Ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt,
Viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;

V.

Ver ubi longum,
Tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas,
Et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho
Minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

VI.

Ille te mecum
Locus et beatæ
Postulant arces;
Ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges
Lacrimâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Extemporaneous in its essence, hearty, glowing, and glorious, here follows an effusion of affectionate welcome to one of the young Pompeys, with whom he had studied at Athens and fought at Philippi. The scene is at the Sabine farm. The exile, it will be seen, has only just returned on the general amnesty granted by Augustus.

LIB. II. ODE VII.—A FELLOW-SOLDIER WELCOMED FROM EXILE.

I.

Friend of my soul! with whom array'd
I stood in the ranks of peril,
When BRUTUS at *Philippi* made
That effort wild and sterile....
Who hath reopen'd ROME to thee,
Her temples and her forum;
Beckoning the child of ITALY
Back to the clime that bore him?

II.

Thou, O my earliest comrade! say,
POMPEY, was I thy teacher,
To baulk old Time, and drown the day
Deep in a flowing pitcher?
Think of the hours we thus consumed,
While SYRIA's richest odours,
Lavish of fragrancy, perfumed
The locks of two marauders.

I.

O sæpe mecum
Tempus in ultimum
Deducte, BRUTO
Militiæ duce,
Quis te redonavit
QUIRITEM
Dis patriis,
ITALOque cœlo,

II.

POMPEI, meorum
Prime sodalium,
Cum quo morantem
Sæpe diem mero
Fregi, coronatus
Nitentes
Malobathro
SYRIO capillos?

III.

With thee I shared *Philippi's* rout,
Though I, methinks, ran faster;
Leaving behind—'twas wrong, no doubt—
My SHIELD in the disaster:
E'en FORTITUDE that day broke down;
And the rude foeman taught her
To hide her brow's diminish'd frown
Low amid heaps of slaughter.

III.

Tecum PHILIPPOS
Et celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ
Non bene parmulâ,
Quum fracta virtus,
Et minaces
Turpe solum
Tetigere mento.

IV.

But MERCURY, who kindly watch'd
Me mid that struggle deadly,
Stoop'd from a cloud, and quickly snatch'd
His client from the medley.
While thee, alas! the ebbing flood
Of war relentless swallow'd,
Replunging thee mid seas of blood;
And years of tempest follow'd.

IV.

Sed me per hostes
MERCURIUS celer
Denso paventem
Sustulit aere:
Te rursus in bellum
Resorbens
Unda fretis
Tulit æstuosis.

V.

Then slay to JOVE the victim calf,
Due to the God;—and weary,
Under my bower of laurels quaff
A wine-cup blithe and merry.
Here, while thy war-worn limbs repose,
Mid peaceful scenes sojourning,
Spare not the wine—'twas kept—it flows
To welcome thy returning.

V.

Ergo obligatam
Redde Jovi dapem,
Longâque fessum
Militiâ latus
Depone sub
Lauru meâ, nec
Parce cadis
Tibi destinatis.

VI.

Come! with oblivious bowls dispel
Grief, care, and disappointment!
Freely from yon capacious shell
Shed, shed the balmy ointment!
Who for the genial banquet weaves
Gay garlands, gather'd newly;
Fresh with the garden's greenest leaves,
Or twined with myrtle duly?

VI.

Oblivioso
Levia Massico
Ciboria exple;
Funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis.
Quis udo
Deproperare
Apio coronas

VII.

Whom shall the dice's cast "WINE-KING"
Elect, by VENUS guided?
Quick, let my roof with wild mirth ring—
Blame not my joy, nor chide it!
Madly each bacchanalian feat
I mean to-day to rival.
For, oh! 'tis sweet thus—THUS TO GREET
SO DEAR A FRIEND'S ARRIVAL!

VII.

Curatve myrto?
Quem VENUS arbitrum
Dicet bibendi?
Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis:
Recepto
Dulce mihi furere
Est amico!

The nursery tradition respecting lies, and their consequence, may be traced in the opening stanza of this playful remonstrance with Barine. The image of Cupid at a grinding-stone, sharpening his darts, is the subject of a fine antique cameo in the Orleans Collection.

LIB. II. ODE VIII.—THE ROGUERIES OF BARINÈ.

IN BARINEN.

I.

Barinè ! if, for each untruth,
Some blemish left a mark uncouth,
With loss of beauty and of youth,
Or Heaven should alter
The whiteness of a single tooth—
O fair defaulter !

II.

Then might I trust thy words—but thou
Dost triumph o'er each broken vow :
Falsehood would seem to give thy brow
Increased effulgence :
Men still admire—and GODS allow
Thee fresh indulgence.

III.

Swear by thy mother's funeral urn—
Swear by the stars that nightly burn
(Seeming in silent awe to mourn
O'er such deception)—
Swear by each DEITY in turn,
From Jove to Neptune :

IV.

VENUS and all her Nymphs would yet
With smiles thy perjury abet—
CUPID would laugh—Go on ! and let
Fresh courage nerve thee ;
Still on his blood-stain'd wheel he'll whet
His darts to serve thee !

V.

Fast as they grow, our youths enchain,
Fresh followers in beauty's train :
While those who loved thee first would fain,
Charming deceiver,
Within thy threshold still remain,
And love, for ever !

VI.

Their sons from thee all mothers hide ;
All thought of thee stern fathers chide ;
Thy shadow haunts the new-made bride,
And fears dishearten her,
Lest thou inveigle from her side
Her life's young partner.

I.

Ulla si juris
Tibi pejerati
Pœna, BARINÈ,
Nocuisset unquam ;
Dente si nigro
Fieres vel uno
Turpior ungui,

II.

Crederem. Sed tu,
Simul obligasti
Perfidum votis
Caput, enitescis
Pulchior multo,
Juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

III.

Expedit matris
Cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto
Taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo,
Gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

IV.

Ridet hoc, inquam,
Venus ipsa, rident
Simplices Nymphæ,
Ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes
Acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

V.

Adde quod pubes
Tibi crescit omnis ;
Servitus crescit nova ;
Nec priores
Impiæ tectum
Dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

VI.

Te suis matres
Metuunt juvencis,
Te senes parci,
Miseræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ,
Tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

I.

The Epiphany.

(*Fraser's Magazine, January*, 1835.)

—o—

[The following appeared as "A Fragment from the Prout Papers" in the same number of *Regina* in which was published the fourth instalment of The Songs of France.]

"Glandifera Druidis corona."
SIR WM. JONES.

THE following lines would appear to form the preamble or introductory stanzas to a poem of some length, of which we have already met with some detached portions among the papers of the late incumbent of Watergrasshill, and which, in style and verse, bear some resemblance to Coleridge's wild and rambling ballad of "The Ancient Mariner." It relates the adventures of three "elders from the Far West, who in the reign of Augustus travel eastward in search of the promised SAVIOUR of mankind, visit Rome, Athens, and Egypt in succession and finally return. Where Prout found authority for this Druidical ἀναβασις he does not mention: we have, nevertheless, some idea of a manuscript preserved at St. Gall, in Switzerland, and entitled *Trium Druidum ab insalis Oceani peregrinato Bethlem unque.*" The Abbey of St. Gall is known to have colonized from Ireland. Should we be enabled to give the poem in a complete form we doubt not of its meeting a favourable reception.—O. Y.

I.

From the Isles of the East—from ARABIA the blest,
From the star-loving land of Chaldée,
There came *to* his cradle, in long flowing vest,
Of the orient Gentiles the wisest and best,
And crowns deck'd the brows of the three.

II.

They brought odoriferous spices and myrrh,
The growth of their own sunny soil:
Though a smile from her INFANT, a blessing from HER
Was all that young mother and maid could confer
To requite them for travel and toil.

III.

Yet well might they deem a long journey repaid
By the sight of that wondrous child:
Of that scion of awful Omnipotence laid
In the innocent arms of an Israelite maid,
In the folds of a breast undefiled.

IV.

And thus by the EAST, as the prophets foretold,
At HIS cradle due homage was done
By its envoys, who worshipp'd with gifts and with gold,
Unloaded their camels, their treasures unroll'd,
And pledged Him the land of the Sun.

V.

From the Isles of the West—from the clime of the CELT,
From the home of the Briton, where long
To the God of our fathers the Druid had knelt,
Encircled with Stonehenge's mystical belt,
Or the oaks of the forest among.

VI.

From the land above all that illumined had been
With the Deity's earliest smiles,
Of sacred tradition asylum serene,
Blest ERIN! from thee, ever fair, ever green,
Ever rank'd amid holiest isles.

VII.

Were sages not summon'd? Had no one the lot
To hail the MESSIAH's bright morn?
Went forward no pilgrim to Bethlehem's grot?
O think not the Wise of the West were forgot
When the Infant Redeemer was born!

VIII.

Though naught is recorded of king, or of sage,
Yet a vision have I of my own:—
'Tis but fancy, perhaps—but the dream of old age,
Yet I'll trace it—'twill live upon poetry's page
When the priest of the upland is gone.

II.

The Bottle of Saint Januarius.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1837.)

—o—

[With these two stanzas Mahony led off the first page of the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, under the heading of "Our Song of the Month." And, in giving them, I would here at once offer my cordial acknowledgments to Mr. Bentley for the friendly readiness with which he has permitted me to reprint anything of Prout's I pleased from the earlier volumes of the *Miscellany*. One alone of those effusions I have as carefully, however, abstained from reproducing as I would shrink from allowing one of the effigies from the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's to take its place in a gallery of genuine works of art. I allude to a certain revolting gibe entitled "The Cruel Murder," hurled, apparently in a moment of aberration, by Prout, like some chance missile picked up in the kennel, at the comely head of one of his contemporaries who, until then, had as freely and as frankly as any true gentleman could, interchanged with him the grip of the right hand of friendship. As already remarked, however, in the Biographical Introduction, those were times among literary belligerents for the flinging of vitriol and the wielding of bludgeons.]

IN the land of the citron and myrtle, we're told,
That the blood of a martyr is kept in a phial,
Which, though all the year round it lie torpid and cold,
Yet grasp but the crystal, 'twill *warm* the first trial.
Be it fiction or truth, with your favourite FACT,
O profound LAZZARONI! I seek not to quarrel;
But indulge an old priest who would simply extract
From your legend a lay, from your martyr a moral.

Lo! with icicled beard Januarius comes!
And the blood in his veins is all frozen and gelid,
And he beareth a bottle; but torpor benumbs
Every limb of the saint:—would you wish to dispel it?
With the hand of good-fellowship grasp the hoar sage—
Soon his joints will relax and his pulse will beat quicker;
Grasp the bottle he brings—'twill grow warm, I'll engage,
Till the frost of each heart lies dissolved in the LIQUOR!

P. PROUT.

Probatum est.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Kal. Januarii.*

III.

The Sabine Farmer's Serenade.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1837.)

—o—

[In a characteristic editorial foot-note, by Boz, to Prout's delightful Latin version of "Judy Callaghan," as originally published in the *Miscellany*, the young editor remarked—"Our Watergrasshill correspondent will find scattered throughout our pages the other fragments of the defunct Padre which he has placed at our disposal. Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own: hence we may not fear to disperse them up and down our Miscellany. They are gems of the purest whisky." And in this way the opening leaves of the new periodical refreshingly sparkled with mountain dew.]

TEDDY O'DRYSCULL, SCHOOLMASTER AT WATERGRASSHILL,

TO

MR. BENTLEY, PUBLISHER.

SIR,

I write to you concerning the late P.P. of this parish—his soul to glory! for, as Virgil says,—and devil doubt it,—

"*Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,*
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera pastor."

His RELIQUES, sir, in two volumes, have been sent down here from Dublin for the use of my boys, by order of the National *Education* Board, with directions to cram the spalpeens all at once with such a power of knowledge that they may forget the hunger: which plan, between you and me (though I say it that oughtn't), is all *bladderum-skate*: for, as Juvenal maintains—*jejunus stomachus*, &c., &c.—an empty bag won't stand. You must first fill it with praties. Give us a poor-law, sir, and, trust me, you will have no more about Rock and repeal; no, nor of the *rint*, against which latter humbug the man of God set his face outright during his honest and honourable lifetime; for, sir, though he differed with Mr. Moore about Irish round towers, and a few French roundelays, in *this* they fully agreed.

As I understand, sir, that you are a publisher in ordinary to His Majesty, I intend, from time to time, conveying through you to the ear of royalty

some *desideratæ curiosa Hyberniæ* from the pen of the deceased; matters which remain *penès me, in seriniis*, to use the style of your great namesake. For the present I merely send you a few classic scraps collected by Dr. PROUT in some convent abroad; and, wishing every success to your *Miscellany*, am your humble servant,

T. O'D.

SCRAP No. I.

WATERGRASSHILL.

There flourishes, I hear, in London a Mr. HUDSON, whose reputation as a comic lyrist, it would seem, has firmly taken root in the great metropolis. Many are the laughter-compelling productions of his merry genius; but "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship" may be termed his *opus magnum*. It has been my lot to pick a few dry leaves from the laurel wreath of Mr. Moore, who could well afford the loss: I know not whether I can meddle rightly after a similar fashion with *Hudson's* bay. Yet is there a strange coincidence of thought and expression, and even metre, between the following remnant of antiquity and his never-sufficiently-to-be-encored song.

The original may be seen at Bobbio in the Apennines, a Benedictine settlement, well known as the earliest asylum opened to learning after the fall of the Roman Empire. The Irish monk Columbanus had the merit of founding it, and it long remained tenanted by natives of Ireland. Among them it has been ascertained that DANTE lived for some time and composed Latin verses; but I cannot recognize any trace of *his* stern phraseology in the ballad. It appears, rather, the production of some rustic of the Augustan age—perhaps one of Horace's ploughmen. It is addressed to a certain Julia Callapygé (Καλλιπυγη) a name which (for shortness, I suppose) the rural poet contracts into Julia "CALLAGÉ." I have diligently compared it with the Vulgate version, as sung by Fitzwilliam at the "Freemasons' Tavern;" and little doubt can remain of its identity and authenticity.

P. P.

THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE.

Being a newly recovered Fragment of a Latin Opera.

I.

Erat turbida nox
  Horâ secundâ manè;
Quando prorùit vox
  Carmen in hoc inanè;
Viri misera mens
  Meditabatur hymen,
Hinc puellæ flens
  Stabat obsidens limen;
Semel tantum dic
Erìs nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

II.

Planctibus aurem fer,
  Venere tu formosior;
Dic, hos muros per,
  Tuo favore potior!
Voce beatum fac;
  En, dum dormis, vigilo,

I.

'Twas on a windy night,
  At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
  All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
  Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
  And this was part of his wailings:—
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

II.

Oh! list to what I say,
  Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
  There's but the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
  Snug in bed and snoring,

Nocte obambulans hâc
Domum planctu stridulo.
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

III.

Est mihi prægnans sus,
Et porcellis stabulum;
Villula, grex, et rus*
Ad vaccarum pabulum;
Feriis cerneres me
Splendido vestimento,
Tunc, heus! quàm benè te
Veherem in jumento!†
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ!
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

III.

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And a cabin too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle to boot,
Which you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

IV.

Vis poma terræ? sum
Uno dives jugere;
Vis lac et mella,‡ cùm
Bacchi succo,§ sugere?
Vis aquæ-vitæ vim?¶
Plumoso somnum sacculo?**
Vis ut paratus sim
Vel annulo vel baculo?††
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGÉ.

IV.

I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound,
I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed,
And a handsome new shilelagh.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

* 1° in voce *rus*. Nonne potiùs legendum *jus*, scilicet, *ad vaccarum pabulum*? De hoc *jure* apud Sabinos agricolas consule *Scriptores de re rusticâ* passim. Ita *Bentleius*.

Jus imo antiquissimum, at displicet vox æquivoca; jus etenim *a mess of potage* aliquando audit, ex. gr.

Omne suum fratri Jacob *jus* vendidit Esau,
Et Jacob fratri *jus* dedit omne suum.

Itaque, pace Bentleii, stet lectio prior.—*Prout.*

† *Veherem in jumento.* Curricolo-ne? an ponè sedentem in equi dorso? dorsaliter planè. Quid enim dicit Horatius de uxore sic vectâ? Nonne "*Post equitem sedet atra cura?*"—*Porson.*

‡ *Lac et mella.* Metaphoricè pro *tea:* muliebris est compotatio Græcis non ignota, teste Anacreonte,—

ΘΕΟΝ, δεαν θεαινην,
Θελω λεγειν εταιραι, κ. τ' λ.
Brougham.

§ *Bacchi succo.* Duplex apud poetas antiquiores habebatur hujusce nominis numen. Vineam regebat prius; posterius cuidam herbæ exoticæ præerat quæ *tobacco* audit. Succus utrique optimus.—*Coleridge.*

¶ *Aquæ-vitæ vim,* Anglo-Hybernice, "*a power of whisky,*" ισχυς, scilicet, vox pergræca.—*Parr.*

** *Plumoso sacco.* Plumarum congeries certè ad somnos invitandos satis apta; at mihi per multos annos laneus iste saccus, Ang. *woolsack*, fuit apprimè ad dormiendum idoneus. Lites etiam *de lanâ* ut *aiunt caprinâ*, soporiferas per annos xxx. exercui. Quot et quam præclara somnia!—*Eldon.*

†† Investitura "*per annulum et baculum,*" satis nota. Vide P. Marca de Concord. Sacerdotii et Imperii: et Hildebrandi Pont. Max. bullarium.—*Prout.*
Baculo certé dignissim. pontif.—*Maginn.*

V.

Litteris operam das;
Lucido fulges oculo;
Dotes insuper quas
Nummi sunt in loculo.
Novi quod apta sis*
Ad procreandam sobolem!
Possides (nesciat quis?)
Linguam satis mobilem.†
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGH.

V.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading;
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue
Whene'er 'tis set a going.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

VI.

Conjux utinam tu
Fieres, lepidum cor, mî!
Halitum perdimus, heu,
Te sopor urget. Dormi!
Ingruit imber trux—
Jam sub tecto pellitur
Is quem crastina lux‡
Referet hùc fideliter.
Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra LALAGÉ;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia CALLAGH.

VI.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye!
But, och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

* *Apta sis.* Quomodo noverit? Vide Proverb. Solomonis, cap. xxx. v. 19. Nisi forsan tales fuerint puellæ Sabinorum quales impudens iste balatro Connelius mentitur esse nostrates.—*Blomfield.*

† *Linguam mobilem.* Prius enumerat futuræ conjugis bona *immobilia*, postea transit ad *mobilia*, Anglicé, *chattel property*. Præclarus orde sententiarum!—*Car. Wetherall.*

‡ Allusio ad distichon Maronianum,
"Nocte pluit tota *redeunt spectacula manè.*"—*Prout.*
κ. τ. λ.

IV.

The Hot Wells of Clifton.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1837.)

—o—

SCRAP No. II.

WATERGRASSHILL.

THE "Poems of Ossian," a Celtic bard, and the "Rhymes of Rowley," a Bristol priest, burst on the public at one and the same period; when the attention of literary men was for a time totally absorbed in discussing the respective discoveries of Macpherson and Chatterton. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" and what once engaged so much notice is now sadly neglected. Indeed, had not Bonaparte taken a fancy to the ravings of the mad Highlander, and had not Chatterton swallowed oxalic acid, probably far more brief had been the space both would have occupied in the memory of mankind. In the garret of Holborn, where the latter expired, the following *morceau* was picked up by an Irish housemaid (a native of this parish), who, in writing home to a sweetheart, converted it into an envelope for her letter. It thus came into my possession.

P. PROUT.

TO THE HOT WELLS OF CLIFTON.

IN PRAISE OF RUM-PUNCH.

A Triglot Ode, viz.:

1° Πινδαρου περι ρευματος ῳδη.
2° Horatii in fontem Bristolii carmen.
3° A Relick (unpublished) of "the unfortunate Chatterton."

PINDAR.	HORACE.	CHATTERTON.
α	I.	I.
Πηγη Βριστολιας	O fons Bristolii	I ken pour worth,
Μαλλον εν υαλῳ	Hoc magis in vitro	"Hot wells" of Bristol,
Λαμπουσ' ανθεσι συν	Dulci digne mero	That bubble forth
Νεκταρος αξιη	Non sine floribus	As clear as crystal;...
Σ' αντλῶ	Vas impleveris	In parlour snug
Ρευματι πολλῳ	Undâ	I'd wish no hotter
Μισγων	Mel solvente	To mix a jug
Και μελιτος πολυ.	Caloribus.	Of Rum and Water.

β

Ανηρ καν τις εραν
βουλεται η μαχην
Σοι Βακχου καθαρον
Σοι διαχρωννυσει
Φοινψ
Θ' αιματι νᾶμα·
Προθυμος τε
Ταχ' εσσεται.

II.

Si quis vel venerem
Aut prælia cogitat,
Is Bacchi calidos
Inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine
Rivos,
Fiet protinus
Impiger!

II.

Doth Love, young chiel,
One's bosom ruffle?
Would any feel
Pipe for a scuffle?
The simplest plan
Is just to take a
Well stiffened can
Of old Jamaica.

γ

Σε φλεγμ' αιθαλοεν
Σειριου αστερος
Αρμοζει πλωτορι·
Συ κρυος ηδυν εν
Νησοις
Αντιλεσαισι
Πωιεις
Κ' αιθιοπων φυλφ.

III.

Te flagrante bibax
Ore caniculâ
Sugit navita: tu
Frigus amabile
Fessis vomere
Mauris
Præbes ac
Homini nigro.

III.

Beneath the zone
Grog in a pail or
Rum—best alone—
Delights the sailor.
The can he swills
Alone gives vigour
In the Antilles
To white or nigger.

δ

Κρηναις εν τε καλαις
Εσσεαι αγλαη
Σ' εν κοιλῳ κυλακι
Ενθεμενην εως
Υμνησω,
Λαλον εξ ου
Σον δε ρευμα καθαλλεται.

IV.

Fies nobilium
Tu quoque fontium
Me dicente; cavum
Dum calicem reples
Urnamque
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ
Desiliunt tuæ.

IV.

Thy claims, O fount,
Deserve attention:
Henceforward count
On classic mention.
Right pleasant stuff
Thine to the lip is...
We've had enough
Of Aganippe's.

V.

The Original of "Not a Drum was heard."

(Bentley's Miscellany, January, 1837.)

—o—

SCRAP No. III.

WATERGRASSHILL.

WHEN *single-speech* Hamilton made in the Irish Commons that *one* memorable hit, and persevered ever after in obdurate taciturnity, folks began very justly to suspect that all was not right: in fact, that the solitary egg on which he thus sat, plumed in all the glory of incubation, had been laid by another. The Rev. Mr. Wolfe is supposed to be the author of a single poem, unparalleled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance—I say *supposed*, for the gentleman himself never claimed its authorship during his short and unobtrusive lifetime. He who could write the "Funeral of Sir John Moore" must have eclipsed all the lyric poets of this latter age by the fervour and brilliancy of his powers. Do the other writings of Mr. Wolfe bear any traces of inspiration? None.

I fear we must look elsewhere for the origin of these beautiful lines; and I think I can put the public on the right scent. In 1749 Colonel de Beaumanoir, a native of Brittany, having raised a regiment in his own neighbourhood, went out with it to India, in the unfortunate expedition commanded by Lally Tolendal, the failure of which eventually lost to the French their possessions in Hindostan. The Colonel was killed in defending, against the forces of Coote, PONDICHERRY, the last stronghold of the French in that hemisphere.

He was buried that night on the north bastion of the fortress by a few faithful followers, and the next day the fleet sailed with the remainder of the garrison for Europe. In the appendix to the Memoirs of LALLY TOLENDAL, by his son, the following lines occur, which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe. Perhaps Wolfe Tone may have communicated them to his relative the clergyman on his return from France. Fides sit penès lectorem.

P. PROUT.

THE ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD."

I.

Ni le son du tambour...ni le marche funèbre...
Ni le feu des soldats...ne marque son départ.—
Mais du BRAVE, à la hâte à travers les tenèbres.
Mornes...nous portanes le cadavre au rempart!

II.

De minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre—
La lune à peine offrait un debile rayon :
La lanterne luisait peniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la bayonette on creusa le gazon.

III.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funeraire
Nous ne daignâmes point entourez le HÉROS :
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

IV.

La prière qu'on fit fut de courte durée :
Nul ne parla de deuil, bien que le cœur fut plein !
Mais on fixait du MORT la figure adorée...
Mais avec amertume on songeait au demain

V.

Au demain ! quand ici où sa fosse s'apprête,
Où son humide lit on dresse avec sanglots,
L'ennemi orgueilleux marchera sur sa tête,
Et nous, ses veterans, serons loin sur les flots

VI.

Ils ternirent sa gloire...on pourra les entendre
Nommer l'illustre MORT d'un ton amer...ou fol :—
Il les laissera dire,—Eh ! qu'importe A SA CENDRE
Que la main d'un Bréton a confiée au sol?

VII.

L'œuvre durait encor, quand retentir la cloche
Au sommet du Befroi :—et le canon lointain
Tiré par intervalle en annonçant l'approche
Signalait la fierté de l'ennemi hautain.

VIII.

Et dans sa fosse alors le mimes lentement...
Près du champ où sa gloire a été consommée
Ne mimes à l'endroit pierre ni monument,
Le laissant à seul avec sa Renommée !

VI.

The Ides of March.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, March*, 1837.)

—o—

I.

"Beware! beware!" said the Soothsayer
To the "noblest of the Romans;"
And well had it been for JULIUS, I ween,
Had he lent an ear to the summons.
CALPHURNIA sigh'd, the screech-owl cried,
The March gale blew a *barrasca*,
Yet out he went to "meet Parliament,"
And the dagger of "envious CASCA."

II.

"Beware how you land!" wrote old Talleyrand
To his Elba friend, for, heigh O!
One bleak March day he would fain sail away
In a hooker from *Porto Ferrajo*.
And well had it been, in the year "*fifteen*,"
Had he *not* pursued that folly on,
Mad as any "March hare," though told to beware;
But alas and alack for NAPOLEON!

III.

"Beware, beware! of the Black Frère,"
So singeth a dame of Byron;
Arouse not *him*! 'tis a perilous whim,—
'Tis "meddling with cold iron."
E'en in crossing the ridge of BLACKFRIARS Bridge,
When you come to the midmost arch,
While 'tis blowing hard,—be then on your guard,
Then carefully look to your hat and peruke,
And "beware of the IDES OF MARCH!"

VII.

The Signs of the Zodiac.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, April*, 1837.)

—o—

LES POISSONS D'AVRIL.

TEDDY O'DRISCOLL, SCHOOLMASTER, ETC., TO THE EDITOR.

WATERGRASSHILL, *20th March.*

SIR,

In answer to your application for further scraps of the late P.P., and in reply to your just reproof of my remissness in forwarding, as agreed upon, the monthly supplies to your *Miscellany*, I have only to plead, as my "apology," the "fast of Lent," which in these parts is kept with such vigour as totally to dry up the genial moisture of the brain, and desiccate the *κυλα ρεεθρα* of the fancy. In justice to Ireland, I must add that, by the combined exertions of patriots and landlords, we are kept at the proper starving-point all the year round: a blissful state not likely to be disturbed by any provisions in the new Irish "poor-law." My correspondence must necessarily be *jejune*, like the season. I send you, however, an appropriate song, which our late pastor used to chant over his red herring whenever a friend from Cork would drop in to partake of such Lenten entertainment as his frugal kitchen could afford.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

A Gastronomical Chant.

"Sunt Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Leo, Scorpio, Virgo.
Libraque et Arcitenens, Gemini, Capra, Amphora, Pisces."

I.

Of a tavern the Sun every month takes "the run,"
And a dozen each year wait his wishes;
One month with old Prout he takes share of a trout,
And puts up at the sign of THE FISHES ♓.
'Tis an old-fashion'd inn, but more quiet within
Than THE BULL ♉ or THE LION ♌—both boisterous;
And few would fain dwell at THE SCORPION ♏ hotel,
Or THE CRAB ♋—but this last is an oyster-house!

II.

At the sign of THE SCALES ♎ fuller measure prevails;
  At THE RAM ♈ the repast may be richer;
Old Goëthe oft wrote at the sign of THE GOAT ♑,
  Though at times he'd drop in at THE PITCHER ♒.
And those who have stay'd at the sign of THE MAID ♍
  In desirable quarters have tarried;
While some for their sins must put up with THE TWINS ♊,
  Having had the mishap to get married.

III.

But THE FISHES ♓ combine in one mystical sign
  A moral right apt for the banquet;
And a practical hint, which I ne'er saw in print,
  Yet a Rochefoucauld maxim I rank it:—
If a secret I'll hide, or a project confide
  To a comrade's good faith and devotion,
Oh! the friend whom I'd wish, though he drank like a fish,
  Should be mute as the tribes of the ocean.

VIII.

Burns and Béranger.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, May*, 1837.)

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."

SIR,—

Under the above title I forward you two more scraps from *Watergrasshill*.

The first is a glee in praise of poverty, a subject on which poets of every country have a common understanding. The Italian BERNI indeed went a step further when he sang "the comforts of being in debt,"—*La laude del debito;* but your enthusiast never knows when to stop. This MS. may suit in the present state of the money market—a bill drawn by Burns and endorsed by Béranger. You can rely on the Scotchman's signature, *experto crede Roberto;* while there can be no doubt that the French songster's financial condition fully entitles him to join Burns in an attempt of this kind. Since, however, much spurious paper appears to be afloat, you will use your own discretion as to the foreign acceptance.

Of Scrap No. VI. I say nothing, Dr. Prout having left a note on the subject prefixed to the same.

Yours, &c.,
RORY O'DRYSCULL.

WATERGRASSHILL, *April* 20.

SCRAP No. V.

I.

Is there,
For honest poverty,
That hangs his head,
And a' that?
The coward slave,
We pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure,
And a' that;
The rank is but
The guinea's stamp,
The MAN's the gowd for a' that.

I.

Quoi! pauvre honnête
Baisser la tête?
Quoi! rougir de le sorte?
Que l'âme basse
S'éloigne et passe
Nous—soyons gueux! n'importe
Travail obscur—
N'importe!
Qu'il ne soit point
Marqué au coin
D'un noble rang—qu'importe!

II.

What though
On hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey,
And a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks,
And knaves their wine,
A man's a MAN for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show,
And a' that ;
The honest man,
Though e'er sæ poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

III.

Ye see
Yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
What struts, and stares,
And a' that ;
Though hundreds worship
At his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star,
And a' that ;
The man of
Independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

IV.

A king
Can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke,
And a' that ;
But an HONEST MAN'S
Aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities,
And a' that,
The pith o' sense,
And pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray
That come it may—
As come it will
For a' that—
That sense and worth,
O'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet
For a' that,
That man to man,
The warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

II.

Quoiqu'on dût faire
Bien maigre chère
Et vêtir pauvre vêtement ;
Aux sots leur soie,
Leur vin, leur joie ;
Ça fait-il l'HOMME ? eh, nullement !
Luxe et grandeur—
Qu'importe !
Train et splendeur—
Qu'importe !
Cœurs vils et creux !
Un noble gueux
Vant toute la cohorte !

III.

Voyez ce fat—
Un vain éclat
L'entour, et on l'encense ;
Mais après tout
Ce n'est qu'un fou,—
Un sot, quoiqu'il en pense.
Terre et maison,
Qu'il pense—
Titre et blazon,
Qu'il pense—
Or et ducats,
Non ! ne font pas
La vraie indépendence.

IV.

Un roi peut faire
Duc, dignitaire,
Comte et marquis, journellement ;
Mais ce qu'on nomme
Un HONNÊTE HOMME,
Le peut-il faire ? et, nullement !
Tristes faveurs !
Réellement ;
Pauvres honneurs !
Réellement ;
Le fier maintien
Des gens de bien
Leur manque essentiellement.

V.

Or faisons vœu
Qu'à tous, sous peu,
Arrive un jour de jugement ;—
Amis, ce jour
Aura son tour,
J'en prends, j'en prends, l'engagement,
Espoir et en-
Couragement,
Aux pauvres gens
Soulagement ;
Lors sur la terre,
Vivrons en frères,
Et librement, et sagement !

IX.

Lover and Ovid.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, May*, 1837.)

—o—

SCRAP No. VI.

PASSERINO, in his "History of the Gonzagas" (fol. Mantua, 1620), tells us, at page 781, that a Polish army having penetrated to the Euxine, found the ashes with many MSS. under a marble monument, which they transferred in pomp to Cracow, A.D. 1581. It is well known that the exiled Roman had written sundry poems in barbaric metre to gratify the Scythian and Getic literati, by whom he was surrounded. We have his own words for it:

> "*Cæpique poetæ*
> *Inter humanos nomen habere Getas.*"

The following is a fair specimen, procured by the kindness of the late erudite Quaff-y-punchovitz, Keeper of the Archives of the Cracovian University. The rhythmic termination, called by the Greeks ομοιοτελευτον is here clearly traceable to a Northern origin. It would appear that the Scandinavian poets took great pride in the nicety and richness of those rhymes, by which they beguiled the tediousness of their winter nights:

> "*Accipiunt inimicam hyemem rimisque, fatiscunt.*"

OVID first tried thus an experiment on his native tongue, which was duly followed up by the CHURCH, not unwilling to indulge, by any reasonable concession, her barbarous converts in the sixth century. Of Mr. Lover's translation it were superfluous to point out the miraculous fidelity; delicate gallantry and well-sustained humour distinguish every line of his vernacular version, hardly to be surpassed by the *Ars amandi* of his Latin competitor.

LOVER AND OVID.

TO THE HARD-HEARTED MOLLY CAREW: THE LAMENT OF HER IRISH LOVER.

I.

Och hone!
Oh! what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost...
And there's no use at all

AD MOLLISSIMAM PUELLAM E GETICA CARUARUM FAMILIA OVIDIUS NASO LAMENTATUR.

I.

Heu! heu!
Me tædet, me piget o!
Cor mihi riget o!
Ut flos sub frigido...
Et nox ipsa mî tum

In my going to bed ;
For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep,
That comes into my head...
  And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew,
And indeed 'tis a sin
And a shame.—
  You're complater than nature
In every feature ;
The snow can't compare
To your forehead so fair ;
And I rather would spy
Just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star
That shines out of the sky ;
Tho'—by this and by that !
For the matter o' that—
You're more distant by far
Than that same.
  Och hone, wierasthrew !
I am alone
In this world without you !

2.

Och hone !
  But why should I speak
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake the schoolmaster
  To put it in rhyme?...
Though there's one BURKE,
He says,
Who would call it *Snu*blime—
  And then for your cheek,
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell
As he'd rather :—
  Then your lips, O machree !
In their beautiful glow
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.—
'Twas an apple that tempted
Our mother, we know ;
For apples were scarce
I suppose long ago :
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt
A man's father !
  Och hone, wierasthrew !
I'm alone
In this world without you !

3.

Och hone !
  By the man in the moon !
You teaze me all ways
That a woman can plaze ;
  For you dance twice as high
With that thief Pat Macghee
As when you take share
Of a jig, dear, with me ;

Cum vado dormitùm.
Infausta, insomnis,
Transcurritur omnis...
  Hoc culpâ fit tuâ
Mî, mollis Carîa,
Sic mihi illudens,
Nec pudens.—
  Prodigium tu, re
Es, verâ, naturæ,
Candidior lacte ;—
Plus fronte cum hâc te,
Cum istis ocellis,
Plus omnibus stellis
Mehercule vellem.—
Sed heu, me imbellem !
A me, qui sum fidus,
Vel ultimum sidus
Non distat te magis...
Quid agis !
  Heu ! heu ! nisi tu
Me ames,
Pereo ! pillaleu !

II.

Heu ! heu !
  Sed cur sequar laude
Ocellos aut frontem
Si NASI, cum fraude,
Prætereo pontem?...
  Ast hic ego minùs
Quàm ipse LONGINUS
In verbis exprimem
Hunc nasum sublimem...
  De floridâ genâ
Vulgaris camœna
Cantaret in vanum
Per annum.—
  Tum, tibi puella !
Sic tument labella
Ut nil plus jucundum
Sit, aut rubicundum ;
Si primitùs homo
Collapsus est pomo,
Si dolor et luctus
Venerunt per fructus,
Proh ! ætas nunc serior
Ne cadat, vereor,
Icta tam bello
Labello !
  Heu ! heu ! nisi tu
Me ames,
Pereo ! pillaleu !

III.

Heu ! heu !
  Per cornua lunæ
Perpetuò tu ne
Me vexes impunè?...
  I nunc choro salta
(Mac-ghius nam tecùm)
Plantâ magis altâ
Quàm sueveris mecùm !...

Though the piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your
Favourite tune.
And when you're at Mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew;
While you wear on purpose
A bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet
Pretty face get a peep.
Oh! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering
Sowl!

Tibicinem quando
Cogo fustigando
Ne falsum det melos,
Anhelus.—
A te in sacello
Vix mentem revello,
Heu! miserè scissam
Te inter et Missam:
Tu laritas vero
Tam stricto galero
Ut cernere vultum
Desiderem multùm.
Et dubites jam, nùm
(Ob animæ damnum)
Sit fas hunc deberi
Auferri?

X.

A Baptismal Chant.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, July*, 1837.)

—o—

[This seventh "Song of the Month" in the *Miscellany* purported to be sung in character by Father Prout in celebration of the birth of the second volume of that new and already popular periodical.]

TUNE—"The Groves of Blarney."

"Ille ego qui quondam," &c., &c.
Æneid.

I.

In the month of Janus,
When Boz, to gain us,
Quite "Miscellaneous,"
Flash'd his wit so keen,
One (Prout they call him)
In style most solemn,
Led off the volume
Of his magazine.

II.

Though Maga 'mongst her
Bright lot of youngsters
Had many songsters
For her opening tome:
Yet she would rather
Invite "the Father,"
And an indulgence gather
From the Pope of Rome.

III.

And such a beauty,
From head to shoe-tie,
Without dispute we
Found her first boy,
That she determined
(There's such a charm in't)
The Father's *varmint*
She'd again employ.

IV.

While other children
Are quite bewilderin',
The joy that fill'd her in
This bantling, 'cause
What eye but glistens,
And what ear but listens,
When the clergy christens
A babe of Boz?

V.

I've got a scruple
That this young pupil
Surprised its parent
Ere her time was sped;
Else I'm unwary,
Or 'tis she's a fairy,
For in January
She was brought to bed.

VI.

This infant may be
A six-months baby,
But may his cradle
Be blest! say I:
And luck defend him,
And joy attend him,
Since we can't mend him,
Born in July.

VII.

He's no abortion,
But born to fortune;
And most opportune,
  Though before his time.
Him Muses nourish,
And make him flourish
Quite Tommy Moore-ish
  Both in prose and rhyme.

VIII.

I remember also
That the month they call so
From Roman JULIUS,
  The "Cæsarian" styled,
Who was no gosling,
But like this Bozling,
From both a dazzling
  And precocious child.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

XI.

The Piper's Progress.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, July*, 1837.)

—o—

1.

When I was a boy
In my father's mud edifice,
Tender and bare
As a pig in a sty:
Out of the door as I
Look'd with a steady phiz,
Who but Thade Murphy
The piper went by.
Says Thady, "But few play
This music—can you play?"
Says I, "I can't tell,
For I never did try."
So he told me that *he* had a charm
To make the pipes purtily speak;
Then squeezed a bag under his arm,
When sweetly they set up a squeak!
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Och hone!
How he handled the drone!
And then the sweet music he blew
Would have melted the heart of a stone!

2.

"Your pipe," says I, "Thady,
So neatly comes o'er me,
Naked I'll wander
Wherever it blows:
And if my poor parents
Should try to recover me,
Sure, it won't be
By describing my clothes.

I.

Pater me clauserat
Domi homunculum:
Grunniens sus erat
Comes, ut mos:
Transibat tibicen
Juxta domunculam
Quando per januam
Protuli os;
Ille ait impromptu
"Hâc tibia num tu,
Ut te sine sumptu
Edoceam vis?"
Tum pressit amiculam
Sub ulnâ vesiculam
Quæ sonum reddidit
Vocibus his;
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Φευ, φευ!
Modo flens, modo flans,
Magicô αλελευ
Cor et aurem vel lapidi dans!

II.

Cui ego tum "In sic, ah!
Me rapis musicâ
Ut sequar nudulus
Tibicen te!
Et si pater testibus
Quærat me, vestibus
Redibit ædepol!
Vacuâ re.

The music I hear now
Takes hold of my ear now,
And leads me all over
The world by the nose."
So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,
And I sung as I leap'd like a frog,
"Adieu to my family seat,
So pleasantly placed in a bog."
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Och hone!
How we handled the drone!
And then the sweet music we blew
Would have melted the heart of a stone!

3.

Full five years I follow'd him,
Nothing could sunder us;
Till he one morning
Had taken a sup,
And slipt from a bridge
In a river just under us
Souse to the bottom
Just like a blind pup.
He roar'd and he bawl'd out;
And I also call'd out,
"Now Thady, my friend,
Don't you mean to come up?"
He was dead as a nail in a door—
Poor Thady was laid on the shelf.
So I took up his pipes on the shore,
And now I've set up for myself.
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Och hone!
Don't I handle the drone!
And play such sweet music? I, too,
Can't I soften the heart of a stone!

Sic melos quod audio
Me replet gaudio
Ut trahor campos et
Flumina trans:
Jam linquo rudibus
Hic in paludibus
Patris tigurium
Splendidè stans.
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Dum tibicen, tu,
Modo flens, modo flans,
Iteras ελελευ
Cor et aurem vel lapidi dans!

III.

Ut arle sic magicâ
Egi quinquennium:
Magistro tragica
Accidit res;
Bacchi nam numine
Pontis cacumine
Dum staret flumine
Labitur pes!
"E sinu fluctuum
O puer, duc tuum
(Clamat) didascalum
Fer opem nans!"...
Ast ego renuo:
Et sumens denuò
Littore tibias
Sustuli fans.
Fa-ra-la-la-ra-la-loo!
Φευ, φευ!
Modo flens, modo flans,
Magico ελελευ
Cor et aurem vel lapidi dans!

XII.

The Double Barrel.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, September*, 1837.)

—o—

[This ninth "Song of the Month" in *Bentley*, like the first and the seventh, was from the hand of Father Prout.]

"Duo quisque Alpina coruscat
Gaesa manu."—*Æneid*, lib. 8.

Παν πρᾶγμα δυας ἔχει λαβας.—EPICTETUS.

September the first on the moorland hath burst,
And already with jocund carol
Each NIMROD of NOUSE hurries off to the grouse,
And has shoulder'd his DOUBLE BARREL:
For well doth he ken, as he hies through the glen,
That scanty will be his laurel
Who hath not
On the spot
(Should he miss a first shot)
Some resource in a DOUBLE BARREL.

'Twas the Goddess of Sport, in her woodland court,
DIANA, first taught this moral,
Which the Goddess of Love soon adopted, and strove
T' improve on the "double barrel."
Hence her Cupid, we know, put two strings to his bow,
And she laughs when two lovers quarrel,
At the lot
Of the sot
Who, to soothe him, han't got
The resource of a DOUBLE BARREL.

Nay, the hint was too good to lie hid in the wood,
Or to lurk in two lips of coral;
Hence the God of the Grape (who his betters would ape)
Knows the use of a DOUBLE BARREL.
His escutcheon he decks with a double XX,
And his blithe *October* carol
Follows up
With the sup
Of a flowing ale cup
September's *Double* BARREL.

WATERGRASSHILL, *Kal.* vi.bres

XIII.

Poetical Epistle from Father Prout to Boz.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1838.)

—o—

[It was from Genoa the Superb, under date the 14th of December, 1837, that Mahony despatched to Charles Dickens, then in his twenty-sixth year, this genial apostrophe.]

I.

A Rhyme! a rhyme!
From a distant clime—
From the Gulf of the Genoese:
O'er the rugged scalps
Of the Julian Alps,
Dear Boz, I send you these,
To light the '*Wick*'
Your candlestick
Holds up, or, should you list,
To usher in
The yarn you spin
Concerning Oliver Twist.

II.

Immense applause
You've gained, O Boz!
Through Continental Europe;
You've made Pickwick
Œcumenick;
Of fame you have a sure hope:
For here your books
Are thought, gadzooks!
A greater *luxe* than any
That have issued yet,
Hot press'd or wet,
From the types of Galignani.

III.

But neither when
You sport your pen,
O potent mirth-compeller!
Winning our hearts
"In monthly parts,"
Can Pickwick or Sam Weller
Cause us to weep
With pathos deep,
Or shake with laugh spasmodical,
As when you drain
Your copious vein
For Bentley's periodical.

IV.

Folks all enjoy
Your "Parish Boy,"
So truly you depict him;
But I, alack!
While thus you track
Your English poor-laws victim,
Think of the poor
On t'other shore;
Poor who, unheeded, perish;
By squires despoil'd,
By "patriots" gull'd—
I mean the starving Irish.

V.

Yet there's no dearth
Of Irish mirth,
Which, to a mind of feeling,
Seemeth to be
The Helot's glee
Before the Spartan reeling:
Such gloomy thought
O'ercometh not
The glow of England's humour,
Thrice happy isle!
Long may the smile
Of genuine joy illume her!

VI.

Write on, young sage!
Still o'er the page
Pour forth the flood of fancy;
Divinely droll!
Wave o'er the soul
Wit's wand of necromancy.
Behold! e'en now
Around your brow
Th' undying laurel thickens!
For SWIFT or STERNE
Might live—and learn
A thing or two from DICKENS.

XIV.

The Mistletoe.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, January*, 1842.)

—o—

I.

A *Prophet* sat in the Temple gate,
And he spoke each passer-by,
In thrilling tones—with words of weight,
And fire in his rolling eye!
"*Pause thee, believing Jew!*
Nor make one step beyond
Until thy heart hath conn'd
The mystery of this wand."
And a rod from his robe he drew;—
'Twas a withered bough
Torn long ago
From the trunk on which it grew.
But the branch long torn
Show'd a bud new born,
That had blossom'd there anew.
That wand was "*Jesse's* rod,"
Symbol, 'tis said,
Of *Her*, the Maid—
Yet Mother of our *God!*

II.

A *Priest* of *Egypt* sat meanwhile
Beneath his palm-tree hid,
On the sacred brink of the flowing Nile,
And there saw mirror'd, 'mid
Tall obelisk and shadowy pile
Of ponderous pyramid,
One lowly, lovely *Lotus* plant,
Pale orphan of the flood;
And long did that aged hierophant
Gaze on that beauteous bud;

For well he thought as he saw it float
O'er the waste of waters wild,
On the long-remember'd cradle-boat
Of the wondrous Hebrew child:—
Nor was that lowly lotus dumb
Of a mightier Infant still, to come,
If mystic skiff
And hieroglyph
Speak aught in *Luxor's* catacomb.

III.

A *Greek* sat on Colonna's cape,
In his lofty thoughts alone,
And a volume lay on *Plato's* lap,
For he was that lonely one;
And oft as the sage
Gazed o'er the page
His forehead radiant grew;
For in Wisdom's womb,
Of the world to come
A vision blest his view.
He broach'd that theme in the *Academe*
Of the teachful olive grove—
And a chosen few that secret knew
In the *Porch's* dim alcove.

IV.

A *Sybil* sat in Cumæ's cave
In the hour of infant Rome,
And her vigil kept and her warning gave
Of the *Holy One* to come.
'Twas she who cull'd the hallow'd branch,
And silent took the helm,
When he, the Founder-Sire, would launch
His bark o'er Hades' realm:
But chief she pour'd her vestal soul
Through many a bright illumined scroll,
By priest and sage,
Of an after-age,
Conn'd in the lofty *Capitol.*

V.

A *Druid* stood in the dark oak wood
Of a distant northern land,
And he seem'd to hold a sickle of gold
In the grasp of his wither'd hand;
And he moved him slowly round the girth
Of an aged oak to see
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
Had clung to the old oak-tree.
And anon he knelt, and from his belt
Unloosen'd his golden blade,
Then rose and cull'd the *Mistletoe*
Under the woodland shade.

VI.

O blessed bough, meet emblem thou
  Of all dark Egypt knew,
Of all foretold to the wise of old,
  To *Roman*, *Greek*, and *Jew*.
And long, God grant, time-honour'd plant,
  Live we to see thee hung
In cottage small, as in baron's hall,
  Banner and shield among!
Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
  Aloft in thy place of pride,
Still usher forth, in each land of the North,
  The solemn *Christmas Tide!*

XV.

The Redbreast of Aquitania.

(*Bentley's Miscellany, February*, 1842.)

—o—

WHEN Harrison Ainsworth, then a young writer of promise, took up James Crichton in place of Dick Turpin, a noble field lay before him. I sketched the plan, and pointed out to him that the story, in all biographies, of Crichton's having been killed in a drunken brawl at Mantua, by Duke Gonzaga, on the 3rd July, 1583, was manifestly untrue, as there was, to my knowledge, at Paris, in the "Bibliothèque du Roi," a printed broadsheet of verses *by him*, on the death of St. Carlo Borromeo, who died on the 4th November, 1584 (a fact he was able to verify by getting another copy from Milan). From other sources I showed that there were secret reasons for his reported death, that he lay concealed at Venice as corrector of the press for Aldus Manutius,* up to 1585, was made private secretary at Rome to Pope Peretti when "Sixtus Quintus" became monarch in central Italy, and that he was the life and soul of that great man's short reign; I had proof that he was at Lisbon in 1587, and that, in 1588, he sailed thence with his friend Lope de Vega on board the Invincible Armada, to avenge the death of Mary, Queen of Scots. That his galleon, driven up the German Sea and rounding Scotland, was wrecked in the winter of that year on the coast of Ayrshire.

That, disgusted with the triumphant reign of Elizabeth, the revolt of the Low Countries from Spain, the edict of Nantes granted to the Huguenots by Henri Quatre, and the general aspect of Europe, he gave up continental affairs, settled down as a tranquil farmer, married a Highland lassie, and lived to a good old age, as evinced by his well-authenticated song of "John Anderson my jo."

This startling narrative of what was in some sort the posthumous history of his hero, Ainsworth did not grapple with, but stopped at Paris, making him a kind of fencing-master, rope-dancer, and court dandy, marrying him to some incredible princess of the blood, and so forth.

* The presses of Aldus, and Crichton's share in their efficiency, suggest to me the propriety of acknowledging the debt due by the defunct Prout to the keen and accurate supervision of Mr. Bohn while these sheets were in progress. Quick perception, and intimate acquaintance with the several languages used by Prout, rectified many errors, and happy tact restored his text in many passages.

That Crichton, during his long life in Ayrshire, under an humbler name, was author of most of the popular songs and tunes that have enriched the Land o' Cakes is known to a few only; but Robert Burns was in the secret, as the reader has already discovered.

In 1841, on returning from Hungary and Asia Minor by the south of France, I learnt that Ainsworth had left the tale of Crichton half told, and had taken up with Blueskin and Jack Sheppard, Flitches of Bacon and Lancashire Witches, and thought such things were "literature." Hence this ballad, in which I have endeavoured to express what I know would have been the sentiments of old Prout, in language as near his own as I can command.

F. M.

PARIS, *Nov.* 1, 1859.

THE REDBREAST OF AQUITANIA.

AN HUMBLE BALLAD.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your father."—ST. MATTHEW, x. 29.

"Gallos ab Aquitanis Garumna flumen."
JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
SHAKESPEARE.

"Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river."
TOM MOORE.

River trip from Thoulouse to Bourdeaux. Thermometer at 0. Snow 1 foot and a half deep. Use of wooden shoes.

Oh, 'twas bitter cold
As our steamboat roll'd
Down the pathway old
Of the deep Garonne,—
And the peasant lank,
While his *sabot* sank
In the snow-clad bank,
Saw it roll on, on.

Ye Gascon farmer hieth to his cottage, and drinketh a flaggonne.

And he hied him home
To his *toit de chaume;*
And for those who roam
On the broad bleak flood
Cared he?—Not a thought;
For his beldame brought
His wine-flask fraught
With the grape's red blood.

He warmeth his cold shins at a wooden fire. Good bye to him.

And the wood-block blaze
Fed his vacant gaze
As we trod the maze
Of the river down.
Soon we left behind
On the frozen wind
All farther mind
Of that vacant clown.

Ye Father meeteth a stray acquaintance in a small bird.

But there came anon,
As we journey'd on
Down the deep Garonne,
An acquaintancy,
Which we deem'd, I count,
Of more high amount,
For it oped the fount
Of sweet sympathy.

Not ye famous albatross of that aincient mariner olde Coleridge, but a poore robin.

'Twas a stranger drest
In a downy vest,
'Twas a wee Redbreast,
(Not an "*Albatross*,")
But a wanderer meek,
Who fain would seek
O'er the bosom bleak
Of that flood to cross.

Ye sparrow crossing ye river maketh hys halfway house of the fire-ship.

And we watch'd him oft
As he soar'd aloft
On his pinions soft,
Poor wee weak thing,
And we soon could mark
That he sought our bark,
As a resting ark
For his weary wing.

Delusive hope. Ye fire-ship runneth 10 knots an hour: 'tis no go for ye sparrow.

But the bark, fire-fed,
On her pathway sped,
And shot far ahead
Of the tiny bird,
And quicker in the van
Her swift wheels ran,
As the quickening fan
Of his winglets stirr'd.

Ye byrde is led a wilde goose chace adown ye river.

Vain, vain pursuit!
Toil without fruit!
For his forkèd foot
Shall not anchor there.
Tho' the boat meanwhile
Down the stream beguile
For a bootless mile
The poor child of air!

Symptomes of fatigue. 'Tis melancholie to fall between 2 stools.

And 'twas plain at last
He was flagging fast,
That his hour had past
In that effort vain;
Far from either bank,
Sans a saving plank,
Slow, slow he sank,
Nor uprose again.

Mort of ye birde.

And the cheerless wave
Just one ripple gave
As it oped him a grave
In its bosom cold,
And he sank alone,
With a feeble moan,
In that deep Garonne,
And then all was told.

Ye old man at ye helm weepeth for a sonne lost in ye bay of Biscaye.

But our pilot grey
Wiped a tear away;
In the broad Biscaye
He had lost his boy!
That sight brought back
On its furrow'd track
The remember'd wreck
Of long perish'd joy!

Condoleance of ye ladies; eke of ye *chasseur d'infanterie légère.*

And the tear half hid
In soft Beauty's lid
Stole forth unbid
For that redbreast bird;—
And the feeling crept,—
For a Warrior wept;
And the silence kept
Found no fitting word.

Olde Father Proutte sadly moralizeth anent ye birde.

But *I* mused alone,
For I thought of one
Whom I well had known
In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserts design'd
For the Palm of Praise.

Ye Streame of Lyfe. A younge man of fayre promise.

And well would it seem
That o'er Life's dark stream,
Easy task for him
In his flight of Fame,
Was the Skyward Path
O'er the billow's wrath,
That for Genius hath
Ever been the same.

Hys earlie flyght across ye streame.

And I saw him soar
From the morning shore,
While his fresh wings bore
Him athwart the tide,
Soon with powers unspent
As he forward went,
His wings he had bent
On the sought-for side.

A newe object calleth his eye from ye maine chaunce.

But while thus he flew,
Lo! a vision new
Caught his wayward view
With a semblance fair,
And that new-found wooer
Could, alas! allure
From his pathway sure
The bright child of air.

Instabilitie of purpose a fatall evyll in lyfe.

For he turn'd aside,
And adown the tide
For a brief hour plied
His yet unspent force.
And to gain that goal
Gave the powers of soul
Which, unwasted, whole,
Had achieved his course.

This is ye morall of Father Prout's humble ballade,

A bright Spirit, young,
Unwept, unsung,
Sank thus among
The drifts of the stream;
Not a record left,—
Of renown bereft,
By thy cruel theft,
O DELUSIVE DREAM.

L'ENVOY TO W. H. AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WHILOME AUTHOR OF THE "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," SUBSEQUENT CHRONICLER OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

which he wrotte by waxlight in the *hostel de Gascoigne* at Bourdeaux, 6 Jan. 1841.

Thus sadly I thought
As that bird unsought
The remembrance brought
Of thy bright day;
And I penn'd full soon
This Dirge, while the moon
On the broad Garonne
Shed a wintry ray.

F.M.

XVI.

Inaugural Ode to the Author of "Vanity Fair."

(*The Cornhill Magazine, January*, 1860.)

—o—

[I am indebted to the courtesy of the Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. for the privilege of including among the works of Father Prout this cordial tribute to his old friend and intimate, Thackeray, for whose genius he entertained the highest admiration.]

I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age :
Yet erst in Goldsmith's homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lady Blarney, from the West End, glozes
'Mid the Primroses,
Fudge ! cries Squire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Wisdom Fair" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Thames on Fire !"
Treat not thy buyer;
But proffer good material—
A genuine Cereal,
Value for twelvepence, and not dear at twenty.
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty !

III.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense ;
And with thy sparkling Xerez
Let us have Ceres.
Of loaf thou hast no lack,
Nor set, like Shakespeare's zany, fort
With lots of sack,
Of bread one pennyworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous,
Dashing, and yet methodical—
So may thy periodical,
On this auspicious morn,
Exalt its horn,
Throned on the Hill of Corn!

V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd!
Nor deign to win one laugh
With empty chaff.
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats;
Nor seek our siller
With meal from Titus Oates
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

VI.

There's corn in Egypt still
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!),
Give each his fill.
But, all comers among
Treat best the young;
Fill the big brothers' knapsacks from thy bins,
But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

VII.

Next as to those
Who bring their lumbering verse or ponderous prose
To where good Smith and Elder
Have so long held their
Well-garnish'd Cornhill storehouse—
Bid them not bore us.
Tell them instead
To take their load next street, the Hall of Lead!

VIII.

Only one word besides.
As he who tanneth hides
Stocketh with proper implements his tannery:
So thou, Friend! do not fail
To store a stout corn-flail,
Ready for use, within thy Cornhill granary.
Of old thou walk'd abroad,
Prompt to right wrongs, Caliph Haroun al Rashid:
Deal thus with Fraud,
Or Job or Humbug—thrash it!

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long found
Firm at thy task, nor in fixt purpose fickle:
Up! choose thy ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle;—
Shun the dense underwood
Of Dunce or Dunderhood;
But reap North, South, East, Far West,
The world-wide Harvest!

Woodfall and Kinder, Printers, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

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